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CAN HERCULANEUM BE EXCAVATED?

OUR sources of information in regard to the ancient world are fortunately no longer confined to books. The spade of the excavator has done more of late to illustrate the classics, to extend our knowledge of the details of ancient life, and to settle doubtful points in ancient history than all the commentaries of the scholiasts. And that there is to-day a lively interest felt in archæological researches is amply shown by the costly excavations recently undertaken at Ephesus and Troy, in Crete and Assyria, as well as those steadily going on in Italy. At the same time, the magnificent engineering enterprises lately accomplished or still in progress in various parts of the world indicate that we have reached a period when the mere vastness of a project is no longer an insuperable bar to its being taken into consideration and calmly judged of. It appears, then, to me the proper moment for calling attention to a fact that seems practically forgotten, that the wealthy city of Herculaneum, which has already yielded us the richest spoils of antiquity that we possess, still lies buried and for the most part unexplored, and for discussing the possibility of laying it open to the light of day and availing ourselves of its remaining treasures.

The names of Herculaneum and Pompeii are so intimately associated in history as victims of the same appalling catastrophe, and so frequently connected in speaking of ancient works of art, that one who has never been on the spot is likely to think that these two cities have had a common fortune in their resuscitation as in their overthrow. But it is quite otherwise. At Pompeii a surface of fifty-five acres, or about one third of the whole city, is completely excavated; and the visitor may walk about its streets, enter hundreds of its houses, and study its architecture, inscriptions, and mural paintings at his ease. At Herculaneum, on the other hand, not over one acre has been uncovered. The theatre, which is the only other place that one can visit, has never been disencumbered of the volcanic matter that fills and covers it. To explore it, you must descend underground and grope your way, by the dim light of tapers, through narrow and tortuous passages like the galleries of a mine. Water trickling constantly from the porous mass above makes it slippery underfoot, and so charges the air with moisture as to make breathing difficult. The guide conducts you through the labyrinth to various points, which he names; but of the general plan of the building you see nothing.

The modern town of Resina, underneath which a part of the ancient city is buried, lies at the foot of Vesuvius, six

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miles from Naples and half a mile from the shore of the bay. It is known that Herculaneum was injured by an earthquake, A. D. 63; but when or in what manner it became covered by the immense mass of earth that now lies over it cannot be certainly stated. The commonly received opinion is that, together with Pompeii, it was overwhelmed by the famous eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 79. Modern scientific investigations, however, throw great doubt on this statement, and it must be confessed that the historical account rests on very insufficient evidence. Pliny the younger, who describes with great minuteness the above-mentioned eruption, in which his uncle lost his life, says not a word about the destruction of the two cities. In fact, there is no contemporary authority whatever for the story, but it is first found in much later authors, and garnished with tales of accompanying prodigies and wonders. Early in the present century the Naples Academy of Science was occupied for several years with this interesting question. Lippi and Tondi, the only geologists in their number, concluded not only that Herculaneum and Pompeii were not buried at the same time, but that water had more to do with their loss than fire. They observed that the country for many miles around bears all the marks of alluvial deposit. In and above the theatre of Herculaneum they found nine different kinds of *tufa* in horizontal strata. Imbedded in certain portions of the tufa were bits of limestone and other non-volcanic stones as well as snail-shells, and between some of the strata were thin layers of vegetable earth. All this establishes beyond doubt that the covering of the city was the work of successive occurrences. The tremendous showers that often accompany and follow volcanic eruptions are quite capable of having washed these deposits into their present position. On the other hand, even a geologist's eye could not easily distinguish between a stratum made by a shower of volcanic matter, such as occurred in the year 79, and one of the same material deposited by water. That the first burial of these cities was sudden and violent is evident from the number of valuable articles left behind by the inhabitants in their flight, and from the skeletons of the many who were unable to escape. It seems, on the whole, most likely that while some of the layers were deposited by the action of water, others, and especially the first, were the result of a shower of *rapilli* and ashes from the volcano.

However that may be, the buried cities were, in the course of time, entirely forgotten by the common people, although the learned, by means of the old records, were of course aware of their former existence. Herculaneum is mentioned in the geographical dictionaries of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and in inscriptions of the same period, but its exact site was unknown until a most singular circumstance led to its discovery.

A certain Prince d'Elbœuf came to Naples in 1707, and two years later he bought a country-house on the shore of the bay not far from Resina; he learned that it was no uncommon thing for his neighbors to find bits of colored marble in digging their wells, and he used to buy such pieces as were brought to him, to use in adorning his villa. A peasant, whose house stood on the main street of Resina, was then digging a well in his garden, and came, at the depth of sixty-five feet, upon a flat, rectangular stone which proved to be the cover of an ancient well, carefully constructed, with excellent water at a further depth of twenty-five feet. Such a piece of good fortune was, of course, much talked of, and soon reached the ears of the prince. He rightly conjectured that the well cover marked the former level of the soil; so he descended to that point and began making lateral excavations. As this ancient well lay within the theatre of Herculaneum, just behind the stage, the prince soon came on portions of that building, which, however, he mistook for a temple. Finding many statues, he was encouraged to continue his explorations for several years, but they were at last ended by the interference of the Austrian viceroy, then ruling the country,

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who looked with a jealous eye on the treasures found by the prince, and compelled him to give up the greater part of them to the government.

No further explorations were made till the accession to the Neapolitan throne of the Bourbon Charles III. In 1738, Alicuhiarra, a Spanish architect who was constructing the royal palace at Portici, near Resina, informed the king of the former important discoveries, and the latter ordered the excavations to be resumed. An inscription was now found which showed that the supposed temple was really the theatre of Herculaneum. The king took such a lively interest in the progress of the works that he visited the site daily, and it was on account of his convenience that the entrance passage, which is still in use to-day, was cut. Alicuhiarra proved to be but an indifferent archæologist, and the manner in which he performed his task may be judged of from the fact that on one occasion, having found an inscription in bronze letters, he did not think it worth while to copy it, but detached the letters and sent them in a box to his master. He was fortunately soon promoted to a higher position, and was succeeded at Herculaneum by a more competent superintendent, a Swiss named Weber. With a force of fifty laborers the explorations were now pushed into different parts of the buried city, and a multitude of beautiful paintings and statues were brought to light.

The king, wishing to give to the world an account of these discoveries as they were made, induced a savant named Bayard to come from Rome and write a description of the antiquities of Herculaneum. The result was a ponderous work in many quarto volumes, — a very *chef-d'œuvre* of learned pedantry. The author could not, of course, neglect to say something of Hercules, the supposed founder of the city, and at the end of eleven hundred pages that hero has not yet returned from the lower world. The fourth volume opens with the remark, "I am drawing near to Herculaneum, but am not yet there!" It is not surprising that after eight years of these laborious but useless researches the king dispensed with Bayard's services.

In 1750, a pleasure villa, known since as the House of the Papyri, was accidentally discovered in the digging of another well, and several years were devoted to rifling it of its treasures. This is by far the most elegant Roman dwelling-house that has been found anywhere, and the large number of exquisite works of art taken from it attest the wealth and taste of its owner. Besides 1756 rolls of manuscripts, numerous mosaics and mural paintings, over fifty statues and busts in bronze, and thirteen in marble, were here found. The dancing and sleeping fauns, the two runners, the six dancing-girls, and the famous bust of Demosthenes, all came from this house. In 1755, the Accademia Ercolanese was founded, — an association of learned men charged with the task of reproducing, by means of engravings, the works of art of the buried city, and of superintending further search. The first part of its duty was most ably performed, and the publication of the Antichita di Ercolano made a great sensation in the artistic world.

Herculaneum was unfortunately considered from the moment of its discovery, simply as a mine from which plunder was to be extracted. No thought of determining its size, of uncovering it, or of preserving its monuments *in situ* and intact seems ever to have been entertained. Accordingly, these early explorations, which were continued till 1770, were made only by means of *curriculi*, small, under-ground passages, which were carried along in any direction where the yield of works of art seemed promising. The main passages were protected by boards, to prevent the earth falling in, and from them other passages branched off into the buildings that were searched. Each house, as soon as it was deemed sufficiently explored, was filled up again with the rubbish taken out of the next, and thus the work proceeded, if not in the best manner, at least with considerable economy of labor. About sixteen acres were visited in this cursory way, including the theatre, nine blocks of

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dwelling-houses, three temples, a basilica, and part of the forum.

The work remained suspended, or only occasionally prosecuted, from 1770 until 1827, when chance, which would seem to have been the presiding deity of these explorations, determined their renewal. The ground fell in at a certain spot in a vineyard, and disclosed ancient buildings quite near the surface. About an acre of the ground was at once bought by the government, and most of it has since been carefully excavated. This, as I have said before, is the only part, besides the theatre, now open to inspection. As this portion of the city was previously visited by the curriculi, the yield of art treasures has been small. A silver bust of Galba, of life size, was found here in September, 1875.

The labors of the academy threw a good deal of light upon the ancient topography of the country around Herculaneum. By a careful examination of all the wells in the neighborhood, and of the various strata through which they pass, the ancient shore was found to lie from one to five hundred yards inside of the present sea line, and to have two considerable indentations. Two river-courses were likewise found, of which there is at present no trace, as they have been completely filled up by successive eruptions. These discoveries explain and confirm those passages of ancient writers which describe Herculaneum as having more than one port, and as situated on a hill between two rivers and partly on a tongue of land running out into the sea. The changes since caused by the action of Vesuvius and by the general upheaving of the continent have been such that to-day not one of the features of this description can be recognized. It is not strange, then, if, before the discovery of the theatre, archæologists were thrown off the scent in their search for the site of the buried city, for they necessarily followed these indications of the ancient geographers.

The academicians were less successful in determining the size of Herculaneum; or rather it must be said that this appears to have formed no part of their plan. Perhaps the limited means at their disposal put it out of their power. They have left us, however, an accurate map of the part of the city explored. This consists of the nine blocks of houses and of the public buildings that I have mentioned, and covers about sixteen acres, or one tenth of the space occupied by Pompeii. To call this a map of Herculaneum, implying that it represents the *whole* city, is very incorrect, and was evidently not intended to be so understood, although this is nowadays often taken for granted. The most obvious proof that the city had a greater extension than appears on the map is that it is known from ancient writings to have been surrounded by a wall. No part of this was reached by the explorers, except that the very thick walls of certain magazines facing the sea are conjectured, without great probability, to have formed part of it. The author of the Disertazio Isagogica, the official report of the result of the academy's labors, as if in apology for the meagreness of the map, argues that Herculaneum was a small city, because, in the first place, Dionysius of Halicarnassus relates that Hercules founded a πολίχνη, or *small city;* and, in the second place, Strabo calls Herculaneum a φρούριον, or *fortified place*, a term which he thinks would not have been applied to a large city. Yet a city, even if small when founded, would have had ample time to grow, from the days of Hercules to the reign of Titus; and φρούριον is a term with which it is hard to connect any definite notion of size, the word's most obvious meaning seeming rather to invite explorers not to stop before reaching the walls which made Herculaneum a "fortified place."

In the absence of certain information, there is great diversity of opinion among archæologists as to the size of this ancient city. There are enthusiasts who speak of it as being many times larger than Pompeii, and others who are almost inclined to stand by the academy's map as containing the whole truth. The best help, perhaps, that we have towards a solution of this question is the size of the theatre as compared with that of Pom-

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peii. Signor Fiorelli, the director of the excavations, computes the population of Pompeii, as shown by its sleeping accommodations, to have been about twelve thousand; and it is precisely this number of persons that the amphitheatre will comfortably seat. The learned director calls especial attention to this coincidence, which indeed one might expect to find, since the shows of the amphitheatre were intended to be witnessed by the whole people. The size of a tragic theatre is undeniably a less sure criterion of the population of an ancient town than is that of its amphitheatre; nevertheless, when we find, as in the present case, the tragic theatres of two towns differing sufficiently in their details to show that they were not constructed by any blind rule, and yet of nearly the same size, it seems not unreasonable to infer that the towns themselves had about the same number of inhabitants and possessed about the same area. We must pardon to the enthusiasm awakened by the first discovery of Herculaneum the enormous overestimates of the capacity of its theatre made in the last century. Winckelmann stated that it would hold thirty-five thousand persons. Modern guide-books modestly reduce the number to ten thousand. I have found by taking such measurements as are possible that there is barely room for three thousand to be seated. As to the theatre of Pompeii, it is commonly said to have had seats for five thousand persons, but it is certain that three thousand spectators would have constituted a most uncomfortably full house.

The superior construction of the buildings of Herculaneum as compared with those of Pompeii, and particularly the greater elegance of the works of art as well as of the utensils of ordinary every-day life, shows that of the two cities Herculaneum was the wealthier and the farther advanced in the arts of life. Being especially exposed to the southwest wind, from which Pompeii was cut off by the promontory of Sorrento, Herculaneum had, as we are told by Strabo, an uncommonly salubrious climate, and on this account it was much frequented by the wealthy Roman nobility. Servilia, the sister of Cato of Utica and the mother of Brutus, is known to have had a villa there, as well as Agrippina, the mother of Caligula. It is precisely in these villas of the nobility that our best hope lies of finding those inestimable treasures of antiquity, the rolls of papyrus which constituted their libraries. Such a villa was undoubtedly the famous House of the Papyri. In similar elegant pleasure-houses at Stabiæ several papyrus rolls were found, while in the whole of Pompeii only one has as yet come to light.

It is worthy of especial notice that the things found in Herculaneum are in general much better preserved than those in Pompeii. The bronzes from the former city are as clean as on the day they came from the founder's hand, while those from the latter are always coated with green. The mural paintings of Herculaneum had, when first discovered, a freshness and vividness unequaled by those from Pompeii, except that in a few cases the same cause that was constantly at work there occasioned here also perfect preservation of the colors. That cause was simply the exclusion of the air. The lowest layer of volcanic matter that covers Pompeii consists of loose and porous rapilli or pumice-stones, through which air readily circulates. As this city stands on a hill, probably the summit of an extinct crater, its excellent drainage has kept the subsoil, in great part, in this dry and porous condition. Whatever air, therefore, enters through crevices in the surface layer of vegetable mold soon finds its way to the objects that are buried beneath the rapilli, and slowly but surely oxidizes and destroys them. The first covering of Herculaneum, on the other hand, though composed partly of rapilli, has been so affected by the rain-water which has filtered in from the surface that its component parts have become disintegrated and compacted into a firm and solid mass, forming, in fact, the light stone called tufa. A better preserver of the buried city could not have been devised than this natural cement. While it has effectually excluded the

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destructive agency of the air, it is so easily cut as to oppose no difficulty to the work of excavation. It must also have taken excellent molds of the bodies of men and animals overwhelmed by the catastrophe, and of such other objects as perished not suddenly but gradually. Even the loose soil of Pompeii occasionally furnishes molds like those I speak of. Where some man, for example, overcome by the fiery shower, fell down in the street to die, the ashes soon closed around and above him. Decomposition of the body succeeding quietly and slowly, the ashes did not fall in to fill the cavity thus left, but by the aid of the moisture absorbed from the body itself became hardened into a perfect mold of the vanished form. Hundreds of these most interesting relics were thoughtlessly destroyed at Pompeii until quite lately, when Signor Fiorelli had the happy inspiration to fill them, whenever found, with plaster of Paris. The success of this process has been marvelous. Recently, the form of a young woman was thus reproduced, — a form of great beauty, and as cleanly cut as if by the chisel of a sculptor. The details of her person and attire are rendered with surprising minuteness; the arrangement of her hair is distinctly visible, as well as the folds and even the texture of her scanty garments. It is most touching to look at these statues modeled by the hand of Death, bearing an impression of convulsive anguish or calm resignation such as can only be faintly imitated in the productions of art.

Another circumstance worth noticing is that as Herculaneum lay much nearer to Vesuvius than Pompeii did, it was probably covered, in the first instance, to a much greater depth. At any rate, it is certain that more difficulty was experienced at the former city than at the latter by those of the inhabitants who escaped and afterwards may have wished to recover the riches of their buried homes. That such attempts were occasionally, though rarely, made in both places is beyond doubt. The house of the quæstor at Pompeii was visited by some one who had a perfect knowledge of the locality, and a large chest was robbed of its treasure of gold. At Herculaneum, both the theatre and the House of the Papyri bore evidences of unsuccessful efforts made at a remote period to reach their interiors.

The volcanic matter which covers Herculaneum may be conveniently grouped into three classes. First, there is what is called by the natives *terra vecchia* or *pappamonte*. This is commonly believed to have come from the eruption of 79, and also from other subsequent and similar ones. It is a conglomeration of rapilli, for the most part disintegrated, and ashes, which, wherever left undisturbed, has hardened into a soft tufa. When broken up on the surface, it becomes an exceedingly fertile soil. In many places this material is from forty to sixty feet deep, and is the only covering of the buried city. It is intersected at various depths by thin layers of vegetable mold, which accumulated in the intervals of the successive eruptions. Secondly, there is the *terra di fuoco*. There is a thin stratum of loose bits of *breccia*, tufa, and the scoriæ of lava, some as small as a pea, others of twenty pounds' weight, which were washed into their present position by the torrents of water that either issued from Vesuvius during the eruption of 1631, or resulted from the copious rains that followed it. For the purposes of excavation it is unnecessary to distinguish this material from the former, as the difficulty of removing it is practically the same. Thirdly, there is the real lava, an exceedingly hard rock, which flowed molten from Vesuvius at a heat several hundred times greater than that of boiling water, and ran down like a river to its present position. This exists, fortunately, in small quantities, and lies on or near the surface. There is a wide-spread but unfounded notion that it was this molten rock, the only substance properly bearing the name of lava, which originally overwhelmed Herculaneum. Had this been the case, it would, of course, be useless to talk of excavation. This mistake seems to have arisen from the circumstance that the ignorant natives, from whom most travel-

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ers get their information, call everything that comes out of the volcano lava, without distinction. The real lava is known to them as *montagna*.

The depth at which Herculaneum lies buried has been strangely exaggerated. Little discrepancy exists as to the distance of the pavement of the theatre below the surface, which is actually twenty and one half metres, or about sixty-seven feet. But the statement of the guide-books, that a part of the city is a hundred and twenty feet under-ground, is false. This blunder was first made by an early writer, who gives this as the depth *towards the sea*, the very portion where, in fact, it is only from twenty-six to thirty-six feet, and his figures have since been blindly copied. The respective quantities of lava and of tufa that cover Herculaneum can be estimated only approximately, as the exact limits of the city are unknown. The depth of the entire overlying mass increases regularly as we recede from the ancient sea-shore; but as the lava lies in separate and irregular streams, more or less of it must be included in the estimate, according to the assumed position of the city. Supposing Herculaneum to be as large as Pompeii, I find that the mean of the amounts of lava that would lie over it, in the three most probable positions that can be assigned to it, would be about half a million cubic metres; and under the most favorable circumstances it could hardly be less than a half of this amount. The average depth of the lava currents, as I have determined by repeated observations, does not exceed six metres.

If a line be drawn through the theatre parallel to the ancient sea-shore, the belt of land thus marked off will be a third of a mile wide. It is not unreasonable to surmise that this belt will contain at least one half and probably more of Herculaneum, since that city lay close to the sea; as, indeed, it contains all of it that has yet been visited. The average depth of the overlying mass in this belt is fifteen metres. As to the rest of the city, which I suppose to lie between the theatre and Vesuvius, I think that twenty-one metres may fairly be set down as the average amount of earth covering it. For it must be remembered that the present Vesuvius is only a comparatively small cone that has arisen in modern times in the centre of the much larger ancient crater. Before the eruption of 79, the entire wall of that ancient and lofty crater was standing. That part of it which faced Herculaneum and the sea has since been broken down, and the semicircular ridge still remaining is now called Monte Somma. As long as this crater stood complete, the mountain was, so to speak, nearer to Herculaneum than at present, and the slope from it down to that city must have been at least as steep as we find it now. There is reason, then, to believe that no part of Herculaneum lies much deeper than the theatre; and eighteen metres, or the mean between fifteen and twenty-one metres, may be safely taken as the average depth of the overlying mass.

The published results of many years' work at Pompeii give us a ready means of calculating the cost of removing this amount of matter. Pompeii is buried at a depth of seven and a half metres, and the earth that has been removed has been carried, on an average, eighty-seven metres in baskets on men's shoulders, and five hundred and thirty-five metres in cars running on an iron track and moved either by hand or by the impulse of an artificial slope. The cost of this labor, together with that of all necessary materials, restorations, the mending of walls, etc., reproductions for the museum, books and furniture for the school of archæology, in fact of everything except the wages of the superintendents, is thirty cents and six mills per cubic metre of matter removed. For the removal, then, of the lowest seven and a half metres of the covering of Herculaneum, we may assume the same cost. For the remaining ten and a half metres, twenty cents per cubic metre will be an ample allowance, as the above extra expenses will not have to be incurred. Half a million cubic metres, at this last price, must be deducted for the lava, which is to form a separate item. Assuming, then, as before, that the su-

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perficial extent of Herculaneum is the same as that of Pompeii, namely, 646,826 metres, we have for the excavation of the city, omitting the lava, the expense of $2,742,800. As the theatre is only half a mile from the sea, and as the slope of the ground towards the latter is considerable, it would be very easy to dispose of the earth removed.

Half a million cubic metres of hard lava to be got rid of seems at first a formidable difficulty, and, indeed, if no use could be made of it, it would cost ninety cents per cubic metre simply to blast it out and throw it into the sea. But, fortunately, the very hardness of the lava makes it extremely useful for many constructions requiring a durable material, especially for paving-stones, and, in a limited quantity, it has a considerable market value. It is quarried extensively all through this region, and cargoes of it are sent as far as to Alexandria in Egypt. Quarries near the sea-shore are let by the proprietors at a rent equivalent to a charge of forty cents per cubic metre of stone taken out. The horizontal and vertical fissures that generally occur in it increase the ease of extracting it. The quarry-man, after working it up into flag-stones, gets from $1.50 to $4 per cubic metre for it, and as much as $11 for massive blocks without a flaw. About 17,500 cubic metres are annually taken from the quarries in the immediate neighborhood of Resina. At this rate our half a million cubic metres would not be absorbed by the market in less than thirty years. The quarry-man would indeed have to work in a less favorable position than he does on the sea-shore; still, there are now quarries far inland, and they always yield some rent, though a small one. If the rock were given away, there would certainly be found men to take it. But if Herculaneum were to be excavated, the whole undertaking ought to be finished in at least ten years. In that time, just one third of the lava could be sold. It would be worth to the quarry-man the expense of taking it out, and its removal would therefore cost the excavators nothing. If a second third had to be removed in the same time, it would be worth to the quarry-man only half of the cost of extraction, since the value of money doubles in about ten years, and the other half of the expense would have to be borne by the excavators. In like manner, three fourths of the cost of removing the last third, in the same time, would fall on the excavators. Hence, the expense of getting rid of all the lava in ten years would be five fourths of the cost of removing one third of it, or $187,500. The waste fragments of lava could, at a small charge, be applied to completing and extending the breakwaters of the harbor of Portici, a most desirable object, in view of the dangerous storms which occur in that bay.

A third element of expense would be the value of the land and buildings above the buried city. The commune or district of Resina, which lies above Herculaneum, derives its name from Retina, one of the ancient ports of that city. It extends a mile along the shore and inland as far as Vesuvius, but the land ceases to be fit for cultivation about two miles from the sea. The population of this district is given by the official returns as a little over twelve thousand, but it is supposed really to reach fourteen thousand. It is chiefly gathered into the town of Resina, which begins over the middle of the already explored part of Herculaneum and extends thence towards Vesuvius, covering about thirty-two acres. Besides this, a long street that traverses the commune, sensibly parallel to the sea and passing directly over the theatre, is built up more or less on both sides. One third of the part of Herculaneum already visited is covered by houses, and it is not unlikely that, to excavate the city entirely, three fourths of all the buildings of the commune of Resina would have to be removed. This is certainly a most liberal estimate. As the entire value of these building is, according to the official returns of 1874, $613,334, we have, as the value of those to be destroyed, $460,000. The cost of their demolition would be balanced by the value of the materials, which could be used for other constructions.

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The land of the commune lying near the sea is extremely fertile, and the very best of it, used for vineyards and kitchen-gardens, is worth $400 a *moggio*, or $2240 an acre; but most of it can be bought for three fourths of that price. As to that part of the land wanted, which is now covered by the town of Resina, it might at first seem necessary to estimate it at the advanced price which town land always bears. But if Resina were to be demolished, another town would have to be built up, for the accommodation of its inhabitants, between its present site and the sea, and the high-road would have to be diverted in that direction. And it is evident that if the excavators should first purchase the vineyards now lying there, the increase in the value of this land, when built upon, would compensate for the extra price to be paid for the present town land, and the site of Herculaneum would finally cost only its value as vineyard land. Such an enterprise could, of course, be successfully carried out only by means of an assessment made by the Italian government. We have, then, as the outlay required for the site of the buried city, estimating the land at its highest value, $369,300.

At Pompeii, it is found that, besides doing the requisite accessory work, one man does not remove quite two cubic metres of earth in a day. At this rate, it would require two thousand laborers to excavate Herculaneum in ten years. The cost of the *personale* needed to direct this large body of men would not exceed $30,000 a year. The income that would be derived from visitors, during these ten years, may safely be put down at what it actually is at Pompeii, $7000 a year.

Summing up these various items, it appears that the entire expense of excavating Herculaneum would be —

Removing the earth,	$2,742,800
" " lava,	187,500
Cost of the land,	369,300
" " " buildings,	460,000
" " superintendence,	300,000
	$4,059,600
Deduct income from visitors,	70,000
Total,	$3,989,600

or, in round numbers, four million dollars.

If the excavation of Pompeii goes on at the present rate, it will take over seventy years more to finish it, and, making no deduction for the income received from visitors, it will have cost little less than three million dollars. There is a marked disproportion between the number of the laborers and that of the overseers and officials employed there. On an average, there are only eighty-one of the former, while there are no less than fifty-five of the latter. It is not surprising, then, if the cost of superintendence amounts to seven ninths of that of the laborers and materials.

In return for the above outlay of four millions, we should have a city laid open to the light of day whose buildings, in partial ruin, while proclaiming aloud the great catastrophe which overwhelmed them, would speak no less eloquently to us of the period when they sheltered thousands of families and when the forum was daily thronged with busy life. Every detail of architecture and decoration, every public monument, every work of art or household object found, every inscription or chance scribbling on the walls, would throw some light on the political or religious customs of this people, or on their domestic life; and this light would be reflected on all general questions of the same kind. The income from visitors would much more than suffice to keep the recovered city in good order, and it would be handed down to posterity, a better text-book than any dictionary of antiquities, for the instruction of youth in the manners and customs of the ancients. With due care this precious heritage could be preserved for many centuries, unless, indeed, it should become, a second time, the victim of Vesuvius. For now, as in the days of Statius, —

> . . . "necdum lethale minari
> Cessat apex."

We should have also an immense number of mural paintings, mosaics, statues, and other works of art, as well as of utensils and implements, of the material value of which it would not be unreason-

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able to say that, if sold to the highest bidders, they would yield enough to cover the entire cost of the excavation. But the Italian government would never allow such a disposition to be made of them, nor could any genuine lover of antiquity desire it. They would most properly be collected into one museum, and be kept in the country whose past history and customs they would so amply illustrate. Such being the destination of these objects, it would certainly seem best that the government should undertake their excavation. But unhappily, in the present unfortunate state of Italian finances, and at a time when so many important projects of reform are making urgent calls upon the public purse, it is useless to expect more to be given to archæological purposes than the pittance of $22,000 a year, the fund with which the Museum of Naples and the works at Pompeii are now carried on. If, however, enough foreign capital could be found to carry the enterprise through, there is no doubt that the Italian government would encourage and aid it, and would be willing afterwards to acquire the objects found, either by paying their market value or by bearing the expenses of the excavation.

The past of Italy embraced a civilization of which we are heirs in as great a degree as the Italians. When the sword of the northern barbarian overthrew the political power of Rome, the language, laws, and institutions of the empire won a no less signal victory over those of its conquerors. From this mutual conquest have sprung such intimate relations between the ancient and modern civilizations that we must be acquainted with the former before we can understand the development of the latter. Nothing, then, is without interest to us that can throw light upon Roman history or upon the institutions and the manners of the peoples under Roman sway. As Pompeii is likely to be one day thoroughly excavated, it may be thought that the possession of another ancient city would be of little importance. Regarded as a mere object of curiosity, the interest of Herculaneum would doubtless lose something by the fact of the existence of Pompeii. The careless traveler, remarking merely their similar features, would perhaps see in one only a repetition of the other; but the student, comparing the two cities, would detect their differences, and eliminating their peculiarities would arrive at broader and surer conceptions of the objects of his study.

Especially, the chance of finding books at Herculaneum is, as I have said previously, much greater than at Pompeii, because, in the first place, the former was the wealthier of the two cities and the residence of more men of culture; and in the second, its compact and deep covering has proved a better preserver of the buried objects than the loose and slight covering of Pompeii. In fact, nowhere else in the world have fragile and perishable articles of equal age been found in such good condition as at Herculaneum. Wood and all other vegetable substances buried there are, indeed, for the most part, blackened and completely carbonized, and such would be the condition of any books that might be discovered. But this carbonization, whether it is the effect of the heat of the material that first overwhelmed the city, which is the view of those who stand by the historical account of the catastrophe, or whether, as is the opinion of modern Italian geologists, it has resulted from those same agencies which have elsewhere converted the primeval forests into coal-beds, it has certainly merely modified and not by any means destroyed the texture of the articles it has affected. Such books as might be found would run no risk of being wantonly ruined by ignorant workmen, as very many were in the last century, but they would be carefully collected, and the delicate apparatus now at work in the Naples Museum unrolling the papyri would enable us to read them.

Any one conversant with ancient literature can call to mind many lost literary treasures, both in Greek and Latin, which were extant at the time of Herculaneum's overthrow, and some of which might reasonably be expected to be found there. What price could we not afford to pay

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for the recovery of the poems of Sappho, "the pride of Hellas," "the tenth muse," whose lyrics were acknowledged by the ancients to be as perfect productions as the great epic of Homer! What light would be shed upon a hundred dark passages in Roman history if only the missing books of Tacitus or Livy could be found, or the works of the early Roman historians, or copies of certain laws and treaties, or the Annales Maximi, in which the Pontifex Maximus recorded annually the chief events of the year! We should have no inconsiderable prize if only a *fabula togata* should fall into our hands, or the works of Varro, or the orations of the Gracchi and their contemporaries.

Each of my readers may now, with the facts and figures that I have given before him, judge for himself whether the undertaking of excavating Herculaneum is worth the trouble and expense. Many even of those who view the enterprise most favorably will doubtless think it unfit for foreign capital to embark in, and decide that the project must await, for its execution, the return of financial prosperity to Italy. There is, however, one most important preliminary step that might be taken at once and is within the compass of moderate means, and I would suggest it to certain enterprising newspaper proprietors, who may be looking about for new fields of archæological exploration. I mean the determination of the exact limits of Herculaneum. This could be effected at a cost of from five to ten thousand dollars, by means of an under-ground passage starting from the part already excavated, following one of the main streets to a gate, and thence making the circuit of the walls.

Volcanic eruptions are among the most interesting and instructive of natural phenomena, and not the least remarkable of their minor functions is that of preserving intact to later ages the perishable monuments of the human race. The fertility of the soil around volcanoes attracts a numerous population; the suddenness of an eruption compels the people to abandon their homes and leave everything behind; the immense quantity of matter ejected covers the buildings and their contents, and effectually prevents their recovery by their owners; finally, the earthy shroud that envelops these objects gradually hardens, and secures them against the ravages of time. Together with Herculaneum and Pompeii, the town of Stabiæ and several villages were covered by Vesuvius, and it is not improbable that, far beneath the level on which those places stood, there are imbedded in the soil the dwellings and other monuments of earlier races, overwhelmed by previous eruptions.

Robert A. McLeod.

ANTICIPATION.

SLANTING across the fields of snow,
The westering sun makes haste to go;
This day, I know, is tried and sweet,
To-morrow tires my lagging feet.

With many a pause of happy rest
I 've journeyed with To-Day, my guest;
His stranger brother cannot be,
Methinks, as goodly company, —

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Holding in his mysterious hand
Gifts that will bless or blight my land!
Tarry yet longer, fair To-Day,
That boding step an hour delay.

What songs have told my spirit's cheer,
What sunlight warmed the glowing year,
What dear companions round me hung,
While life, and love, and hope were young!

These with to-morrow fade apace,
Like bloom from a belovèd face;
And trusting half, yet half with dread,
I question, "What shall be instead?"

The sun drops deeper, night is chill;
The oracles I seek are still;
Yon herald star which glitters low
Seems beckoning on the way I go.

To-morrow? Ah, that door doth ope
A new celestial path to Hope.
More than I ask or dream must be,
In God's to-morrow kept for me!

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

AMERICA is the country of artificial capitals. With the exception of Boston and New Orleans there are hardly any large cities in the United States in which the head-quarters of trade and wealth and the head-quarters of politics are united. It would be curious to trace the connection between this fact — which has no parallel in the countries most like our own in civilization and manners — and our political institutions. It is probably a natural result of a new society in which universal suffrage prevails. As each new State has been peopled and organized, it has been necessary to fix on some point for the meeting of the legislature and the transaction of the business of the various offices of the government. In an unsettled State, the particular point selected seems at first of little consequence. But in many of them, as population has increased and business developed, the place so selected has lost its importance and dwindled from a town of the first order to complete insignificance. Meanwhile, other interests have sprung up elsewhere; new towns and cities have forced themselves on public attention, and the "shriek of locality" is heard in each. If the capital of the State is to be changed, the change requires a majority vote; and how can that majority be obtained in favor of any one place, when each one of half a dozen places pretends to equal claims? Hence, it becomes easier to silence all of them at once by retaining the existing capital than by moving. In other countries,

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where governments have not been organized in advance of society, but have grown up gradually, they have naturally centred where the other social forces, wealth and intelligence, have made their strongest appearance. It can hardly be doubted that if it were possible in the United States to revert to this older natural system, it would be better for us. The complication and intricacy of our politics, great as they are in any case, are heightened by the continual multiplication of artificial capitals, distant very often from the real centres of social growth, and consequently beyond the reach of the best social influences. If the capital of the State of New York were to be "located" now, no sane man can doubt that, wherever it might be placed, it would not be at Albany, — a small town, not only removed by a long distance from the commercial and social capital of the State, but shorn of all its importance by the growth of that capital. The latter and its suburbs contain nearly half the population and more than half of the wealth in the whole State, and three quarters of the work of the legislature directly concerns this enormous population and wealth. Were the work done in the city itself, there would be some chance that the influence of the best and most public-spirited classes might be brought to bear upon it, and that the public might be spared the annual farce of the debates over the "charter," an instrument which historically signifies a grant of corporate powers, but in New York means usually their withdrawal or nullification.

The great artificial capital of the country is Washington, and a more artificial one could not well be imagined. Without trade, or commerce, or manufactures, or even that great desideratum of American existence, a "live" newspaper, it has been built up simply by the continual expansion of the government and the steady increase of the office-holding class. Without its political population Washington would cease to exist. There have been, within the past few years, distant mutterings of attacks upon it. The centre of population is now in the West, and the capital ought to be where population is. Why it should be is not explained, but the explanation is easy. The question is to be determined, as in every other case, by numbers; and if it is more convenient for the majority to have congress and the supreme court and the departments and the White House in St. Louis, it will certainly have them there. That it is for the best interests of the country that the position of the capital should not be solely determined by the drift of population makes no difference. But there will always be the difficulty in the way to which we have alluded; to abandon Washington requires a union upon some other spot, and this implies much local shrieking and heart-burning, which is most likely to end in inaction. It seems probable, therefore, that Washington is destined to remain for an indefinite time the capital of the country; and as long as this is so it will stand at the head of the artificial capitals of the world. It may be interesting to glance at a few of the features of life in such a place. And let us premise that we do not mean to enter into any deep sociological inquiries, but to glance at the lighter and less serious side of life as it exists there.

Society, then, in Washington strikes different people in different ways. It is usually spoken of in warm terms for its "simplicity," and yet externally simplicity is the last epithet one would think of applying to it. To a stranger its machinery is as artificial as the society of which it is the product. The great central fact of social life in Washington is what are known as "receptions." This of itself is a peculiar and novel thing, for nowhere else (in this country, certainly) is this form of entertainment the pivot on which society turns. But in Washington, if receptions were left out, though there might be a great many pleasant dinners and parties, society as it exists would come to an end. In the first place, there is a regular day on which the president receives; another on which the members of the cabinet receive; another when the senators are at home; another for the judges; and though the house of

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representatives is too numerous and democratic a body to have a day reserved for it, there are certain members of it who have their "days" also. Besides this, the residents of the city have their days, and as many of them in the same street are apt to fix on the same day, a new complication arises in the fact that there are also "H Street" days, "I Street" days, and so on through the alphabet. It should not be forgotten, either, that members of the diplomatic corps have days of their own, which are not related in any visible or intelligible way to any other people's days.

Receptions consist invariably of the same sort of entertainment the world over, — you go in at one door and out at another; and as during the greater part of the time in the short Washington season receptions are going on in every quarter, the general effect, on a winter's afternoon, is that of a city in which everybody is making a hurried examination of his fellow-citizens' houses, with a view to purchasing or hiring for a term of years. It is impossible for the least curious stranger not to speculate on the probable causes of this phenomenon, and of course the first that suggests itself is the comparative cheapness of this form of social entertainment. Economical heads of families have long recognized the fact that the "kettle-drum" (which is simply a modified form of reception, after all) has great advantages for those who wish to entertain without wasting their substance; and this, without any reflection upon the hospitality of the place (which is unbounded), is the desire of the prudent householder in Washington. Considering the subject in all its bearings, he sees that while balls and dinners are good in their way, there is nothing which goes farther and covers more ground than a reception. It may unquestionably be said that for a given amount of money any family which wants to have a couple of months' society in the winter can have more of it, and on the whole of a better kind, in Washington than it can anywhere else in the country. In the United States, with our constantly fluctuating incomes and our lavish and ostentatious habits, we have not yet given much thought to the subject of living with the greatest possible amount of comfort and taste on a given sum of money; but every year the class of persons living on fixed incomes increases, and as the country becomes more and more like other countries, no doubt we shall become as expert in this matter as our enlightened cousins on the other side of the Atlantic; and with the cultivation of this interesting branch of humane knowledge, Washington will probably become a more and more attractive winter capital. The development of luxury and extravagance as they have been developed in commercial capitals like London or New York is in Washington out of the question, from the very circumstances of the case. Of the hundred and odd thousand people who make up the population of the city, three quarters are dependent, directly or indirectly, for their livelihood on the government, and, roughly speaking, society is made up of salaried people and their families. Now, as the highest salary, after the president, paid to anybody connected with the government is ten thousand dollars, and by far the greater part of the salaries are not a quarter of that, it is obvious that the scale of living must be fixed on an entirely different level from that in capitals where incomes of ten thousand dollars are not noticed, and incomes of thirty thousand dollars common. Hence, lavish display in Washington is not merely a needless waste of money; it is in a measure resented as inviting odious comparisons.

Every now and then the newspapers in New York are filled with accounts of some tremendous *fête* or entertainment, given by a *nouveau riche* (or rather they used to be, when there were more *nouveaux riches* and fewer *nouveaux pauvres* than now) to get himself into society. For some reason or other it is the fashion for the society which is about to admit him in consideration of his effort to hold up its hands in horror over the extravagance which insures its success. But he knows very well what he is about. It is an investment of money from which

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he expects and gets solid returns. In a modern commercial capital, owing to the general scale of living, the amount required in the way of an initiation fee is very large. In Washington it is very small. In fact, it may be said hardly to exist. There is only one species of extravagance which is common, and that is expenditure for purposes of locomotion. Because of the great distances, everybody rides. But it would be imprudent to assume that the multitude of carriages which throng the streets, in a way to suggest a city of at least the pretensions of New York, are the property of the persons who ride in them. Fortunately, it is not necessary for everybody who wishes to ride to own his carriage, — though what arrangement it is possible to make for an economical renting of a vehicle and coachman is a matter belonging to the arcana of social life into which it is best not to penetrate here. Suffice it to sum up the whole matter by saying that there are for the prudent householder who wishes to invest a certain sum of money in the pleasures of a winter at Washington, the pursuit of political knowledge, and an admission to that world-wide masonic order known in Washington, as elsewhere, as "good society," four requisites: he must have a roof over his head, and in Washington a stated sum of money will give a family more extensive and better shelter than in other places; his wife must have "receptions" once a week, at which, if he follows the customs of the place, there will be provided for the guests, not champagne, vulgarized by its association with disorderly wealth, gambling, and waste, but a beverage of the simplest character, endeared to the whole human race by a thousand memories treasured in song and story, — in other words, punch; in the third place, he must have servants and breakfasts and dinners, which are all neither more nor less expensive than they are in other places; and lastly, he must have, or appear to have, a carriage.

Such being the conditions of life in Washington, what are the best means of leading it in the most intelligent and enlightened way? This is a question which will be answered differently by different people: it is no more possible to lay down unalterable rules for the conduct of life in this or any other place than it is for the game of whist. But to get the most the life is capable of affording, there can be little doubt that the true theory (as well as the established practice) points to the combination of society with politics. Indeed, the combination is already made, and to sever the two would be a matter of difficulty. Washington is in fact the only capital in the United States in which society is made up and managed — to a great extent — by political people. In New York, and almost all the larger cities which are in any sense centres of wealth, every one knows that the divorce between the two, effected by the causes to which we a little while ago adverted, is complete. The place is naturally a social head-quarters. Not being also a political head-quarters, its politics are petty, local, and degraded. The social and political classes are as distinct as if they inhabited different places, communicating, perhaps, by a railway at the distance of a day's journey. You *may* see members of the political class in good society, and you *may* see members of the latter class in municipal politics; but you do not expect it, and your first sensation in either case is simply one of surprised amusement. Of course, the first impulse of every right-minded American on meeting a statement of this kind is to exclaim at once, "But this ought not to be so. This evil ought to be remedied by the members of the class which you call good society, that is, people of wealth, position, and education, etc. These people should not allow politics to remain in the hands of what you call the 'political class,' that is, the demagogic or unprincipled, shifty, ignorant, and venal leaders of the mob. Let gentlemen attend to their political duties, go to primaries, caucuses, and conventions, and lift politics to a higher level." But this is beside the point. In considering Washington life we assume the attitude of neither moralists nor reformers,

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but simply that of unaffected votaries of social enjoyment; and if you will only admit the fact that in ordinary American city life politics and society are completely divorced, and that it is a great evil, you shall reform it either by getting gentlemen to go to ward meetings, or by getting politicians to stay away from them, or by bestowing prizes for distinguished political virtue, or in any other way you please. First, admit the fact and all its deplorable consequences. These are twofold: first, its effect on politics; and second, its effect on society. How and in what direction politics have been affected may be best tested by comparing the tone of the political class as it exists to-day with the tone of the governing class a hundred years ago, while suffrage was still restricted to owners of property, and the political class was consequently representative of property, intelligence, taste, cultivation, and therefore incidentally made up society. It is, however, the effect of the change on society that is of most significance to us. This change may be put in a single word: it has emasculated society; it has deprived society of its best motive for existence, and robbed it of the common ground on which it could meet other human interests. Nothing could better illustrate the nature of the slough in which we wallow than the fact that what was formerly regarded as one of the noblest of ambitions, an ambition to be cultivated for the common good, — that of a public career, — has now become a doubtful if not disreputable calling, and the man who attempts it in good faith, and serves his country well in it, is sooner or later branded as an "office-seeker." Not having politics any longer open to them, people of wealth and leisure and culture fall back on society. But a society made up of people who are practically members of a proscribed class is very different from a society which is made up of members of a governing class. It rapidly loses sight of all general interests, gradually loses its political traditions, learns to look upon politics as an unclean thing, concentrates its attention upon the petty gossip and scandal of its own life, upon matters of form rather than substance, and ends in weakness, frivolity, and inanity. This danger of society is peculiar to our country. In every other country, of whatever form of government, the people who make up what is called society are the same people as those most closely connected with the government, and consequently society has in its keeping all the great interests which are bound up in governments. It is made to think, and to think intelligently, of affairs of state, of the general condition of the world, of the motives which influence the march of public events, and of course it talks about what it thinks about. It has solid public interests.

The difference is shown in the minutest details.

One striking effect of the divorce between politics and society has been the withdrawal of the old and mature people, who really have a solid and wide interest in public affairs, from all participation in it. People in the full maturity of their powers are not naturally unsociable. They enjoy meeting their friends and acquaintance no less and perhaps more than do younger persons. But with society as it commonly exists in this country they have now little or nothing in common. Accordingly, they have gradually withdrawn from it, and turned it over for the most part to boys just out of college and girls just out of frocks, who in their turn leave it, after two or three years of rather rapid enjoyment, to other boys and girls. A generation or so ago, elderly men and women were always to be seen in society; now it is rather dangerous to the reputation of a man much over forty to be seen going about in society, — and justly so. Without taking the late Mr. Mill's view of society, that it is every one's duty to resolve never to enter without improving it, and looking upon it simply as a means to an end, and that end enjoyment, it is almost melancholy to compare society in this degraded condition with society in the form it is perfectly capable of being made to take; to compare it as it exists in the commercial

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capital of the country with a society — not by any means an ideal society — made up of grown men and women engaged in liberalizing pursuits, and whose very jealousies and rivalries and gossip borrow a dignity from the largeness of their possible effects.

The peculiarity of Washington is that in it society and politics are not divorced; the same class which is engaged in the world of government makes up to a great extent the substance of society. The affairs which concern one concern the other also. The great attractiveness which this gives to life there can be easily imagined. Conversation is not confined to a number of hackneyed subjects, in which there is a conventional assumption of general interest, entirely unfounded in fact, but is forced into channels of real importance. The general facts of politics, the game of parties, the character of leading men, their motives, purposes, and strong and weak points, are not, as elsewhere, matters of infrequent and rather remote speculation, but of common knowledge and discussion. The members of the cabinet, and the chief senators and representatives, and the judges of the supreme court are not mere names, but actual, living, moving and breathing men; men possessed of power, and using it; men loved, honored, respected, feared, hated, detested.

It is here that the half dozen men who really control the two great political machines direct the movements which ruin the hopes of one candidate for office or seal with success the efforts of another. It is here, too, that the great commercial interests of the country are protected or assaulted by legislation; and it is here that the private wires are pulled which affect such legislation. It is here that all the sinister assaults and all the public movements which affect the destiny of a great nation centre, and the contending forces of good and evil work out the result which produces general misery or general happiness. One to whom such a perpetual drama, with all its exits, entrances, scene-shifting, "effects," and *dénoûments*, is no cause of concern or entertainment must be either very much above or very much below the level of ordinary human sympathy.

Of course, in the present condition of politics, its introduction into society is not an unmixed blessing. To have a society in which perfect ease and comfort prevail it is necessary that the classes which compose it shall be nearly on a level; shall have the same general ideas, tastes, prejudices, likes, and dislikes. It cannot be said that these prevail at Washington. Its society is compounded of elements more heterogeneous than any other in the country. Not that the life depicted in The Mighty Dollar or The Gilded Age is a true delineation of it; but there is something in it which furnishes a basis for such burlesques. It must be confessed that the developments and exposures of the last few years have brought to light in the United States what it is not unfair to call a close connection between politics and crime. Every one recognizes this in the large cities, but it cannot exist in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago without showing itself also in Washington; and while in other cities the divorce between politics and society enables the latter to protect itself from the invasion of the criminal or suspected classes, this invasion is rendered easier in Washington by the very union which we have mentioned of politics (including its criminal branches) with society. It is difficult to go into the details of this part of our subject as they deserve without making allusions to persons, living or dead, in jail or out of it, which might be painful. Everybody has been amused at Tweed's reply to the question addressed to him at his entrance into prison as to his occupation, when he declared himself to be a "statesman." Since then, however, several statesmen at Washington have found themselves uncomfortably near being compelled to give a similar reply in equally unpleasant surroundings. There are certain sorts of sins to which society is lenient, others to which it can never afford to be. That a man has killed another in a duel is, socially, nothing against him, and in fact may be a positive recommendation; but forgery,

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obtaining money under false pretenses, embezzlement, perjury, and breach of trust are offenses which necessarily prevent the perpetrators of them from being pleasant company. Good society is made up on the assumption that its members do not commit these crimes. But in politics the commission of them is by no means uncommon. Many a leading statesman of both parties has made his way to high station by their aid, and consequently the exposure of the means by which he has risen places society in a very embarrassing position. Shall he be discarded on account of the exposure, or retained on account of his success? The question is said to have been solved with great discretion, last winter, by a lady who was thoroughly at home in Washington society, in the case of an eminent man, formerly a bright social ornament, but then unfortunately lying in jail on a charge of defrauding the government. This lady observed that whatever others might do, for her part she "drew the line at a felon."

It is proper to allude to one or two customs of the place which may be considered to illustrate the "simplicity" of the society, or the reverse. The rule in Washington is that all strangers pay visits first, — a rule which, like most social rules, is observed with strictness by foreigners, and with considerable laxity by natives. Not only this, but it is to a certain extent *de rigueur* for all the Washington magnates to return visits (by leaving a card) on all persons, known or unknown, who call on them. For instance, if the wife of the smallest tradesman in Washington takes it into her head that she would like to have the acquaintance of the wife of the secretary of state, all that is necessary for her to do is, after securing some passable costume (dressing in Washington need not be what it must in Paris or New York), to present herself on the regular "day" at the secretary's house. She will be admitted, will pay her respects, and the next day she will have the satisfaction of having left at her own door by the official footman a card bearing the official inscription, "The Secretary of State." Now, this tends to great complication rather than to simplicity, and if it could be given up would make life for the wives of high officials more endurable. An attempt was made during the last administration to break it up, but, like one or two other more serious reforms undertaken at that time, the attempt failed. The existence of such a custom tends to make society altogether too easy of entrance, and to foist upon it gradually many characters whom, if left to itself, it would not recognize. It exists nowhere but in Washington, and would not be tolerated for a moment anywhere else. It is, of course, regarded by everybody as very "democratic," and so it is; but it must be confessed that when democratic principles are carried so far as to permit strangers to force their acquaintance upon people who do not care for it, it is risking a good deal for the sake of political consistency. The custom is like that fabled to prevail along the Western frontier, which entitled any member of the community to force a stranger to drink with him or be shot. No such custom could prevail in a society which aimed at being "exclusive," and if a fault may be found with society in Washington, it is that of not being exclusive enough.

All this merely gives an inadequate and perhaps an erroneous impression of life in our artificial capital. To put the whole thing in two words, society in Washington is, certainly for a stranger, the most agreeable in the country. It is hospitable and it is interesting. A small place in itself, it is given, by being the political head-quarters of the country, a dignity which no other place of the size can dream of: it attracts to itself during the winter a large number of the people best worth seeing, — not merely natives, but foreigners as well; its artificialities and rules have just that degree of flexibility which most social laws have in America; and it is conspicuous for a good taste which has banished the display and ostentation that has elsewhere become a national reproach.

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PORTUGAL AND THE PORTUGUESE.

II.

AFTER Lisbon, Oporto is the most important place in Portugal, with a population of about ninety thousand, or nearly half that of the capital. It lies on the north bank of the Douro, near the mouth, in the province of Minho e Douro. This noble river, which for nearly five hundred miles winds a narrow, tortuous course through tremendous gorges and over dangerous rapids, separates the province of Beira from the two northernmost departments of the Minho and Tras os Montes. Port wine, *par excellence*, is all made in the district of the Alto Douro, in the southern part of Tras os Montes, along the banks of the Douro, down which the wine is eventually brought in boats to Oporto. The average yield is fifty thousand pipes, of which thirty-five thousand are exported to England, and the business is entirely controlled by the English. Old port in Oporto is something similar to nectar of the gods; few are the privileged mortals who ever taste anything equal to it beyond the confines of Portugal. To be really worth drinking, it must mellow at least ten or twelve years in the dark lodges or vaults at Gaia, opposite Oporto, where immense quantities of this "liquid sunshine" are stored. As it grows old it assumes a tint suggesting alternately ruby and molten gold, as the light happens to strike it. Many other wines, more or less good, bad, or indifferent, — collares, barcellos, tinta, vinho verde, and others, — are made in Portugal, but are chiefly for home consumption. Collares is a superior table wine, but loses its virtue when over four or five years old.

Oporto also exports to England ten thousand cattle annually, of the fine fawn-colored sort, with enormous horns, peculiar to the Minho district; and vast quantities of cork are shipped from this port. The imports are considerable, and the trade of the place is constantly growing. But no port of such importance was ever so lacking in a good harbor. In the course of ages a spit has been formed athwart the mouth of the river, which is but four miles from the city. The entrance is, therefore, barely two hundred and fifty yards, and across this lies a bar which has broken the back of many a good ship. Sometimes vessels wait five weeks for a chance to pass, and only those of moderate size can get over. Having crossed it twice, the writer can speak of its dangers from personal observation. Not a year goes by without the destruction of some ship on that bar, often with much loss of life. The river is also subject, during the winter and spring, to sudden freshets which rise forty feet and sweep vessels in the harbor from their moorings. The situation of Oporto, however, is superb, at the opening of a gorge, on an acclivity excessively steep and high, and so divided by a ravine as to offer some very effective massing of light and shade with delicate tints at sunrise and sunset. There is nearly the same lack of spires as at Lisbon, but the want is partially obviated by the magnificent tower of the Eggrego dos Clerigos, on the highest point of the southern portion of the city, sustaining its gilded cross nearly six hundred feet above the river. On the abrupt, pinnacle-like hill at the northern end of the city the towers of the cathedral and the bishop's palace, although in themselves not remarkable, contribute by their position to that general effect which makes Oporto from a distance one of the finest cities in Europe. The city, of great antiquity, has suffered to such a degree from earthquakes and wars that the greater part of it is now comparatively new; many of the streets are wide, though very steep, and the houses well built and exceedingly neat with their facing of *azulejos* or glazed figured tiles. The place has a much more thrifty air than Lisbon; the people are active, gen-

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erally good-looking, and inclined to express discontent by revolts. Strangers will be struck with the elegant equipages common here as well as at Lisbon, and with the reckless speed with which they are driven down the steepest slopes. Another feature peculiar to Oporto, and worthy of imitation elsewhere, is the place where fresh milk is sold. It is a neat stable, into which the cows are driven each morning. In front is a counter, and when a customer requires a quart of milk it is drawn before his eyes; adulteration is avoided, while the condition of the cows shows that the quality of the milk must also be pure.

At Oporto I took the diligence for Braga and a trip through portions of the Minho district, which has the reputation of offering some of the most beautiful landscapes in Europe. I was not disappointed in what I saw. The diligence started at nine, and was drawn by six horses, three abreast, the common mode of harnessing horses in Portugal. As usual, the luggage and eight passengers were on the top. We started at full gallop, going at a rapid rate up the long slope leading out of the city. Crossing the Leço we came to Villanova, changed horses, and reached Braga towards night. The country increased in beauty with each mile, giving everywhere evidence of high culture. Vines were trained on trees as well as on trellises, adding luxuriance to the verdure; the villages were always neat and thrifty, and new houses were going up everywhere in the Minho, sufficient proof of the growing prosperity of the country. The landscape was very broken and the road was rarely level, sometimes winding up a long, steep ascent. Mountain ranges were to be seen on every side. Braga lies on a hill in the centre of a noble valley; its battlements and towers were visible a long distance, through embowering foliage, before we finally dashed up its narrow streets at a furious rate, amid a lively tarantara from the bugle of the postilion and a continuous volley from the long whip of our coachman. Every diligence driver in Portugal carries two whips, a short one for the wheel-horses, a heavy and fearful weapon, and a long lash for the leaders, which the driver cracks in a manner that may be ranked with the fine arts. Braga is a city of great antiquity, numbering sixteen thousand inhabitants. It was founded by the Romans 296 B.C., afterwards became the capital of the Suevi, and later an important place in the early history of Portugal. The archbishop of Braga disputes the primacy of the Spains with the archbishop of Toledo, and the claim is indicated by a cross with triple bars wherever a cross can be planted, besides weather-vanes on every spire, representing cherubs holding mitres, keys, crosiers, and the like; but as most of them have lost their gilding and are black with rust, they as often look like imps as like angels. The cathedral has a beautiful flamboyant porch with triple arch, and the exterior of the choir or apse is also highly ornate and elegant; but the interior has been improved and restored out of all character with the original. Braga is full of choice bits of antiquity: here an old tower, and there a mullioned window or quaint chapel. But the glory of the place is in its situation. One may allow his steps to wander at random in any direction and he will discover some beautiful prospect or idyllic nook. The chapel of St. John, in a vale near a brook spanned by two arched bridges close at hand, shaded by lime and cork trees, and musical with the singing of nightingales, or of girls washing their clothes, is a lovely spot morning and evening. Nostra Señora de Guadaloupe is situated in the midst of an inclosure on a knoll shaded by olive and cypress trees and stone-pines. The view in every direction is enchanting.

Two miles from Braga, on the summit of an eminence some eight hundred feet above the plain, is the church of Bom Jesus, one of the most beautiful and curious resorts in the kingdom. It is a pilgrimage shrine, and is reached by an excellent zigzag road densely shaded. But the devout pilgrim will prefer to climb the steep ascent by the elaborate stairway, that leads directly to the sacred spot and is provided at the land-

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ings with chapels. These chapels are sixteen in number, square, with conical roof, and have a grating through which is visible in each a group of life-size figures representing some scene from the life of the Saviour. These groups are colored, and are, in some cases, not without merit. Near the summit the hill on each side the stair-way is most elaborately terraced and planted with flowers and cedars. The terrace expands to a semicircular platform before the church, and is surrounded by marble statues of the more noted characters who took part in the world's great tragedy. The church is of considerable size and has little pretension to beauty, but is, on the other hand, free from the vulgar tinsel work which cheapens so many Roman Catholic churches in Portugal and Southern Europe. The prospect from this terrace is one of the most beautiful in Portugal, at once lovely and sublime, commanding the silver line of the ocean, the verdure and the glory of the Minho valleys, and the grandeur of the sharply-formed and purple-hued pinnacles of the Gerez. Under the lime and plane trees adjoining is the place where pilgrims bake their bread in rude ovens in the open air. The hotel of Boa Vista, the best I met outside of the capital, is a stone's throw from the church. The spot affords many pleasing walks, and may be recommended to tourists or invalids as well as to pilgrims. I like the idea of the place better than that of most religious resorts, because no saint, mythical or otherwise, is obtruded; the shrine is dedicated to the founder of the Christian religion, and to him alone, and is more Christian than any Roman Catholic church I have seen elsewhere.

From Braga I went to Ponte do Lima, twenty-five miles distant, by way of Ponte Prado, a pretty village and bridge on the Cavado, where the Miguelites were defeated in 1826 after a severe battle. The ride, after crossing the ridge on the descent to the Lima, is of extraordinary beauty. Ponte do Lima itself is a town of two thousand inhabitants, full of the remains of antiquity, and abounding in shady, rustic lanes. The river is crossed by an ancient and picturesque bridge of twenty-four arches. The Lima was reputed by some to be the Lethe of mythology, for which reason Lucius Brutus had great difficulty in persuading his army to cross. Many Portuguese poets have celebrated the charms of the Lima. Indeed, this spot is considered the most beautiful in Portugal. As my expectations were great, the quiet character of the landscape at first failed wholly to realize my anticipations. There is nothing about it to make a vivid impression at a glance. But the longer I gazed the more my rapture grew, until I was able to see that it is not on any one feature that Ponte do Lima depends for the subtle influence it weaves over the soul, but on a happy combination of mountain, grove, and river, hoary bridge and ivied battlement, in a harmonious whole. As one looks from the bridge, on either side a picture is presented so calm, so beautiful, so majestic, so satisfying, that it seems impossible for the highest art to add to the felicitous arrangement.

I returned to Braga by way of Ponte Novo and Palmiera. The *vendas* or wayside pot-houses, and the *estalagems* or inns are always known by a bush hung over the door in the Minho e Douro, and generally through Portugal; hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush." The road was often blocked with ox-carts of the most primitive character, consisting of two solid wheels and a round axle, the whole turning; the cart rests in a groove on the axle, and is kept in place merely by its own weight. Nothing simpler could be devised. The cart is drawn by a band of hide attached to the horns of the oxen, sometimes to their foreheads. The yoke, which plays quite a subordinate part, is often over a foot broad, of oak elaborately carved, and hung with tassels. Some of these yokes are very old, dating even four centuries back. The enormous horns of the oxen give a very picturesque effect to one of these rustic turn-outs, although nothing quite so foolish ever was seen as the expression of young bullocks with their prodigious appendages. The carts

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of Portugal are gifted with an almost incredible power of sound. This is kept in view in their construction. The sound is alternately a squeak and a groan long drawn out, and so loud that it may be heard nearly a mile on a quiet day. The chorus from a train of carts is deafening. The noise was devised, it is said, to frighten away the wolves, which are still abundant in the mountains. It is certainly hideous enough to accomplish the desired end, and would doubtless fill a legion of demons with unqualified dismay.

Four coaches started out of Braga at six A. M., sharp, for Guimaraens, from the street of San Marcos, — which, by the way, is quaint enough with its projecting stories and balconies, gaudy colors, and trumpet-like spouts. We went at a gallop much of the way, the drivers endeavoring to pass each other, although we had to climb and descend the Falaperra range. A sharp angle in the road suddenly disclosed Guimaraens, embosomed in foliage, on a gentle slope in a hollow of the mountains, and crowned by a mediæval castle. This place was the first capital of Portugal. Alfonso Henriques was born here, and built the castle, which is scarcely injured by "Time's effacing fingers." The stately keep, the pointed battlements common in the old fortresses of the country, all are there as of old. The palace first occupied by the sovereigns of Portugal is close to the castle, — a quadrangle in good preservation, in three sides of which troops are quartered. The streets of Guimaraens were the most quaint and picturesque I saw in Portugal, narrow, with projecting eaves and balconies, and marvelous water-spouts of many fantastic forms.

Having "done" Guimaraens, I took an outside passage for Oporto, *via* Santo Thyrso, one of the most charming and delicious little rural towns imaginable. From the summit of the high mountain which separates it from Oporto, a third of Portugal may be seen. The Minho and the Beira districts lie spread out as on a map, bounded by the Atlantic. In the extreme north rises Gaviarra or Outiro Major, the highest mountain in the kingdom, soaring eight thousand feet; in the south the rugged range of the Estrella which is nearly as lofty. We approached Oporto towards night, and the road was thronged with peasants returning home from market in holiday attire: the women in black felt hats over a red or blue handkerchief, often with a load on the head, and with massive ear-rings and breastpins — one might almost call them breast-plates — of the yellow filigree gold for which Oporto is famous; the men with red sashes, and thrumming a guitar. The coachman, a galliard blade, was able to guide his long team through the mingled masses of carts, unruly bullocks, unmanageable kids and pigs, and sparking swains and lasses, and at the same time find leisure to wind his whip within half a hair of the eyes of some gaping urchin, or drop a bit of honeyed flattery into the ear of some giggling damsel, or fling jokes or epithets, sometimes of the broadest character, at this or that swaggering gallant. On reaching the barrier our baggage was examined, the invariable rule in Portugal. The contents of the tin chest of one of our passengers excited considerable mirth. An orange, a pair of slippers, a night-cap, and a brandy bottle only served to display the emptiness of a large trunk. As he was "a lean and slippered pantaloon," with red nose and eyes, who had been drinking all the way, the empty bottle evoked almost as much laughter as if it had been full.

Returning from Oporto to Pombal by rail, I took the coach for Leiria, three hours' ride, in the department of Estramadura, westward of the Tagus. The day after my arrival was a *festa*, and the praça exhibited a lively and characteristic spectacle. Early in the morning every road leading to the town was thronged with peasants on their way to the fair. Extensive rows of booths exhibited stuffs likely to tempt the rustic eye, ranged in masses of brilliant colors, scarlet, blue, green, and orange, with all the effect of flat tints; and homely as were the goods, the bazar of Leiria was gorgeous. Pottery was also arranged on

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the ground, according to its color, outside the tents. The women were dressed in kirtles of black with broad blue border, or blue with scarlet or orange border; the bodice was gray, blue, or brilliant check; the head-dress was a scarlet handkerchief under the not unpleasing fringed, low-crowned black hat of the Portuguese peasantry. The men were girt with scarlet sashes, and wore pointed blue caps with tassels. The glossy raven hair and warm, brown complexion set off these costumes in a most effective manner. A multitude of horses, mules, and donkeys, the latter in a large majority, and fully aware of their consequence, added spirit to the scene with their various manœuvres and discordant braying. Three bears dancing to the beat of the rebec and the tambourine attracted a large crowd and contributed to the grotesque mirth of the occasion. At Leiria I took a carriage to visit the celebrated churches of Alcobaça and Batalha. No public conveyance accommodates the traveler who desires to visit these interesting spots. Tourists generally go from Lisbon to Carregado by rail, thence to Caldas da Reinhas by diligence, and there take a private conveyance to these places. But, whatever route be adopted, Alcobaça should be seen first. The points are but ten miles apart, separated by the battle field of Aljubarrota, where in 1385, around the village of that name, João I., at the head of nine thousand men, met and routed the Spanish army numbering thirty-five thousand. It is one of the most magnificent episodes in Portuguese history. The massive helmet worn by Dom João on that day is still preserved at Batalha.

Alcobaça is both church and convent, and was erected in the twelfth century. It was of the Cistercian order, and the monastery was the largest in Europe, numbering for a long time nearly a thousand inmates. The church is in the French style of Gothic. There is neither triforium nor clear-story; the aisles are the same height as the nave and very narrow, while the twelve piers supporting the nave are so lofty, simple, and yet majestic that the effect, as one looks down the aisles from the entrance, is in the highest degree impressive, notwithstanding the moderate size of the building. The choir and chapels surrounding it, as well as the façade and towers, have unfortunately been Italianized. In a chapel adjoining the south transept are the tombs of Dom Pedro and Iñez de Castro, but unless the visitor makes some effort he will not be permitted to get beyond the grating, so little does the sacristan understand the purposes which attract the traveler to this spot. The French sadly defaced parts of these monuments, but enough remains to gratify the most enthusiastic. The tombs are upheld by *couchant* human-faced lions, and, contrary to the usual custom, are placed foot to foot, by Dom Pedro's command, in order that when the trump of the archangel summons the dead to rise, the first person to meet his eyes shall be Iñez, his beloved queen. In richness of design and exquisiteness of workmanship these tombs rival the celebrated gates of Ghiberti, and are probably the finest mortuary monuments in Christendom. There is no reason to doubt that each effigy is a correct portrait. Although somewhat injured, the face of Iñez retains marks of great beauty; the countenance of the king is severe, yet noble, and suggestive of powerful emotions. By the side of each effigy are six angels with half-spread wings, in the act of raising the dead who slumber there when the archangel calls. Under six straight-sided arches on each side of the tomb of the queen are scenes from sacred history: at the head is the crucifixion, and in a circle at the foot, formed like a rose-window, is represented the great doom. The faces do not exceed three quarters of an inch in length, yet the rising of the dead, the rapture of the redeemed as they pass to the abodes of glory, the agony of the condemned as they descend to the abodes of woe, are all engraved on the stone with singular power. In the circular compartment at the head of the king is represented in twelve parts the history of Iñez de Castro, from the cradle to the grave. It is full of pathetic beauty. The convent is

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now entirely abandoned. There are two cloisters: those in the Italian style are the only ones shown to the traveler, unless he insists on seeing the others, which are in the richest style of Gothic art. The garden they inclose is overgrown with weeds, a picturesque solitude.

From Alcobaça I went to Batalha. This building, unfortunately, stands on low ground. It was left in its present state by Dom Manoel, and is the work of Portuguese architects. Mattheus Fernandez, who designed the cloisters and Capella Imperfeita, lies buried inside the church, near the door; he was the last Gothic architect — I had almost said the last great architect — the world has seen, for certainly nothing to equal those two masterpieces has been erected since he died. Batalha combines two essential qualities rarely found united, simplicity of form with richness of detail. The building consists of five parts, each entirely distinct, and yet joined in a perfect whole: the church, which was first built; the Capella do Fundador; the great cloisters; the monastery and smaller cloisters north of the great cloisters; and the Capella de Dom Manoel, called generally Capella Imperfeita, because it is the only portion never finished. The church was completed in 1416: it is cruciform; the brevity of the chancel is almost its only apparent fault. The interior length is two hundred and sixty-six feet; the height is ninety feet. The pier-arches have an altitude of sixty-five feet. There are many cathedrals much larger; there are none more impressive. The Capella do Fundador is the chapel where Dom João and his descendants of the house of Aviz are buried. It is square, crowned by a central octagonal lantern resting on eight elegant piers. The key-stone of the vault is nobly embossed with the arms of Portugal supported by angels. Immediately under it is the tomb of Dom João I., the founder, and his consort Dona Philippa, surmounted by their effigies. Around the chapel are magnificent recessed and canopied tombs, of the same general design. The greater cloisters are entered by way of the sacristy and chapter-house. The vaulting of the latter is one of the most exquisite things of many that on every side fill one with rapture and amazement. The cloisters are one hundred and eighty feet square. Christendom can offer nothing to surpass the beauty of these or that of the Capella Imperfeita. It is a mockery to undertake to give in these brief pages any description of the two poems in which the imagination of one of the greatest poets of the ages has reveled at will. No two windows are the same: each suggests a different fancy, but in all is seen the armillary sphere, common in Portugal; the monials present a variety as boundless as the tracery, — voluted, checky, or filleted; here the fir cone, there wreaths of pine, or grotesque lizards winding under interweaving ivy or oak. At the northwest angle two bays project inward; the square net-work of carven stone incloses a fountain that once spouted silver rain. The subtle beauty, the astonishing wealth of imagination, the conscientiousness of the carving, defy description. The exterior of the building and every minutest detail are finished in the most complete manner, with that fidelity and truth which belong to true genius and indicate profound love for his art on the part of the artist. The Capella do Fundador was formerly surmounted by a spire, which was overthrown by the great earthquake. The spire at the northwest end, struck down by lightning, has been restored entirely like the original, as may be said of all the restorations at Batalha. The fine-grained limestone used in constructing the building has assumed a warm, golden hue, greatly adding to the magnificent effect of cloisters and rose-windows, statues and tombs, of carven battlements, buttresses, pinnacles, gargoyles, and finials, — all contributing harmoniously in turn an epic, a lyric, an elegy, and embodying in stone the poetical dreams of the poets of a great nation at the zenith of her glory.

Returning to Lisbon by way of Chao de Maças, I took a trip to Evora, in the Alemtejo, going by rail from Barreiro, directly opposite Lisbon, on the Tagus. For some distance the road lay by beau-

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tiful clumps of stately stone-pines, and picturesque villages. Palmela, belonging to the dukes of that name, a town and castle on a site formerly occupied by the Moors, was visible for a long distance on the right, crowning a lofty eminence. But at Pegoes we entered the entirely flat, apparently limitless plains of Alemtejo, the largest province of Portugal, although the most thinly peopled. Long tracts were passed without a village or a house in sight; nothing but a slightly undulating waste, skirted in the dim distance by here and there a faint blue range of mountains. But these moors were covered with rank herbage, cistus, heath, and wild flowers; the prevailing tint was soft russet-gray, most satisfying to the eye, full of harmony and sentiment. Closer observation revealed numberless royal hues, wild flowers forming a mass resembling rich, dark Persian stuffs with vague patterns interwoven in a sort of poetic license, — fancy run wild in arabesques of silk. It is said the Alemtejo was, in former ages, a vast granary, yielding abundant crops of cereals. Such must have been the case to explain the existence in those remote times of places like Beja or Evora, now occupying positions isolated and otherwise almost inexplicable. Evora stands on a gentle eminence sloping to the plain like a cape extending into the ocean, its white walls partially concealed by the only foliage which is to be seen for many a mile. I saw no other place in Portugal that gave such numerous evidences of great age as Evora, which at present numbers some ten thousand inhabitants. The city already boasted a hoar antiquity when taken by Sertorius and made his headquarters, 80 B. C. He adorned it with many edifices, and a Roman tower attributed to him remains in good preservation in the heart of the city. A street and square are also named after Sertorius. Fourteen columns of the temple of Diana are standing in tolerable preservation near the cathedral, and have been divested of the unsightly rubble walls that in later ages marred their beauty. The temple, although small, was an elegant structure, after the best Roman art. An aqueduct, twelve hundred paces long, dates from the same period. At its termination, near the church of San Francisco, a tower stood until recently, which is said to have been of rare beauty, of the Ionic order. But within two or three years it has fallen, a shapeless mass of ruins. In the porch of the tower hall are some very graceful Doric columns, relics of an ancient, unknown building. On the face wall of the lower story some Latin and Arabic marbles, with inscriptions, are preserved, and one can hardly turn a corner without seeing a porch supported by a row of Roman columns, or some other fragment that has survived the wreck of ages. The small Roman pillars in the upper porch of Morgado Salema's house, placed there in 1816, are very elegant. The cloisters of the convent of Madre de Deos are composed of a considerable number of Doric pillars. The last three antiquities I have seen mentioned nowhere, and their existence, therefore, doubtless escapes the attention of most tourists. The cathedral is a very fine structure, imposing and elegant. It was erected in 1186, and is excellently preserved, having suffered but little from Italian restorations. The exterior of the church is also impressive and picturesque. The library of the archbishop's palace includes a gallery of paintings containing several small works by Rubens and other masters, and some by Morgado de Setubal, indicating talent and a close study of nature, but with no idea of composition and a Chinese disregard of perspective. The church of San Francisco, founded by João II., although not erring on the side of richness, is yet a pleasing edifice, in capital condition. The porch is simple and beautiful, somewhat after the Saracenic. A few small paintings, attributed to Gran Vasco, are shown here; they merit careful study. Adjoining the church is the charnel-house, — the only one of the sort now in existence, it is believed. It occupies a chapel sixty-six feet long. The piers and walls are completely covered with a coating of skulls and bones set in cement with a certain

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attempt at grotesque designs. It is a ghastly place. It is worthy of mention that Evora contained twenty-five convents, fortunately all suppressed now. Close to the church of San Francisco is the beautiful public garden, surrounded on the exterior side by the old city walls. The palace of Dom Manoel is within the grounds, and is judiciously protected from the ravages of time. It seems to have been originally a pleasure-house of the Moors, and Dom Manoel, in altering and rebuilding, retained much of the first edifice. Although not comparable either in size or beauty with the better works of Saracenic and Portuguese architects, it is still very interesting and poetical, especially when the moon shines through the delicate Moorish arches, and throws a pale light over the pavement of the pavilions once trod by royalty and beauty.

Flying back to Lisbon at the frightful rate of twelve or fourteen miles per hour, I made an excursion to Cintra and Mafra. As these are within eighteen and thirty miles, respectively, from Lisbon, they are visited by all tourists who make a pretense of seeing anything in Portugal; they have been rendered famous for readers of English in the poetic prose of Beckford and the verse of Byron. But neither familiarity nor comparison can detract from their natural and artistic attractions. Cintra clusters around the needle-like pinnacles of a granitic range, which crops out for four or five miles and soars nearly three thousand feet above the sea. During the summer it is the resort of many wealthy families. The ancient palace of the kings of Portugal, originally a Moorish *serai*, stands in the centre of the town, on the edge of a natural terrace, which plunges abruptly to the plain below. It is a straggling structure of no external beauty, but remarkable for the two conical chimneys side by side, nearly one hundred feet high, resembling a huge opera-glass, and hollow throughout. The interior is an indescribable blending of the Portuguese and Saracenic orders, inextricably interwoven, — courts, fountains, horseshoe arches, arabesque and Gothic tracery, and terraced gardens. The Sala das Armas or Sala dos Cervos is a large hall built by Dom Manoel, who was an accurate herald: he caused the vaulted ceiling to be painted with stags in two concentric rows. From the head of each stag is suspended a shield bearing the arms of one of the seventy-four noble Portuguese families. To point to his arms in this hall is the highest armorial honor of which a Portuguese can boast. The escutcheon of the dukes of Aveiro and Tavora were effaced on account of their attempt to assassinate João V. Here is shown the chamber where Alfonso VI. was confined for eight years following his deposition. Also a marble pavilion perforated on all sides; without warning, water from innumerable secret ducts shoots forth in a dense shower. In the audience chamber of Dom Sebastian is the seat he occupied at the last audience he gave before his ill-starred expedition to Africa; the crown at that time fell from his head, an omen of fearful import. Magnificent avenues of ancient trees and sumptuous gardens hug the lower slopes of the crags, while at a dizzy height, hundreds of feet above the town, the turrets of the Moorish castle and the Penha convent are perched on the apex of pointed peaks. From the former a stone might be dropped nearly one thousand feet on the roofs below. The latter was originally a Jeronymite convent, grafted possibly on a Moorish ruin. Dom Fernando, the father of the king, is the present owner. He has made some changes and additions, and there is probably in Europe no palace more picturesquely and magnificently situated. The Saracenic is the prevailing style, with fine specimens of the Manoelite Gothic. Every crag and splinter of rock, every coigne of vantage, has been seized for a pavilion or a turret. The contrast between the flat plains of the Alemtejo and the rest of Portugal is especially noteworthy. The Tagus divides the two by an inflexible line; on the north, mountains; on the south, the Alemtejo stretching away till it is lost in the haze of the offing, purple and emerald-blue fading into impalpable gray, so much like the

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ocean when seen from a great height that at first I took it for part of the Atlantic, which is here spread over near half the prospect commanded from the matchless heights of Cintra. Montserrat is another of the spots which every visitor to Cintra is expected to see. It was formerly the residence of Mr. Beckford. But little if any of the original building now remains. It is owned by an English gentleman, Mr. Cook, created Viscount Montserrat by the king of Portugal. The gardens are elaborately beautiful. The villa, although not very extensive, is of the most sumptuous character, and built of marble in the Saracenic style; the exquisite execution of its colonnades, porches, and door-ways, literally stone filigree, in the highest degree delicate and fanciful, indicates that the talent for stone-work displayed at Mafra and Batalha is not yet extinct in Portugal. Various other interesting objects are to be seen in and around Cintra, but it is a place to visit at leisure, and the diverting little donkeys, which are the usual mode of conveyance, enable one to look about as the mood for sauntering may seize him.

Mafra is visible from Cintra, flanked by the famous lines of Torres Vedras. There is a village of the same name, but when Mafra is mentioned the palace is generally understood. Palace, convent, and barracks are included in this vast pile, which was erected to gratify a pious whim of João V., the prodigal king at whose feet Brazil laid her riches only to be squandered on mistresses, and on palaces and churches erected where they could be of little use. He made a vow to change the poorest convent in the kingdom into the richest, if Heaven would grant him a son. The son arrived, and Mafra was built. The position is not such as might be selected in so beautiful a country as Portugal, but, excepting its distance from the capital, it is tolerable, overlooking the ocean two or three miles away, and the undulating verdure of Estremadura. Fabulous sums were expended in its construction. Forty thousand men were employed towards the close, hurrying it to completion. It forms a parallelogram seven hundred and seventy feet square, the palace occupying the entire front on each side of the church; the convent, with cells for three hundred and fifty monks, is in the centre, and the quarters for a battalion of guards in the lower story. A tower terminates each angle of the palace, and the two belfries of the church spring two hundred and fifty feet from the ground in the centre of the façade, flanked by the elegant dome of the transept. But the general effect of the exterior is disappointing, for the windows are closed with faded red shutters, and the remaining three sides of the building are very plain. However, the magnitude of the design grows on the imagination, and a survey of the whole plan from the roof is very impressive. The interior is entirely destitute of furniture, excepting one hall left exactly as in the days when the whole palace was furnished in the Louis Quatorze style. But there are two objects at Mafra that more than compensate for whatever disappointment one may feel on first seeing this enormous structure: these are the church and the chimes of bells in its towers. Ludovici, the architect, may be content to rest his fame on this church, which places him in the very first rank of Renaissance architects. It is of but moderate size, in the form of a cross, with a dome over the transept, and six collateral chapels. The entire interior is incrusted with colored marbles, cut and polished to the last degree. The dome can only be alluded to: its wreaths of white palm-branches encircling roses of red marble are superb. The lantern, which is one hundred and eighty-five feet from the floor, is roofed by a single block of marble. Every portion of the building, inside and out, from the pavement to the cross at the apex, will bear the closest inspection. No expense, no labor, was spared to bring it to perfection. I do not admire the Italian style of architecture; it seems cold and too purely intellectual. But it must be confessed that the beauty, the harmony, the majesty of the church at Mafra cannot fail to im-

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press even those who are least in sympathy with the Renaissance. The chimes number one hundred and fourteen bells; they are exquisitely modulated, and are the finest in Europe. They were made in Holland, and cost a sum equal in our day to at least three millions of dollars.

In leaving Portugal, it may be worth while to say that Murray's Hand-Book is generally conscientious and correct, and gives considerable information about most of the objects and places of interest. But an occasional error may be found, and the tourist must always search about independently, and in this way he will often discover something not mentioned in the guide-book. Bradshaw cannot be recommended. Macedo's Guide to Lisbon, including Cintra and Mafra, is valuable, but some of its statements are weakened by the too evident Jesuitical bias of the author. The minute description of Mafra by Gomez is indispensable if one can read Portuguese. Unless the traveler can speak the language a little he should not undertake a trip through Portugal without an interpreter, as, of course, those who speak anything but Portuguese are to be met only casually, and their aid cannot be relied upon. Portugal should be visited in the spring.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

BENEATH HER WINDOW.

MAIDEN, down the moonlit vines
Let thy whisper softly creep,
Sweet as midnight's breath of pines,
Pure as lilies grouped asleep.
All the fervors of the deep
Yearn and falter in my soul;
The revealing, secret things,
Buried under Memphian wings,
Move me with a weird control.

All of dreamland hidden lies
In the rapture of thine eyes;
And what olden empires fret
Ceaseless chords of memory,
Or what happy ripples wet
Thy rich garments, by the sea,
In some cloudland, wide and free,
Is not whispered, is not said,
By the wise stars overhead.

Dost remember when the beech
Round thy perfect limbs did reach,
Ere thy days of human speech?
Ah! I doubt not Dian's kiss,
When the fair youth dreamed of bliss,
Just a flicker in the shade
Of your modest branches made;

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And you heard the crimpled fern
In its mossy hollows turn,
As the goddess, half afraid,
Fled across the moony glade.
Wast thou queen of Plato's isle,
Lapt in summer's endless smile?
All the training of a queen
Lingers yet in step and mien;
And the graceful, tingling beech
Wavers in your airy speech;
And your motions, quickly, slowly,
Are the woodland naiad's wholly.

Maiden of unwhispered lore,
Hast thou never loved before?
Did no former ages fold
Lover's kiss and rapture bold?
Then you have not sounded clearly
All the age's essence nearly.
Yet thou seem'st a simple woman,
Warm and mortal, bright and human;
Let a dewy rosebud slide,
And the starlit night divide,
Then my soul will understand
You forget the cloudy land,
And your olden spells resign
For the sake of love divine.

Charles H. Shinn.

MODERN SHOEMAKING.

FEW persons know that the shoe and leather interest of the United States is next in value and importance to the agricultural, largely exceeding the iron, coal, woolen, or even cotton interests. The annual sales of shoes and leather approach two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The production of shoes is chiefly centred in New England, Massachusetts having three quarters of the trade; and were it not for this industry, the State would have lost much of her trade, and the last twenty years would have seen New England distanced in the commercial race by the West.

Until twenty years ago, the entire work of manufacturing shoes was done by hand. Since then, machinery has superseded hand labor in almost every manipulation. The shoe manufacturer used to buy his stock, cut it up, and fit it in his own factory, and then send it out, a few cases here and there, to men who did the greater part of the work in groups of six or eight, or often in the family circle, and returned the finished article ready for sale. But to-day the whole work is assembled under one roof, where are conducted all the numerous processes which convert the rough hide into the salable shoe.

Some of the most notable inventions

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of the day are in machines for manufacturing shoes. Many millions of money have been spent in devising new means of cheapening their production. Comparatively few of the ingenious men whose toil has lain in this direction have benefited themselves, but the public has reaped the harvest. Taking the value of money to-day and twenty years ago, and allowing that much fancy work is now put on shoes that has nothing to do with their wearing qualities, we shall find that by means of inventions in tanning, leather dressing, and shoe machinery at least forty per cent. has been taken off the cost of an article similar in style and quality to the old hand-wrought shoe, and that, moreover, much has been added on the score of comfortable fit and skillful adaptation to specific wants.

Putting aside the preparation of the leather or cloth of which the shoe is made, let us follow the manufacture of a few cases in one of the factories making use of the best facilities.

The upper of a shoe is made of several pieces stitched together, though recently some ingenious man has cut out a low shoe, like an Oxford tie, of one flat piece, leaving a hole for the foot, which being properly crimped over a last is made to conform to the requisite shape, and forms a shoe absolutely without seam, — a costly process, which only novelty recommends. That part of the upper covering the instep is called the top; that from the instep to the toe, the vamp; the parts running around the heel, the quarters; that above the quarters, the back. In a long-legged boot, the vamp and quarters run up into the leg.

The vamp must be of the nicest piece of leather, to resist the cracking that would otherwise follow the bending of the foot. The quarters are less good. All these pieces are cut in the "cutting-room," by an experienced and high-paid hand, from the sides. The cobbler of old used a paper pattern, varied by his eye and judgment, and a knife. Our cutter of to-day uses preferably a die and mallet. The die is expensive, but in cutting in large quantities it vastly cheapens the labor, as one blow produces a perfect piece. The best mallet is made of rawhide. Some cutters use tin patterns, especially for exceptional styles; and there are wonderfully ingenious patterns adjustable for the various sizes. In cutting there is more chance for saving or extravagance than in any other manipulation; and strict calculation as to the quality of the different parts of the hide, and the number of pieces that can best be cut from it, is essential. A perfect cutter is rare.

The upper leather having been cut and a lining added, the pieces are sent to the stitching-room, each size and kind in a separate pile. This room is usually the largest and lightest in the factory, and is filled with benches on which sewing-machines, operated by power, are running at a speed of from five hundred to two thousand revolutions a minute. Each machine is run by a girl, whose skill is often astonishing. She does not stop her machine when she reaches the edge of any piece, but runs one upper in as the other comes out, thus producing a string of finished uppers, which she cuts apart whenever a straight seam gives her hands an instant's freedom.

The mechanical history of the sewing-machine is curious enough. An ingenious old mechanic in England patented there in 1790 a sewing-machine, coupled with a number of other devices. It was an odd contrivance, this sewing-machine of Thomas Saint's, and it anticipated Howe's by many years; but it was as far ahead of his times as a flying-machine is of ours. It had a crutch needle that shoved the thread through a previously punctured hole, and a looper that caught the thread and held it until a new piece was engaged with it to form a loop. In studying over the drawings and specifications of this patent, I have never seen how the machine could make the third, although it would interlock the first with the second stitch. Either it fell short of the requirements of a good machine, or else the necessities of the time gave the inventor no inducement to go ahead with it. But Howe fell upon times when his sewing-machine was demanded by the lack of labor at reasonable rates,

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and the result revolutionizes one great branch of the hand-work of the world.

After Saint came, in 1804, one Duncan, with a crocheting-machine, which was capable of making stitches continuously. The next machine I know of was Howe's.

When machines are employed upon leather work, they use a barbed instead of an eye needle, and a waxed thread. No machine has yet been made to sew successfully with an eye needle and a waxed thread, as this will not run freely through the eye.

There may be several kinds of sewing on the uppers of shoes, useful and ornamental. There are new ways constantly devised of making seams in awkward places or where strength is needed. The goring in a congress gaiter has to be handled expertly to be put in smoothly, and is often pasted in before sewing, to insure this result. The zigzag stitch often seen on uppers is made by the automatic feed of the machine, and not by the operator.

From the stitching-room the uppers are sent down in piles to the bottoming-room, where the soles are put on. These are prepared and operated on while "in temper," that is, thoroughly soaked, so as to be perfectly pliable. They are cut in some factories by a large machine from the whole hide, which has been rolled under heavy pressure to compact the grain, and not without a shrewd eye to the fact that much is thereby added to the superficies. In others the hide is first "stripped," or cut into strips the breadth of which is the length of the sole; the strip is then "blocked," or cut out into pieces like a large, square-cornered sole; and the block is then cut by a die into the proper-shaped sole, each operation being performed by appropriate machines. Sole-leather often has to be split, and sometimes upper-leather; and splitting-machines are made so true that they will split a hide into two sheets without a variation of the hundredth part of an inch.

If the soles are to be sewed upon the uppers, they are channeled to receive the stitches, so that these may be sunk out of sight. This channel is usually a flap cut from the edge and turned back, with a groove cut below it in which the row of stitch loops lies. The channel is afterwards pasted down. The "English channel" that has been so extensively advertised is cut like the path of a plow, from the surface, without a flap. A tap-sole may now be tacked on if the shoe is to be double-soled, and shape is given to the whole by molding in a machine, which compresses each sole in a mere fraction of the time it used to take with lapstone and hammer; after which it, too, goes to the bottoming-room.

Here, in a circle, around shelves containing implements, lasts, uppers, and soles, sit the lasters. If the work is cloth or light leather, the lasters are generally women; if heavy leather, men. This is the one operation of shoe manufacturing still done entirely by hand. No satisfactory lasting-machine has yet been made, though several have nearly enough succeeded to keep the lasters moderate in their demands for pay. The laster first selects his last and upper of corresponding size, — an easy thing, as the same sizes lie contiguous in the piles of uppers; then, after inserting a heel stiffening between the lining and upper, he lays the last into the upper, with its iron face up, draws the heel of the upper into position, and fastens it with a large-headed tack, to be afterwards withdrawn. He next lays upon the last an inner-sole, which has been prepared like the sole, but of commoner material and a size smaller. He then uses his pincers, beginning at the toe, and draws the upper over the in-sole, stretching it as tightly as he can, with more or less nicety, according to the quality of the shoe, so as to make it conform accurately to the shape of the last; for this has been made with great care to fit the average well-shaped human foot of similar size, and of the style desired by the manufacturer. As the laster stretches each part over the last and brings its edge upon the in-sole, he confines it there by a tack which he seizes quickly from the reservoir held, for convenience of delivery, in his mouth, and drives with his ham-

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mer-headed pincers through upper and in-sole, and clinches upon the iron face of the last. It is these tacks that are afterwards apt to vex the wearer of the shoe.

Having fastened the upper securely down upon the in-sole, the laster now finds the out-sole of proper size, and places both ready for the "sole-layer," who stands in the pen made by the circle of eight or ten lasters. This workman picks up shoes in rotation, and carefully centring the out-sole holds the shoe up to a nail-driving machine called a "tacker," and inserts half a dozen nails in the corner of the channel, to keep the out-sole in place while it is being permanently sewed to the upper; having done which he lays the shoe back, and the laster completes the operation by drawing out the last, leaving the shoe all tacked together, ready for its final fastening, and possessing the accurate form of the last.

A laster can do from ten to one hundred pairs a day, according to the kind, the heavier or nicer, the fewer.

The old-fashioned method of hand sewing is as follows: the upper having been drawn over the last and properly secured upon the in-sole, a welt, which is an inch-wide strip of leather, thick at one edge and tapering to a thin edge at the other, is also temporarily secured by tacks around the shoe from heel to heel, so that its thick edge shall be about even with the proposed edge of the outer-sole when the shoe is sewed. The stitcher then takes a curved awl and a waxed end, — this being a waxed thread with a stiff bristle in each end, — and makes a curved hole which dips into the surface of the in-sole and goes through the upper and welt. Through this hole the waxed end is thrust, and an equal amount of thread left in either side. Then another similar awl hole is made, and, each bristle being thrust through from opposite sides, the waxed end is drawn through with that jerk peculiar to cordwainers. A series of stitches is thus made with infinite toil, the shoe being held on the operator's knee by a strap passing over it and under his foot. The welt and upper having been secured to the in-sole, the out-sole is sewed to the welt, where it projects beyond the upper, by another series of stitches. Of shoes with these two seams, from two to six pairs can be sewed in a day. The occupation is very unhealthy from the cramped position it necessitates.

The first shoe-sewing machine ever attempted in New England made its appearance about 1850, and, though having no outward similarity, was in effect nothing but a cast-iron cobbler, even to the *jerk*. The invention was wonderful enough, but as it needed a machine-shop and master-machinist to keep it going, it amounted to nothing. Its failure is attributable to the cause that renders many ingenious contrivances of no avail, to wit, trying to perform a mechanical operation *in the same manner* as it is done by hand. No sewing-machine would ever have existed if the problem had been to draw the end of the thread through the parts and seize it again, as in hand sewing. But when it was narrowed down to so arranging one or two threads that mechanical devices could lay them, and that they would hold together pieces of fabric, then the problem was solved.

This applies to the machine for sewing the soles to the uppers of shoes that is to-day used on some forty million pairs a year. Lyman R. Blake, the inventor, had never seen shoes sewed by hand, but had seen them pegged, and had seen sewing-machines; and by constructing the shoe like a pegged shoe, and putting a seam in the place of the pegs, he accomplished a vast result. Had he made ever so good a machine for sewing shoes on the old welted plan, his success would have been quite small.

The machine in question, now called the McKay sewing-machine, stands about head-high, with the sewing mechanism at the top, and a swinging horn at the height of the breast. This horn has a tip small enough to go into the toe of the smallest size of shoe, and carries a waxed thread, which is kept flexible by a gas or alcohol flame heating the horn. The shoe is opened by the operator and

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thrust upon the horn so as to be supported by it. As the machine is started, a hooked needle descends through the sole, upper, and in-sole, tacked together as above explained, and into a hole in the tip of the horn. Here a little whirl throws the thread across the hook, so that in ascending the needle will carry up a loop. This loop is retained in the hook by a little slide covering it and called the "cast-off;" and after the needle is fairly out of the work, the shoe is fed forward so that the needle will go down again in a new place. As it goes down, the loop, which has been released from the hook by the cast-off, is so held by it that the needle must pass through it; and when it again ascends, the second loop is drawn through the first, and so on as the sewing proceeds, — the tension being drawn tight by the ascent of the needle, and the work being held in place by a suitable presser-foot and fed forward by a feed-point, each acting in its proper time. The only thing the operator has to do is to guide the seam in the channel, so that it will lie in the groove prepared for its reception, and to swing the horn so as most readily to turn the corners at toe and heel. From three hundred to a thousand pairs can be sewed in a day, a single shoe in ten or twelve seconds. The saving of labor averages about twenty-five cents a pair, or on the present production some ten million dollars a year.

The shoe being sewed passes into the hands of a man who pastes down the lip of the channel and closes it so as to conceal the stitches. The shoe is then "beaten out." This used to be done with the hammer, but is now done by a machine, which compresses the shoe, still in temper, and gives it the final shape that, after drying, it is intended to retain.

The edge of the sole is then trimmed by hand, a sufficiently easy operation to make machinery of no great aid, though there are such machines used.

The heel is next attached by a ponderous contrivance which nails it on and trims it at the rate of several hundred pairs a day. Lately atmospheric pressure has been used as its motive power, the receiver being kept charged by a little pump worked by a belt from any convenient shaft. Boys are employed to pile up the heels from lifts "died" out of scraps left from sole-cutting, and to fasten them together with one or two nails. A pricking-machine then punctures the heel, and the holes are loaded with nails. The heel and shoe are then centred in the heeling-machine, the operator opens a valve, and a blow from the four or five atmospheres in the receiver nails the heel securely on, clinching each nail; and another valve being opened, a knife, guided in suitable ways, travels instantly about the heel, and shaves it so clean and smooth that it requires only a little sand-papering on a revolving wheel to fit it for blacking and burnishing. The atmospheric pressure is very rapid in action, and withal so elastic that in this very heavy work it is less liable to break the machinery than cam motions.

The heel is now blacked and subjected to the friction of a gas-heated steel tool in a rapidly-working machine, which quickly imparts to it a mirror-like brightness, as the tool passes to and fro over its surface, after which there remains but to "buff" the face of the sole, burnish the shank and edge of the sole by hand, and generally furbish up the shoe, when it is ready to be put in a case for sale.

In lieu of the sewing the sole may be either pegged or nailed on. One of the earliest machines in the manufacture of shoes was the pegger, and many hundred million pairs have been bottomed upon it. A strip of peg wood, like a ribbon, is fed into the machine, the grain of the wood running across the strip, which is cut from the log like veneering. The shoe, lasted as for sewing, being presented to the pegging mechanism on a "jack" or holder, sole uppermost, an awl punctures a hole, and moves the shoe forward so that this hole shall come under a driver. A peg, severed from the ribbon, is fed into a tube over this hole, and the driver descends and thrusts it through the punctured parts. Pegs are

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driven at the rate of nearly a thousand a minute; for it requires the momentum of great speed to drive the peg without breaking it. A nailing-machine is a pegger so modified as to cut successive nails from a wire that is fed into the machine. The "cable screw wire" machine is thus organized, the wire being twisted into screw form, and turning as it goes into the sole. Machines for thus nailing are destined to do a great deal of work in the future; but the perfect nailer is not yet in the market.

All these operations, and many minor ones, are conducted under one roof, at the rate of from one case of sixty pairs to five thousand pairs a day, each factory making, as a rule, but one class of shoes, but each class having many subdivisions.

There is but one class of shoes now manufactured outside of the factories, excepting, of course, the comparatively few that are made to order. These are turned shoes, so called because they are sewed wrong side out and then turned. Even these are now largely made by machines, but most of them are sewed by hand in New England farmers' and fishermen's families during the long winter months, when there is little to do; and to earn a couple of dollars a week for each working member of a family is to pay expenses till the busier season arrives. These shoes have but a single sole, are lasted wrong side out, and sewed by a dip stitch that goes through the upper and a shoulder or flap cut around the inside of the sole near the edge; and the shoe being turned right side out is finished in the usual manner. Manufacturers buy the stock, cut it up and fit it, and then send it "down country" by the few cases to men who distribute the work to the families who sew and finish the shoes, often for less than ten cents a pair.

Women's shoes used always to be made as turns before Blake's machine sewed double-soled shoes at cheap rates, and the much-commended fashion of wearing thicker shoes followed immediately upon its introduction; a double-soled shoe can be made on it with less labor than the turn can be sewed by hand, whereas the old hand-sewed welted shoe was costly.

The cost of shoes is much less than is generally supposed; though when the jobber and retailer add their considerable profit to the very modest one of the manufacturer (often only one or two cents a pair), the consumer pays a considerable price. Many women's gaiters, of fair quality and excellent style, cost not more than eighty-five or ninety cents a pair. Good slippers are produced for from thirty-five to fifty cents; but when we come to the better class of women's shoes, or to the heavier men's wear, the cost rapidly advances.

There are over one hundred million pairs of boots and shoes made annually in this country. There is some exportation to South America, — not much, — and no importation of consequence. Of these one hundred millions, about forty millions are machine sewed; as many pegged and nailed; some twenty million pairs are turns; and a few hand-made ones, for those who have exceptionally peculiar feet or are exceptionally particular. By the introduction of machinery the manufacture of this article has been so improved that almost every one *buys* where before he *ordered* his foot gear; and there is no room for doubt that the average manufactured shoe is of much better quality, style, and fit than the one made to order. Any fault to be found with it is referable more to the necessary cheapening which always follows easy production and consequent competition.

T. A. D.

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WHAT THEY SAID.

(*Kitty Caxton to Belle Pearson.*)

IDALIA, *June 28, 18—.*

MY DEAREST BELLE, — I received your letter three days ago, and it 's a perfect shame that I have n't answered it before; but the time is so much occupied with parties and pleasure excursions of various kinds that I really have n't found a moment to myself until this afternoon.

We are having a perfectly lovely time. Everything is *perfectly elegant* around the house and inside, and Mrs. Putnam is just as stylish as she can be!

Then, at a little distance from the Putnams lives the Adonis of the place, Mr. Edgar Stuyvesant, and as luck will have it *Frank Hendley* is visiting him at this very time. Is n't it funny how things will happen? When Frank bade me such a mournful adieu a month ago, who could have said that we should come to the same place to visit?

Well, it was n't of my seeking, at any rate. *I* can manage to exist without the young gentleman, and I hope he 'll find it out after a while.

I had quite an adventure coming here. You know that when I started from your house it was so hot that I packed my thick shawl in my trunk, supposing, of course, I would n't need it before I reached Idalia; but that night it was so cold that I really suffered.

As I had to change cars at four, I did n't take a sleeping berth, and endeavored to make myself comfortable in the corner of the seat, without much success. At last I dropped asleep, shivering, and waked up when the cars stopped at a station to find to my surprise that some one had spread a heavy shawl over me. It was a gentleman's gray traveling shawl, evidently; and after a short inspection of the nodding heads around me I decided that no one of them was the owner, and dropped off again. About three o'clock I felt some one taking it up very carefully, and looking I saw a handsome young gentleman — *just my ideal*, Belle — folding it up. I should have thanked him, but he did n't perceive that I was awake, and just then the train stopped and every one rushed from their seats, and somehow I lost sight of him.

Perhaps it 'was quite as well that it happened so, for it never improves my looks to lose my rest, and besides, Belle, the mysterious stranger came straight on to Idalia, and is at present stopping at this very house. What do you think of that? And he 's perfectly splendid, and ever so smart, they say; but please don't say anything about the adventure of the shawl, for I think our friend Angie is turning languishing eyes in that direction. What she wants him for, I can't see; he 's not particularly well off, and Angie never is satisfied unless she has everything a little larger and better than any one else. But it 's a clear case of "smite," and she is n't smart enough to do anything but purr around all the time in a way that 's *perfectly disgusting*. I never could see how girls could go on so. It 's "Oh, Mr. Raymond, are you fond of this?" and "Walter, are you fond of that?" and "Don't you enjoy Mrs. Browning's poems?" (you know how likely *she* is to enjoy them), without giving any one else a chance to say anything at all. I fancy *I* understand the duties of a hostess rather better than that.

But the joke of it is to see the poor fellow escape when he gets a chance! And as that happens whenever Frank or Mr. Stuyvesant comes over, it 's not seldom that we go down with Frank and Frank Seabury for a row on the river or a walk in the shrubbery, while Angie and Marion are singing with Stuyvesant or lounging on the steps.

Oh, we 're having a delightful time, and you may be sure I shall tell you every single thing that happens. It 's

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such fun to have these little romances occur in real life. *Frank*'s just as hateful as he can be.

Do write soon. I'm positively *pining* to hear from you. Yours ever,

KITTY CAXTON.

(*Frank Seabury to her Mother.*)

IDALIA, *July 1, 18—.*

DEAR MOTHER, — Well, here we are at last, safe and sound after our journey, and not at all tired, enjoying ourselves every moment of the time.

Angie lives in a large, handsome house standing in a kind of park, with other houses near it, and the grounds are *so* lovely! I can't give you any idea of how beautiful they were the first night we were here; and we girls sat out on the steps in the moonlight and talked until Mr. Putnam called down-stairs and said we must come in and go to bed. He is very pleasant; I like him rather better than Mrs. Putnam; but you know I always had a fancy for old gentlemen. The house is furnished very handsomely, and Marion Hallett and I sleep together, while Kitty Caxton rooms with Angie, and the way we girls cut up is a caution. You 'd think it was seminary days come back again, and all the teachers struck dumb.

Well, to begin at the beginning: on the first day after breakfast we all went for a drive in Angie's phaeton; that is, Kitty and I rode in the phaeton, and Marion and Angie rode on horseback. Marion rides well, as she does everything else, and looks very handsome on horseback.

Somebody else perceived that fact, — a gentleman who was loitering along the path in the shrubbery. His name is Stuyvesant, and his mother owns the next house to the Putnams, so that Angie knows him quite well.

He is quite like a hero, — tall and so handsome, — and they made a very pretty picture as he stopped to fix Angie's saddle, the two girls, both so fair, in their beautiful riding dresses, with this dark stranger, who looks like an Italian prince, stooping before them so gracefully, the variegated colors of the parterre beside them, the green trees waving in the background, and the blue sky stretching overhead. Oh, mother, what art can reproduce the sublime thing it is *to be*, — to live with every pulse thrilling with glad young life, to be beautiful and gracious and have every one look pleased to see you, as though you brought gladness in your very presence, just as they do at Marion Hallett!

I 'm getting very well acquainted with her, and like her much better than I thought I should. There 's considerable twisting and turning done by fashionable people, I imagine, as well as by us who don't make any pretensions.

No one would ever think, to look at the elegant Miss Hallett as she sweeps into the drawing-room in her handsome black silk, that it has been made over *three* times, turned upside down, ripped and turned wrong side out, sponged with logwood, and finally made up with black velvet where the silk did n't hold out. Yet such is the case, as she confessed to me in a moment of confidence when I was taking down her back hair for her last night.

Oh, I must tell you what a good deed she did for me the second night after our arrival. Angie had invited a little company for us, a dozen couples, perhaps; and remembering how a stranger is always looked at and criticised I went with great thankfulness to my new grenadine, fresh from the hands of the dressmaker, which I had hung up in the most secure corner of the wardrobe. But woe to me! Kitty had been there before me and overturned a bottle from the shelf, containing some mysterious preparation, right on my cherished dress. Not on the underskirt, — that would have been bad enough, — but the overskirt, and the front breadth at that, was covered with white spots of a most dreadful description. I felt ready to cry. You, of all others, dear mother, know how scanty my wardrobe is beside those of the other girls, and to have my only really new dress spoiled at one fell swoop seemed to take away from me all the fortitude I had.

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Just at this juncture, in walks Miss Marion. The dress and my mournful face told the story, and she came to the rescue at once. "Let's try ammonia." And ammonia took out the spots, but failed to bring back the color. We left it to dry by the window until after supper, but all in vain; and I was trying to make up my mind to a muslin, when Marion was struck by a bright idea, and proposed *French polish*. We put it on, and you never would suspect that there was ever a spot on the dress in the world. Was n't it cute of her?

But it is getting late and I must stop. I hope you 'll write soon and tell me all the home news, for sometimes I feel as though I could n't stand it away from you so long.

Give my love to the girls and everybody, and keep a great deal of it yourself. Your loving child,

FRANK SEABURY.

(*Marion Hallett to Fred White.*)

IDALIA, *July 1, 18—*.

DEAR FRED, — You will see from the heading of this letter that I am once more a bird of passage.

Mamma having gone to Saratoga with Sue, I am making a short visit to Angie Putnam, who you will remember was at school with me at Miss Saxon's in those blissful times when you boarded at cousin Kenneth's and I used occasionally to be invited there to tea.

Yes, you importunate fellow, I *did* miss you dreadfully at first. I nearly drove Sue frantic by walking about at all hours of night, and ate so little that mamma began to talk of port-wine and the sea-side.

But I have got through all that, and can eat as much as is expected of any well-bred young lady, and laugh and dance as well as ever.

I have gone to five parties and one German since you left, and have had the attendance of no less a person than Mr. Edgar Stuyvesant on numberless rides and walks.

I hope you know who Mr. Stuyvesant is, Fred. He is the richest and handsomest young gentleman in Idalia, and very fastidious, "they say."

But I have n't paid any attention at all to my Lord Lofty, — do you understand, sir? — *none whatever*. However, he comes over quite often with Frank Hendley, who is likewise visiting here.

Frank is nearly crazy over that little witch of a Kitty Caxton.

There is a handsome young gentleman by the name of Raymond who is visiting Angie, and who I doubt not would be welcomed by the powers that be as a son-in-law. He, on the contrary, if I mistake not, cherishes a secret but most profound admiration for Frank Seabury, while to complicate matters still further Miss Kitty, from pure mischief, has engaged him in a most desperate flirtation for the Christian purpose of annoying master Frank.

This renders us a terribly disjointed concern; for though we are all very polite, and we would n't — no, not for worlds — lose our tempers, yet Angie is very apt to propose a walk, where a slight change of partners can be effected, which Miss Kitty, enjoying herself to her heart's content in the parlor, is equally certain to veto.

Then, of course, Angie subsides into silence, from which it takes my most skillful strategy to rouse her; and as Frank Seabury never talks very much, the burden of the conversation falls on Mr. Stuyvesant and me, with the accompaniment of Kitty's mellow tones from the deep window-seat, where she and Mr. Raymond are comfortably ensconced.

All this makes Frank Hendley about as pleasant and comfortable a companion as a young hedgehog; and I have several times been forced to remonstrate with him privately with regard to his behavior, but all to no purpose. It seems a great pity when they might be so happy that such little jealousies should come up to spoil everything.

Yesterday afternoon we expected to be left to our own devices, for the gentlemen had gone off on a masculine fishing-party and were to return on the seven o'clock train. Mrs. Putnam and

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Angie had gone out in the carriage to make some calls, and Kitty and I were comfortably settled in the library, when in comes Master Frank. He had broken his fishing-rod early in the afternoon, he explained, and as his chance of sport for the day was over had taken advantage of the afternoon train to return.

Here was a grand chance for reconciliation! And as I was tolerably certain that both parties were longing for it, I immediately bethought myself of a way to rid them of my undesirable society.

I knew that if I left the room one of them, from pure perverseness, would be sure to follow. So I suggested to Kitty, in my most persuasive manner, that it must be positively delightful on the river this afternoon, and would n't it be fun to go down to the bend after water-lilies.

Kitty assented, and then, before she had time to think, I turned and asked Frank if he would n't go along. And as the reward of my disinterested endeavors I had the pleasure of seeing the young couple walk slowly away from the house together, while I ran up-stairs to get my hat. You can probably imagine how long it took me to find that hat; and when I had discovered it one of the strings was insecure and required fastening. This done, I walked leisurely down to the boat-house, with all possible care not to disturb a possible *tête-à-tête*, and found — Kitty alone! Can you imagine anything more provoking! And when I asked her where Frank was, she replied feelingly that she did n't know and did n't care; that the gardener had taken the boat down the river, and Frank, after discovering the fact, had with great gallantry decamped.

I was almost out of patience with her, for I was nearly certain that he never would have left her in that unhandsome fashion if she had n't done something hateful; but I knew it would never do to scold her, so we silently retraced our steps, considerably out of temper, if such an expression can be applied to the lovely and angelic creation that men call woman.

Well, after supper, as we sat on the steps and verandas enjoying the sunset, I managed to draw Frank a little aside, and remonstrated with him in the most elder-sisterly fashion I could.

At first my lord was most obdurate and uncomprehending, — did n't know what I meant, could n't understand whom I was talking about, etc.; but I persevered, and at last brought the young man to see the error of his ways. I talked very plainly, for you remember I have known Frank ever since we were little children, and no one can know better than I what a noble, true-hearted person he is; and I could n't bear to sit by and see him deliberately making himself unhappy without at least an effort to prevent it.

"Consider," said I, "that such quarrels and jealousies would do very well if you were children and no particular consequences were to result from them; but you are man and woman grown, and the step that you take will seriously affect your after-life. Of course she might feel bound by her position as a guest not to break with you here, but, let me tell you, there are not many girls as high-spirited as Kitty Caxton who would be treated as you have already treated her since you have been here, and ever forgive it."

"Darned comforting!" rejoined the victim, chewing the end of a straw, despairingly. I wanted to laugh at the involuntary confession from my Lord Francis, who had been so very high and mighty when we first began, but after all it was too pathetic. Frank's great dark eyes were a trifle misty as he faltered out his troubles, how he had been nearly beside himself with jealousy ever since Raymond had appeared on the scene and eclipsed him so completely.

"What she can find to admire in him, I don't see," remarked Master Frank, with pardonable rancor; "a straight nose and good enough eyes, but I never thought Kitty was such a fool!"

"I don't think she is," I replied; "but no girl cares to fling herself at a man's head, if she 's ever so fond of him."

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"Except your hostess," remarked Frank, amiably.

"Why, Frank, for shame!" said I; but I could n't help laughing, for between you and me poor Angie is n't very deep, and her manœuvres always come to the surface. Well, the result of it was that I consoled Frank to the best of my ability, exhorted him to patience and politeness, and went up-stairs that night resolved to pour out all my vials of wrath upon Miss Kitty.

That was yesterday evening, and I got up at four o'clock this morning to write this long letter to you. I hope you will appreciate the fact and return the compliment accordingly.

I have laid away the Texan flowers that you sent me in a little casket where I keep a few other souvenirs known only to myself, — a faded geranium, a tiny sprig of heliotrope, and the note that *some one* sent with it.

While I am away from mamma there will be no danger of discovery, so do write often, for I get positively frantic when I don't hear from you.

I have nothing to comfort me but the memory of that last evening we spent at uncle Huntley's, sitting together under the elms, with the delicate, mysterious perfume of the grape blossoms floating around us, and the moon casting long shafts of light between the leafy aisles. I came upon a withered cluster of grape blossoms a few days ago, and as I lifted it the fleeting perfume recalled the scene with such vividness that for a moment I fancied I could hear again a beloved voice beside me and feel again your last kiss on my cheek.

Oh, Fred, for my sake at least, if not for your own, take care of yourself. Remember that there is some one waiting and praying at home for this dreadful suspense to be over, and think of her.

Yours forever, MARION.

(*Kitty Caxton to Belle Pearson.*)

IDALIA, *July 6, 18—.*

DEAREST BELLE, — I received your letter only last night, and hasten to answer it, for I know how provoking it is to be waiting for worsteds to be matched, and I hope this will suit you.

How sudden the death of Mr. Huntley was! And how nice it will be for Marion to have a fortune, for, although they lived nicely, it never seemed to me that they were particularly well off. She left here very suddenly. When the telegram came for her it was only fifteen minutes before the train started for the West, and you can imagine the bustle that followed, one girl cramming her valise with all the essentials we could think of, another buttoning her shoes, and the elegant Mr. Stuyvesant so excited by all this as actually to *run* to the stables to order the carriage.

The *Adonis* is quite as inconsolable as is allowable in a polite young gentleman. If *somebody* does n't have an invitation to take possession of the Stuyvesant mansion after the proper time for mourning has expired, then I lose my guess. Mr. Stuyvesant would n't for the world violate any of the proprieties of life, but he could n't by any possibility make allowances for anything beyond them.

I wonder whether Marion will take him. I used to think that Fred White was *pretty* fond of her, and she of him; but Fred 's off in Texas, and a girl can't be expected to stand that kind of thing forever. Marrying Mr. Stuyvesant, with his wealth and position, would be a very different thing from waiting four or five years for Fred White to be able to support her, and running the gauntlet every day of her life from Mrs. Hallet and Sue. I feel so sorry for Fred. If there ever *was* any one that deserved a good wife it was he, and to have Marion mislead him in this way would be cruelly false. Well, I hope she 'll think better of it.

We 're rather a glum party just now besides Mr. Stuyvesant, for Angie has the neuralgia and is horrid cross, — when the gentlemen are not around; Frank Hendley is afflicted with a great depression of spirits, — I 'm sure I don't see what 's the matter with *him;* and Frank Seabury always was a little mouse; so that Mr. Raymond and I have to keep up our spirits for all the rest.

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And really, Belle, though it 's very nice to be talented, and all that, I begin to think that it 's better to have two grains of wits down handy, where you can use it, than to have several pounds of the article stowed away somewhere under the rafters.

I like a man who can talk with me sensibly sometimes, and who can pay me a compliment occasionally, or tease me a little, — I would n't even object to quarreling with him once in a while; but Heaven defend me from one where I have to be continually crawling up a mental step-ladder to get at him.

I don't see what Angie would do with him after she got him; for, although I know but precious little, my stock of brains is considerably larger than hers is. She 'd have to put him in the library, labeled, like the specimens no one knows anything about, " Vir Americanus, species poeticus et scientificus."

But mamma Putnam would n't say anything about its being " obtained with great care and expense," would she?

Please give my love to Marion, and tell her we are very dull without her. I hope she will come back, if only for a few days. Tell her *Mr. Stuyvesant is perfectly heart-broken.* And in about a week more, you may think of me as taking leave of Idalia and its inhabitants, and going home. Yours most truly,

KITTY.

(*Marion to Fred.*)

IDALIA, *July 12, 18—.*

DEAR FRED, — I have just received your last letter, and, late as it is, cannot rest until I have answered your unjust reproaches.

Yes, it is true that I like Frank. I will go farther and tell the truth: I am *very fond* of Frank, and have come back to Idalia for the express purpose of seeing him. But oh, Fred, how can you be so unreasonable as to think that any girl could fall in love with any one whom she had played with ever since she was in pinafores! How could you be so insane as to suppose that even the evil spirit for flirtation, which I am aware is one of my besetting sins, could *ever* lead me in ever so slight a way toward Frank Hendley, when I might have you! There! any one who was n't appeased by such a compliment as that must be insatiable indeed.

After such unjust suspicions as have been entertained against me, I don't think it 's fair that some one should be told how at sunset, — the time when we promised to think of each other, — when the great, golden orb of day has slowly departed, carrying with it all the plans for work and pleasure that have filled the time; when the rose-colored light slowly dies out of the air and the water, and going seems to leave everything suddenly desolate, — how then I think of some one alone, away out on the Texan prairies, with such unutterable longing that it seems as though I could give all that I ever possessed to be by his side.

And now to accuse me of flirting! But trust me, please, Fred, for beyond you, now that my uncle is dead, I have very few to rely on.

I can't tell you exactly the position in which I have stood at home; it would seem neither honorable nor filial. It was not because I was ashamed of my lover that I asked for a secret engagement, not exactly because I doubted my own courage, but from a mixture of motives that you may perhaps understand when you are better acquainted with the family.

However that may be, all necessity for concealment now is past. I have enough for both now, Fred, and if you are to marry an heiress, it is necessary that you should get her before the lawyers spend all the money.

Mamma is bent on going to Europe next month, but I won't start before October at the earliest. Don't you think it is your duty to come north before that? We shall be at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and all letters addressed to that point will reach us. If you can't trust your betrothed, the only thing that remains to you, poor unfortunate, is to come up and see to her yourself.

Yours most truly,

MARION HALLETT.

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(*Kitty Caxton to Belle Pearson.*)

IDALIA, *July 13, 18—.*

DEAREST BELLE, — I must tell you all that has happened, or burst. I 'm so mad! Marion and I have had an awful fuss, — perfectly awful! I 've said all the mean things to her that I could think of, and the only thing I 'm sorry for is that I did n't slap her in the face.

It came about like this. This morning Angie and I were sitting on the piazza, and the other girls had gone to the post-office. Angie was sewing, and her spool of silk rolled down off the piazza, and into the grass. She went to get it, and I did n't notice her particularly until she said in a queer way, —

"Kitty, come here."

I looked, and she was holding in her hand what seemed to be a piece of tissue paper. I ran down the steps to her side, and saw it was a loose leaf from one of those blotting-books, which had been closed on some manuscript where the ink was so fresh as to leave the impression. It was quite faint, but Angie slowly read: "I like Frank — I am very fond of Frank, and have come back to — [that word we could n't make out] for the express purpose of seeing her" — We looked at each other.

"It 's Walter Raymond's writing," said Angie, and she began to cry.

"Let me have it," said I. The moment I looked at it, I recognized Marion Hallett's bold handwriting, — more like a man's than a woman's; but what was the use of saying anything about it? I had never seen Raymond's writing and Angie had, so how could I say it was n't his? But I knew better, for the last word that Angie called *her* I knew was *him*.

If Marion Hallett had been there at that moment, I believe I should have annihilated her. Everything that had happened came up before me like a flash. All the walking and singing together, that night before she went away when they sat off by themselves and never spoke to any one else all the evening, and various little attempts she used to make to bring Frank and *me* together when every one was around and she could n't have him to herself, all came upon me with such force that for a moment I thought I should die. But I did n't; I was too mad.

"Here," said I to Angie, who was still crying, "give me that paper. We don't want any one else to see it."

"No-o-o!" said poor Angie, with a fresh burst of sobs.

"And no one need know anything about it if we don't tell. I had just as soon not have any one know that we had been reading his blotting-book, had n't you?"

"Ye-s-s," choked Angie.

"Then let 's cut up-stairs quick, for the girls are coming up the avenue and they 'll ask what you 're crying about."

Once safe in our room, I exhorted my unknowing confederate to dignity and silence. I sympathized with her on the fickleness of man, and assured her that for my part, although I was very much taken with Walter Raymond at first, I found him tiresome on longer acquaintance; but I thought he would do very well for a domestic little thing like Frank Seabury, all ears and no tongue. And so well did I succeed that Angie (partly, no doubt, on the principle which made the grapes sour) was pleased to come to my way of thinking, bathe her swollen eyes, and make herself presentable for lunch. For on this day of all others, Mrs. Putnam had decided to depart from the usual country hours and give a grand dinner party at six o'clock.

Frank and Raymond, who had been playing croquet with the girls, came in to lunch, and I felt obliged to be rather attentive to Raymond to cover up Angie's deficiencies in that direction, and I don't suppose that *was* particularly polite to Frank. After they had gone, I went up-stairs again, and presently Marion came in. I felt that the moment had arrived. She began very mildly by saying how fond she was of her friends, and how anxious she was to help them out of trouble, and that sometimes she was afraid she might be thought to be meddling with what did not concern her. Then she began to talk about

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Frank; what a noble fellow he was, so true-hearted and faithful. She could n't bear to have his heart thrown away by one that did n't know the worth of it.

Then I turned on her, and said that if his heart *was* thrown away, I guessed there was some one else that would be precious glad to get the leavings. She said she did n't know what I could possibly mean; that it was evident to every one that he would be devoted to me if I would only let him.

"As devoted as *you* would let him," I said.

"Kitty Caxton," said she, "what on earth do you mean?"

"What do I mean! That I know a little more of your plans than you think I do. You 've played a pretty smart game, getting people to think you were going to take Ed Stuyvesant, just to cover your designs in another direction."

"Kitty, how dare you say that!" And her eyes began to flash. "How dare you so misconstrue simple civilities to Mr. Stuyvesant after the way in which you have trifled with Raymond! Poor Frank! this is a worthy reward for all his devotion. To be accepted only to be dropped for the next fancy!"

"*Poor Frank!* Why don't you spend a little of your pity on Fred White, that you 've sent down to Texas to work out his life for you, so that you can have full swing here? It 's so convenient to keep a lot of fellows in a row, like a string of dried apples, ready to pick off the one that looks the most promising. I used to think you were a little more honorable than the rest of the family, Marion Hallett, but I 've come to the conclusion that you 're the very worst. But you have n't fooled so many as you may think, for all the people at home know about Stuyvesant, and of course Jennie White will tell Fred."

"I don't believe that they ever heard the name of Stuyvesant."

"Belle wrote about it in her last letter," I replied. (Don't you breathe a word of how *you* came to hear, miss.) "You seem to judge other people by yourself. It is n't every one that can stoop to such low manœuvres for a miserable fellow like Frank Hendley. If I *was* once teased into something like a half engagement with him, thank goodness, I 've come to my senses, and resign him to you with pleasure. Here 's the ring he gave me; *you 'd* better wear it; it would be of a piece with your other performances. But after you 've got Frank and Stuyvesant safely landed, and on the string along with Ainslie and White and the little lawyer at home, you 'd better look about before you decide. Perhaps you can find *another* young man to wheedle and coax and cajole until he thinks you are the most perfect creature in the universe. Of all the meanest, despicable girls I ever saw, I think you are the worst."

With that I flung Frank's ring across the room and ran out. I listened downstairs for some time, and I should think it was nearly half an hour before I heard her come out and go slowly down the hall to her own room and go in, locking the door after her.

Well, after this scene, just imagine me having to dress for dinner and make conversation to a silent young man through eight courses. I think *I* ought to have the credit of being a pretty good actress, for I would defy any one to have told from my manner anything of the exciting times I had been having upstairs.

It 's all over now, I thank my stars, the company gone, and Angie has been sleeping off her troubles for two hours. I was so nervous and excited that I thought I would write to you and see if I could n't get it off my mind; but I don't seem to succeed, so I must put out my light and go to bed.

Yours in tribulation, KITTY.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, I found Frank's ring lying in my jewelry box.

(*Frank Seabury to her Mother.*)

IDALIA, *July 15, 18—.*

DEAREST MOTHER, — This letter is to be strictly private, devoted to your eyes alone, and I shall only permit you to extract such bits for the public as

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have no connection with what I have to reveal.

In the first place, as Marion leaves in two days for New York, it was deemed advisable that we should celebrate by joining with our friends in a picnic at the Glen, a lovely, romantic spot a few miles above here, where the river tumbles over the rocks in cascades, and after winding among green hills and peaceful meadows turns suddenly into one of the wildest bits of scenery that can well be imagined.

Frank Hendley and Marion, Mr. Stuyvesant and Kitty, drove up in single carriages, while the large carriage brought Mrs. Putnam, Walter Raymond, Angie, and me. We had a delightful drive, but I have seen enough beautiful scenery to keep me talking for a week when I get home, so I won't stop to describe it here. And when we arrived at the Glen, of course no one felt exactly in his right mind until we had eaten our dinner. This took some time, for it was quite elaborate, and we could n't find dry, level ground for the whole party, so that part of us were encamped on the hill-side, wedged in behind rocks and bushes, and it was a long time before all were served. You should have seen Walter Raymond going around with an ice-cream freezer in his hand and a white apron tied about his waist; and Frank Hendley making a flying leap from a rock above us and landing in the centre of the group with a basket of strawberries.

Mr. Stuyvesant and Kitty had eaten in another group and were straying about long before we had finished. We were just going down the hill, when we heard screams and shouts below, and looking down saw Kitty sitting in a little boat that had grounded on a rock at the verge of the rapids. Frank Hendley succeeded in getting to the rock and rescuing the dripping damsel, but of course both the rescuer and the rescued were in no condition to enjoy "a stroll in the green grass," and were accordingly sent home post-haste, Mr. Stuyvesant engaging to take charge of Frank's lady, as Frank had relieved him of his.

When the picnic broke up, and Walter and Mr. Stuyvesant had gone to arrange the carriages, Marion drew me a little aside and said, "Frank, I want you to do something for me, — the greatest favor that any one could possibly confer upon me just now, — and I 'll never forget it, the longest day I live!"

"What is it?" said I.

"Ride home with Mr. Stuyvesant and let me have your place in the carriage."

"But how can I, when everything is all arranged?"

"That 's easy enough. Admire his horse and say you wish you could ride after it, and I 'll manage the rest."

"But I never could have the face. What will he think of me, when it has all been settled the other way?"

"Oh, no man sees anything very criminal in admiring himself or his horse," said Marion, with a smile; "and if he comes in to spend the evening and you will entertain him, you have no idea, Frank, what an abyss of misery you may save me from."

What could I do after that but promise? So I went down to the carriages, feeling like a deep and desperate politician, and proceeded to admire Mr. Stuyvesant's horse. It is a fine creature, only I should never have thought of telling him so.

"You ought to ride after him fully to appreciate Selim," said Marion, drawing on her gloves.

"Oh, how I wish I could!" I exclaimed.

"If Mr. Stuyvesant will excuse me, I will exchange places with you," said Marion, "as my head aches badly, and the motion of the carriage is much easier." So of course Mr. Stuyvesant had to take me, and I devoted myself to his entertainment most assiduously, both during the ride and during the interval when he was waiting in the parlor to learn how Kitty was.

Just imagine *me*, if you can, mother, selected to help in deep and dangerous plots, and tremble at the result of sending your daughter into society!

After Stuyvesant had gone we went up-stairs together, and as I stopped at

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my door Marion turned and took me in her arms, and kissed me passionately. Then she said, "I 'm coming into your room soon, if I may, for I have something to tell you."

Then we separated, and I went in to see Kitty for a moment. I found her rather excited, but very amiable, — a decided contrast, I must say, to what she has been for the last two days, — and she asked if she could see Marion.

"Marion has gone to bed with a headache, my dear," said Mrs. Putnam, with a look at us girls to keep us quiet; "and you really must take this powder that the doctor left, and go to sleep, or you will be ill. You shall see Marion in the morning."

So Kitty submitted, kissed us all round, told us we were every one of us perfect angels, and then resigned herself to the soothing effects of the medicine.

In a few minutes Marion knocked at my door; for since her return, in honor to her altered position as an heiress, another and more elegant room has been assigned to her. So you must imagine Marion sitting in her white dressing-gown by the window, the moonbeams lighting up her golden hair and deepening the mysterious shadows of her dark eyes, with your daughter on a hassock beside her, listening intently to Marion's story.

"To begin with," said she, "I have no need to tell you that I am so different from mamma and Sue that on many subjects we cannot possibly comprehend each other's motives, or appreciate them. This has made me very much alone when I have been at home, and sometimes I have been very unhappy. My uncle Huntley used often to invite me to his house, and there I met Fred White. About six months ago I promised to be his wife; but I asked him to let our engagement remain a secret for the present, and he consented. It was n't altogether because I was too cowardly to face my mother and Sue, but I knew that the storm of ridicule would come upon him, too, — and — well, it seems horrible to say such things of one's own family, but I knew that we should be far apart and something might happen, where no explanations could be made, to keep us apart forever. If there was nothing to sever, then there could be no attempt, I thought."

"I think you were wise," I said.

"I 'm afraid not. I told my uncle, and though he poohed at the idea of such a long engagement, he promised to keep my secret, and, I think, was the means of getting Fred's appointment. He was always kind to me. But now, when we might be so happy together, comes the worst trouble of all. Fred is very jealous, — I can't say that my previous career has been such as to make him anything else, — and has even been so crazy as to be concerned about my friendship for poor Frank Hendley, who he knows is engaged to Kitty; so I have been continually in terror, either of attracting mamma's suspicions by avoiding attentions, or of rousing Fred's ire by accepting them. I had a long talk with Kitty yesterday, at first about Frank; but she grew very angry, accused me of drawing Frank away, and told me that every one knew I had been flirting with Stuyvesant, that he had proposed to me, and a great deal more that it makes me sick to think of. Now, have I treated Mr. Stuyvesant in any other way than the merest courtesy demanded?"

"Certainly not," said I.

"But if Fred hears the story, told as Kitty told it, it seems to me that I should die, Frank."

"Let us hope for the best," said I. "If Kitty was angry when she said it, perhaps she exaggerated the report, and it will be very easy to contradict it. You are going away so soon, too."

"Yes, but Mr. Stuyvesant and his mother intend to make the grand tour with mamma, and I don't know what would happen to me off there by myself."

"Kitty wants to see you in the morning," said I. "She asked for you tonight, but Mrs. Putnam wished her to go to sleep."

"I hope she and Frank are at peace once more. It seems as though there

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must be some strange fatality about me that makes every one unhappy with whom I have to do. I warn you beforehand, Frank, what will come of being my friend."

"And I am so little afraid of your warning that I am going to invite you to sleep with me to-night. Come, let me take down your hair. You know you won't sleep if you go off by yourself."

"I have n't for the last two nights," she said, with a heavy sigh. "Night before last I wrote to Fred, and worried about his angry letter until morning; and last night, what Kitty had told me haunted me like the ghost of a murdered man. If I could only cry," — with a great, tearless sob, — "but I can't. I felt while Kitty was talking as though her words were slowly turning me to stone, and I should sit there, without power to escape from the torture, forever and ever. And then, having to go down to dinner and talk to a grinning idiot in a white tie, while my heart was breaking! I was so afraid Fred would get tired of me, — find out how little there really was of all that he fancied in me. And now" —

She began to cry at last. If any one had told me that I should see Marion care so much for any one, I should never have believed them. Marion, with all her wit and brilliancy, completely a slave to some one's jealous suspicions, while Kitty Caxton, with not half her powers, rides over her lover's heart rough-shod.

"You don't know how hard it has been," said poor Marion, "whenever I 've gone to a party and come home with Fred, to have Sue immediately report the fact, and mamma look at me through her glasses in that sharp way that I felt was looking down into my very soul, and say, 'You must manage better next time, Marion.' And then, when next time I had to tell Fred he must n't talk to me, he would look so surprised and hurt, and half suspicious, too, for he has n't any idea of what mamma is, and I 'm sure I have n't the heart to tell him!"

"I have," said I; "and I 'll do it, too, if it 's necessary."

"It won't do any good now." She began to cry again, and of course that relieved her. Then I coaxed her to sleep with me, and after an hour's soothing and petting had the satisfaction of knowing from her regular breathing that she had fallen asleep. I lay for some time revolving wild plans for smothering Mrs. Hallett and Sue, half resolved to write to Fred myself, and at last dropped asleep, too.

Marion went in to see Kitty in the morning, and they had a long talk together, but I don't know anything about it, except that they are good friends again. Kitty came down-stairs in the afternoon, and was uncommonly entertaining and agreeable. Walter Raymond remarked to me that after this he should always believe in the improving effects of immersion.

But, dear me, what will the post-office department say to such a letter! They 'll suspect you of writing for the papers and having your rejected manuscripts returned, and I 'll stop, to spare your character as much as possible.

Yours lovingly, FRANK.

(*Kitty Caxton to Belle Pearson.*)

IDALIA, *July 15, 18—.*

DEAREST BELLE, — I can't rest until I write and tell you that if ever there was an angel on earth, it is Marion Hallett! We 've made it all up now, and I feel awfully ashamed of myself whenever I think how I treated her. And if you want to bring me to my knees before you in tears of gratitude, just please mention to every one that you can (and bring it in handy, you know) that, although Edgar Stuyvesant has been very attentive to her, quite adores her in fact, she does n't seem to value his attentions at all, nor care a picayune for him; and that 's the real truth this time, *and I know it*, but I can't tell you just yet, though I think that if you 're a good girl you 'll probably be invited to be bridesmaid to somebody before very long; but mind, *don't you tell!*

And now I think I must tell you how Frank and I made up. We were at a

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picnic at the Glen, a place where the river is very swift on account of the rapids below. You know that I am pretty strong in my arms and have rowed a good deal, and as I have been on the water so much by myself I thought there was no harm in pulling out to an enticing little island and racing to shore with one of the gentlemen.

Well, I got out there first, and waited some time for him to come (I found afterward his boat leaked so that he did n't dare to use it), and I thought I would row around the island and start back. But as I got around the point, the current took the boat with such fury that I could n't make any headway against it, and carried me down to the edge of the rapids, where, as luck would have it, we lodged against a big rock, and there we stayed, the boat tilted up on the side, threatening to turn over at any moment, and I half in the water, hanging on for dear life, waiting for whatever should happen next. The first thing I knew, Frank Hendley was hauling me up on the rock and proceeding to tie a rope around me. There was barely room enough for two, and after I had nearly tumbled off once and he had caught me, he asked me to take hold of him while he tied the rope. I thought of Marion Hallett and the quarrel and all the mean things I had said about him. I felt I had rather die than have him help me out, and said valiantly, "I won't!"

Frank looked at me a moment in astonishment, as if I must be taking leave of my senses, and then said sternly, "Do as I tell you, you little goose."

What was I to do? There we were perched up together on a little point of rock, for all the world like two drenched rats. I never supposed that a rescue could possibly be so unromantic. But I took hold.

I hardly know how we got on shore, but I know that Frank must have kept me from the rocks at the risk of his own life, for he is horribly bruised, and so lame and sore that he can hardly get about to-day.

Of course they made a great outcry over us, and as we had to go home, and no one wanted to ride with two such dripping creatures, they bundled us up and sent us off together.

We rode along for some time very comfortably, for you can't snub a fellow that has just saved your life, you know, even if he has been making a fool of himself; and as the horse struck a long stretch of level ground, Frank asked me if I knew what I said when we were on the rock, and I responded that I did, perfectly. Then he asked me what on earth made me say it, and I told him I 'd sooner die than live. Then he asked me, if I felt that way, how did I suppose he felt; and I told him he had better go and get Marion to comfort him; and he said he 'd rather go to some other place, — very improper indeed, — and asked me what had become of my ring. I told him that I had taken it off.

"To have room for *Raymond's*, I suppose!" said Frank, savagely.

"I thought Marion had the best right to it," said I.

"What the deuce do you mean about Marion?"

I was pretty well wrought up by this time, and was getting very chilly besides, and in spite of my best efforts I began to cry. And then I don't know exactly what I said. Frank said that I told him I loved him better than any one else in the world, but I don't believe it.

However, *he* confessed that he had been very foolish and unreasonable, and when I told him that if I did n't die from my drenching I should certainly get up and sing a duet with Mr. Raymond to-morrow morning, he responded with great amiability and elegance that he did n't care a darn, and altogether was reduced to such a degree of subjection that I feared for his health.

Oh, well, I think you 'll have to imagine the rest. I really can't tell you every *single* thing we said, but everything is all right now between Frank and me, and Marion really was trying to get us to make up when I talked so to her. Was n't it a shame! If Fred White does n't think she 's an angel, he ought to be

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hung and quartered! Marion wants me to come and stay with her after she comes back from New York, so you 'll soon see the bad penny returning; and then, my dear, I have such *perfect loads* to tell! Till then, good-by. From yours ever, KITTY CAXTON.

(*Angie Putnam to Belle Pearson.*)

IDALIA, *September 1, 18—.*

MY DEAREST BELLE, — I was very much surprised to learn from your letter of the double wedding that is so soon to take place, especially after what happened during the girls' visit here this summer. But between you and me, Marion would have liked very well to have stood in my shoes if she could only have managed it; and it 's my opinion that when she saw it was impossible to win Edgar's affections, she was so mad that she made up her mind to be married to whomever she could lay hands on. It was pretty smart of her to keep Fred White on hand for so long! I remember how he used to beau her as long ago as when we were at school together, and afterward, when we had come out, at Mr. Huntley's. But Marion's is such an odd style, — not a bit feminine, you know; and I think that has made her more anxious to secure what she could. In spite of all people have said about her success in society, I don't think any one admires her after they get to know her. I am sure there 's at least one person who does n't, and that 's Edgar Stuyvesant, because I asked him.

Of course you are curious to know how our engagement came about, for really, after all, it happened very unexpectedly. You know that we have been intimate for a long time, and Edgar was always the most devoted escort that I had, but I never dreamed of anything more until our summer visitors arrived. I think it was the sight of the other gentlemen's attentions, especially Raymond's, that brought him to see that I was the one most necessary to his happiness. Anyhow, just a little while after the girls went away, he proposed. The poor fellow was *dreadfully* gloomy all the time until then, and I had n't the *least* idea what was the matter! I suppose he had heard the report about Raymond's being engaged to me that you spoke of, and feared to try his fate. I don't see how you could have got the idea that Raymond had proposed to me from anything that I ever told you, for I 've always been as careful not to reveal any such little secrets as I have not to consider that a gentleman ever *meant anything* until he really proposed. Anything but this undisguised seeking for attention which some girls display! It makes me blush for them!

Now, of course I would n't say anything against Kitty Caxton for all the world, but she made mamma and me fairly ashamed to have her act so with Raymond! I was positively delighted when I discovered that he liked Frank Seabury, for I thought it served Kitty just right. It was only the fit punishment for such unwomanliness; but it cut her up awfully when she found it out. She hardly spoke a word to any one after it until that picnic when Frank Hendley rescued her from the water, and then she was ready to make up to him with all the sweetness she had lavished on Raymond. How a girl can transfer her affections in that way, I can't see. But then, Kitty always *was* a *flirt.*

I think she is so foolish to be married in white satin; it 's very trying to any but the most delicate complexions. It 's odd that we should all three fix on the same material.

Do persuade Marion out of having Frank Seabury for bridesmaid, if you can. She 's a little dowdy; not a particle of style about her, and never will have, and I know when it comes to the last minute all you girls will be dreadfully ashamed of her. The *least thing shows so at a wedding.* *We* have taken pains to see to everything, even the minutest details.

I am so sorry that you can't be here to attend our nuptials, but of course if you promised the girls first, and to be bridesmaid, too, you could n't disappoint them.

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I wish you could see my engagement ring, — a lovely thing, eight diamonds in the cluster and a large one in the centre. Have you seen that cluster at Tiffany's that every one admires so? Well, it's a great deal handsomer than that, and much more expensive. Edgar had it made express for the occasion from a new design, so that there are no others like it.

We are to have waiters and cooks from Delmonico's come down to prepare the refreshments, so that I know everything will be *recherché*. It's such a comfort to know that everything will go off just right without your worrying about it. Then, too, my trousseau, which is ordered direct from Paris, will be done without any trouble on my part; the only thing is to foot the bill, and papa is used to that, already.

How I pity Kitty and Marion who are running hither and thither to do their shopping and see to their dress-making, while I, with all my work done for me, am having such delightful times with Edgar! Such lovely rides as we have after his black horse Selim! Such delicious evenings in the parlor singing together, and if every other amusement is exhausted we can always talk. I really think he is a born poet, and if circumstances had only conspired as they do over some people, that the whole world would have acknowledged it. He certainly has said more sweet things to me just to-day than that Raymond did during all the time he stayed here; and he is considered quite a poet, you know. I often tell Edgar that if he would only print all the pretty things he says, he would be renowned from Maine to Georgia; but he says his greatest honor is to lay them at my feet. Is n't that just as sweet as it can be!

Well, Belle, I hope some day you will be as happy as I am. Give my love to the girls, and say I hope we shall meet in Paris. Probably this is the last time I shall write to you and bear my present name, but believe me, I shall always be as true a friend to you as I was when

ANGIE PUTNAM.

P. S. Be sure you don't breathe a word of what I have told you about Kitty and Marion, for of course they would be dreadfully angry. I 'm sure I hope they may be happy, but I don't see how girls who do such things can hope to be respected as wives.

And don't forget to write me just what you heard about Raymond and me, and who told you. I think it must have come originally from something that the girls have told. I should just like to know *what they said!* A. P.

Mary A. King.

THE SERMON.

ONE summer morn in the village church,
Where all is cool and dim,
Gathered the poor and aged folk,
And sang a solemn hymn.

And dim and feeble are the eyes
That on the preacher look;
Wrinkled and trembling is the hand
That holds the singing-book.

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Now, when the solemn song is done,
The preacher takes his stand
And tells of what the prophet saith,—
"The day of the Lord at hand."

A youth goes with them from the church,
Firm 'mid their tread is his;
They thinking of that day to come,
He of the day that is.

Frank Sewall.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

VIII.

III. BASKETS AND BASKET WORK.

As soon as man became the owner of miscellaneous personal property, or lived upon other food than that obtained in the chase, he must needs have a basket. It must be a sterile country indeed that does not afford grass, rushes, withes, or pliable branches that may be interlaced in order to form a carrying receptacle. Some nations, chiefly in northern and southern regions, have the material for receptacles ready at hand in birch bark and plantain leaves respectively. Bark has numerous uses among tribes of limited acquirements, and in fact no better material is to be anywhere found on an emergency than the birch bark of Canada or the gum bark of Australia. A shelter, a canoe, a bucket, may be had at a few minutes' notice. In other lands bark supplies fibre for all the uses of thread, cord, and mats; elsewhere it is beaten to make robes and wrappings of elegant appearance; in some countries it yields paper. The granary of the Badéma tribe on the Zambesi is a cylindrical vessel made of the bitter bark of a tree to which monkeys and mice have a great antipathy. The bark is cut from the tree by girdling in two places, making one longitudinal incision, and severing it from the trunk. It is then turned inside out to expose the bitter *liber*, is sewn into cylindrical shape, and buried in holes in the ground or hidden in clefts of the rocks, to protect it from predatory neighbors.

The art of weaving may be supposed to have commenced with wattling and basket-making, the former being used for huts, and the latter for carrying-vessels. A fair distinction between wattling and basket-making on the one hand and weaving on the other may be made by describing the former as consisting of interplaiting untwisted materials, such as willows, grass, or rushes, while weaving is done in a frame and with spun materials. In each case the rods or withes passing in one direction are interlaced by the wands or strips laid in the other direction, in and out; answering, when sufficiently open, to the celebrated Johnsonian definition, "reticulated or decussated, with interstices between the intersections." The making of mats is, or may be, a modified form of weaving.

The wattle or hurdle is made by interweaving a row of parallel stakes with withes or wands, such as willow, hazel, elm, oak, or other straight and pliable

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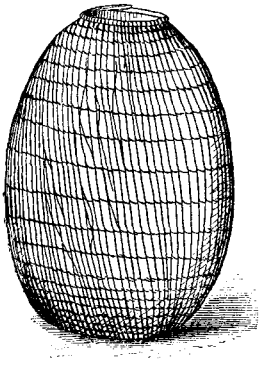
saplings as may be convenient. *Wattle and daub*, as the phrase goes, was the house of the ancient Britons in the time of the Cæsars, as it now is of the Kafirs. The descriptions by Diodorus Siculus and Strabo, and the representations upon the Antonine column, might stand for the kraals of the Basutos of South Africa. The houses of the Britons were of stakes wattled with withes and grass, daubed with clay, and with thatch of reeds and rushes; similarly, the Kafir drives half a dozen stakes into the ground, bends them over into dome shape, and weaves withes in and around; their fowl-houses are also wattled basket structures daubed with clay.

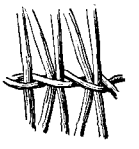
The same plan is followed in Africa for granaries. Grain of various kinds is the principal subsistence throughout the land. The Bechuana granary is a jar of plaited twigs wattled upon stakes thrust into the ground, and daubed inside and out with clay. The bottom of the basket is some distance from the ground, and the bare portions of the



(Fig. 193.) Wattled Basket of California Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

stakes form supports like legs. The jars are six feet high and three in diameter. The Gani of Central Africa build a granary on a platform supported by a circle of upright stones. The receptacle is a large cylinder of basket-work plastered with clay, and has a roof of bamboo thatched with grass.

Crossing the whole width of the Indian Ocean, Polynesia, and the Pacific, we find the same methods. The dome-shaped granary of the Gila Punos of California is made of stakes bent over, wattled with straw and rushes, and daubed with mud. The baskets, made of straw-rope sewed, are similar to the African, of which we shall speak presently, and are placed in these huts to hold the corn and wheat. Figure 193 shows the wattled osier basket of the McCloud and Hoopah Indians of California; and Figure 194 shows the structure more in detail. The basket is used for holding berries, salmon eggs, and other dainties, which are bruised up together and form a part of their winter store. The osiers are unpeeled and are bound two in a bunch, and then three where the basket contracts at the neck. The San Diego basket for storing acorns is four feet in diameter, and is made of wattled bunches of willow bands worked in spirally in an ingenious manner.



(Fig. 194.) Wattle Work.

The same plan of wattling is found in the roasting trays of the Pi-Utes and other Southwest tribes; the tray is made of wattled osiers, and is used in cooking grass seeds, grasshoppers, crickets, and various kinds of larvæ. The mode of using the tray is to put live coals along with grass seeds and insects into the tray and shake them up together. The osier wands are gathered together in a bunch to form the handle: the tray is also used in fanning grass seeds to remove the chaff. The acorn harvest and the grasshopper harvest are the two principal seasons of plenty and provision with some tribes of North American Indians.

Without baskets, what should people do who have no boards and no bricks? From the Zambesi to the Nubian Nile, Africa is dotted with isolated elevated structures to hold store of grain. The hippopotamus-hunters of the Zambesi store their maize in baskets so large that they are plaited by men standing inside. The Wanyamuezi raise upon legs a structure of the shape of a haystack; or the threshed grain is made into bundles

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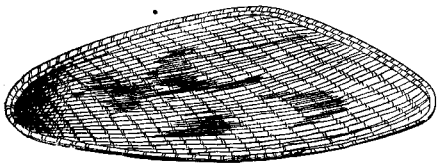
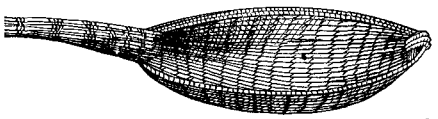
around a standing pole; or the package is suspended from the branch of a tree. The Dyoor (Upper Nile) granary



(Fig. 195.) Roasting Tray of the Pi-Utes. National Museum Exhibit.

is a bottle-shaped basket of wicker-work, six or seven feet high, inside the hut. It is daubed with clay on the outside to



(Fig. 196.) Roasting Tray of the Gros Ventres. National Museum Exhibit.

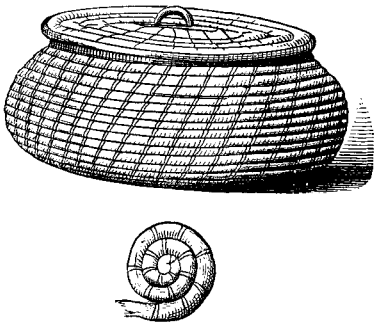
keep out the rats. The Kredy tribe (of the Upper Nile also) have large wicker baskets on platforms elevated so high that four women may grind grain at as many stones beneath. These are arranged on the four sides of a central basin into which the grain falls. The thatched roof rests on posts, over all. The baskets of the Sehre tribe are of a goblet shape, with artistic moldings and a central pedestal.

Even the poor Andamaner has a basket of wicker-work, which the woman carries on her hip.

For the purpose of the present series of articles Africa has been the most prolific of the continents of the world: nowhere else can the primitive conditions of mankind be so advantageously studied under different circumstances; not the most extreme variations, indeed, for Africa has no excessive cold, but still a wonderful variety, for the whole continent is savage in different degrees.

The basket-work of Africa is peculiar. While it cannot be said that no other type exists on the continent, nor that the African type is found nowhere else, we find the established method of manufacture in examples from Central Africa, the Gold Coast, Angola, Mozambique, Orange Free State, and the Cape of Good Hope. A long roll of grass is made, the stalks being laid up straight and the bundle preserving an even size, being bound at intervals, so as to make a smooth round cord usually about half an inch in diameter. Sometimes this is merely bound to hold it in shape, but in other instances it is wrapped, or, as the sailors term it, *served*, with grass previously dyed in colors, red, yellow, and black, alternating with bands retaining the natural color. The basket is commenced at the bottom, as shown in the lower part of Figure 197, and the layers are tightly bound or sewed together as the coil proceeds round and round. The plaiting or binding material is grass, rattan, or roof fibre; the latter is used by the Basuto Kafirs, being obtained from the *ficus capensis*, — which is the ordinary thread of these people, except for sewing furs together to form *karosses*, when sinew is used. The Basuto basket (Figure 198) is one foot in diameter; the rolls of long, dry, and tough grass as the coiling proceeds are sewed very tightly with a flat grass binding. The grass is threaded through a needle with two eyes.

In this mode the typical basket-work is abandoned, and instead of laying down



(Fig. 197.) Gold Coast Basket. British Colonies Exhibit.

a skeleton of radiating ribs which stand as a warp, — the comparison may be allowed, — the ribs being subsequently interlaced with another set of wands or strands answering to the woof, the bundle of fibres is coiled around spirally and the basket is built up into the shape

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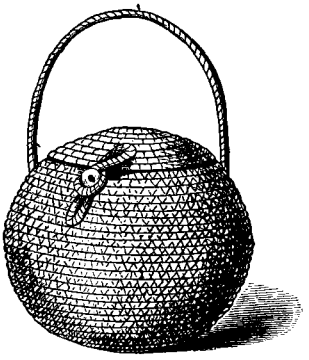
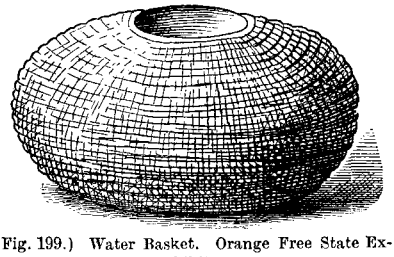
required, each coil being firmly bound or sewed to the preceding one, so tightly,



(Fig. 198.) Basuto Grass Basket. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

indeed, that when completed and well wetted it will hold water perfectly.

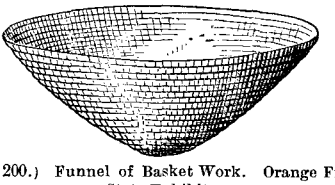
When the colored wrapping of the bundle is so close as to hide the original color of the grass, the sewing of the coils is not prominent; but in some cases the binding of the coils is by colored grass laid over so closely that no other coloring is required, and this ornamentation is done in patterns showing considerable taste. In the case of the closest work of all, from the Orange Free State (Figures 199 and 200) nothing is sacrificed to show, and the vessels are of their natural



(Fig. 199.) Water Basket. Orange Free State Exhibit.

grass color. Figure 199 shows the form of the Orange Free State ten-gallon water basket, and Figure 200 is a funnel made in like manner and used for filling the vessel. Besides the baskets and funnel shown in Figures 197–200, bowls, lids, mortars, and shields of various sizes are similarly made, the red, yellow, black, and white colors in variegation being the wrapping of the coil or the sewing by which the coil is built up. The baskets from the Gold Coast are from fifteen to twenty-four inches in diameter and from five to fourteen inches deep. The collection was made in the colony, and went from the Centennial to the ethnological collection of the British Museum; it was one of the most interesting in the Exhibition. The most perfect and largest baskets, however, were those from the Orange Free State, some being capable of containing ten gallons of water and holding full to the brim.

The ancient Egyptians made baskets and bags, netted, braided, plaited, wattled, and also of grass in rolls: some of their baskets were ornamented with cowries, much in the taste of the degraded Indians on our northern border, who



(Fig. 200.) Funnel of Basket Work. Orange Free State Exhibit.

ornament moccasins, pincushions, and toilet-mats with tawdry beads, bugles, and stained porcupine quills.

As has been stated above, the grass-roll mode of basket-making is not exclusively African, but is also found among the New Zealanders and some of the California Indians, and has even been discovered among the remains of the Switzerland lake-dwellers. It is, as it has been found in such far-distant parts of the world and at periods some scores of centuries removed, a good illustration not alone of the power of circumstances and opportunities in molding methods, but also of persistence in methods acquired. It is not to be supposed, however, that the use, which to us seems singular, of baskets for containing water, beer, and milk is occasioned by the lack of materials or skill to make vessels of wood or of clay. The Kafirs are skillful in making both of the latter, and this introduces another remarkable feature, which will be more particularly re-

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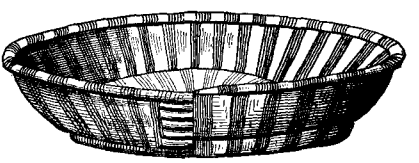
ferred to and illustrated elsewhere, that both the wooden and earthenware jars of the Kafirs are made in imitation of the basket: the wooden vessel is carved on the outside with bands or moldings representing the coils of the basket; the earthenware vessel is made by building up what may be called a rope of clay, coil upon coil, which closely resembles the mode of making the basket; and the likeness is still more increased by markings with knife or thumb nail upon the plastic clay. So the basket may be assumed to be the original, and to afford another instance of the persistence of method even in ornamentation.

Baskets laid up by interweaving in the ordinary manner are also made water-tight. The Kafir keeps his beer or milk in baskets: these are carefully made of grass, each row being beaten down with an instrument like a paper-knife. They are well soaked before being filled with liquid. Baskets in Zulu-land are made of grass stems and leaves, rushes, flags, reeds, bark, or osiers. Those made by natives of Lake Chia, near the Nyassa country, are woven so closely as to hold beer, like those of the Kafirs one thousand miles distant. Those of the Pimo Indians of the Gila are made of willow twigs, and are so closely plaited as to be impervious to water; the large, basin-shaped form is the most common. They are ornamented with black geometrical figures.

The granary of the Basutos of South Africa is an enormous basket made in the typical African manner by coiling cylindrical intertwisted bands of grass around and around, preserving the shape required, and sewing each layer with a needle having an eye at either end. The granary has a dome top and is water-proof. These granaries contain maize principally; it is shelled by making a heap of ears on the floor of a hut and pounding them with their *knob kerries*, the native club. Maize, an American plant, is now the staff of life to the Kafir; mush and milk form his principal diet. His beloved cows furnish occasional beef, but he kills them with reluctance. Millet, pumpkins, and *imphee*, allied to the sorghum, are also raised in Zulu-land. The use of corn is spreading over Africa, from the coast inward; in many regions it is not yet known. It is an important crop in Mediterranean countries; also at the Cape of Good Hope and the Orange River country, as we have said. Green ears and the meal of the ripe grain are highly esteemed on the Zambesi; Livingstone says it is there worth three cents per basket, but omits to state the capacity of the latter. Maize may be seen in all stages of growth, the year round, on the Zambesi. Corn is also grown in Ceylon. We learn from Bertolacci that in 1812 the Singhalese had not yet discovered that it could be made into bread, but roasted the grains.

Figure 201 is a tray-basket from Angola, of grass, and about eighteen inches



(Fig. 201.) Basket Tray of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

in diameter. The body of the basket follows the African type in being made of rolls of grass laid up spirally. Variously colored grasses, principally black and white, are laid over in stripes.

The Australian basket is made after the same manner as the African, the grass or reeds being formed into a long bunch which is wrapped spirally, laid up in coils, and secured by strong fibrous threads of chewed bulrush root.

The baskets and trays of Mesopotamia, shown in the Turkish exhibit in the Main Building, are made of coils in a similar manner to the African: Figures 202 and 203 are two examples. Mesopotamia, Persia, and the parts adjacent have been supplied with slaves from Africa by way of the Red Sea and Zanzibar for thousands of years past, and the typical African method may have been thus spread over Southwestern Asia.

Figure 204 is the meal-bag of Africa. It is of plaited grass with a covering of

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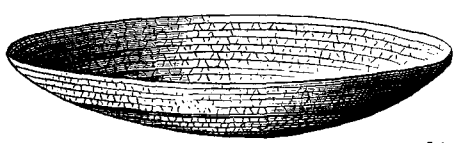
leathern strips and braided grass. The sling is of braided leathern cord, to suspend it from the shoulder or from the

(Fig. 202.) Mesopotamian Basket. Turkish Exhibit.

saddle of the camel. It has a leathern top, which makes it altogether about eighteen inches deep.

Grain of some kind is stored by all the natives of inhabitable Central Africa. Several sorts of granaries have been described in relation to their form and method as baskets, and several others, which are mainly of clay, will naturally be included in another article. Besides these mere receptacles they have some other modes of preservation: as, for instances, the Batoka tie up their maize

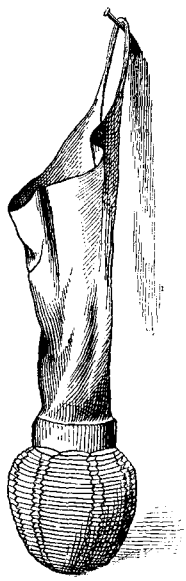


(Fig. 203.) Mesopotamian Tray. Turkish Exhibit.

in bundles of grass, plaster them with clay, and hide them in the sand of the low islands of the Zambesi; the Bawe, a Zambesi tribe also, swathe their grain in oblong grass parcels, and stack these in wooden frames; the Fans of the Gaboon pack pumpkin seeds in leaves and hang them in the smoke of their fires to ward off the attacks of insects: the seeds are boiled, the skins removed, the kernels macerated in oil and cooked.

The baskets of Madagascar might be expected to resemble those of the adjacent continent, but it seems to be otherwise. They are of rushes and grass, are in shape round or square, and generally have a cover. They appear to be made by plaiting in the material in what is technically known as basket-work, and not with spiral rolls sewed together, the prevailing African form. Malagasy industries and methods are more closely allied to the Malay than the African.

The granary baskets of the Gila Indians of California consist of wheaten straw ropes three inches thick, coiled up into vase shape, and sewed together in African style. The wheat or corn is stored in these granaries, which are capable of holding from ten to fifteen bushels each.



(Fig. 204.) Meal Bag of Sandan. *Egyptian* Exhibit.

The baskets of the Makal Indians of Washington Territory are made from spruce roots split into fine fibres by being broken across the edge of a paddle and plaited. The small baskets are so tightly wrought that they will hold water, and are colored with chewed salmon eggs ground with bituminous coal or vermilion, for a black or red color respectively. Larger baskets, for carrying loads, are of a wedge shape, are plaited open and of spruce roots. Common baskets, for holding dried fish or blankets, are made of splits from the liber of the cedar. Figure 205

(Fig. 205.) Sword for Beating Cedar Bark. National Museum Exhibit.

is a bone knife made from the rib of a whale and exhumed from a grave on Santa Barbara Island, off the coast of California. It is presumed to have been

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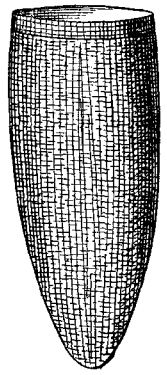
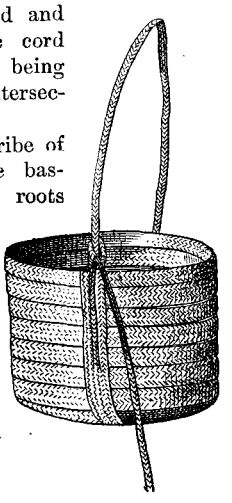
used in beating cedar bark to obtain fibre for baskets, mats, and cordage: the age of the graves is not known, and no natives survive who are able to help any hypothesis. The antiquity of the present processes is, however, distinctly indicated. Another basket of the Pacific coast is made of a species of dwarf cypress. The strands are woven so tightly as to hold water; a conical basket of this kind forms a water bowl, a vessel for grasshopper soup or acorn dough, or a cap. Food is even boiled in it.



(Fig. 206.) Gourd Sling. South Australian Exhibit.

A water-gourd sling from the South Australian exhibit is shown in Figure 206. It is a bag made of a fibre obtained by chewing the bulrush root to separate the filaments, which are rolled into a string between the hand and the thigh. The cord is then netted, being knotted at the intersections.

The Banyeti tribe of Africa also make baskets of the split roots of a certain tree.



(Fig. 207.) Bahama Basket. English Colonies Exhibit.

The Bahama collection exhibited, like many others, the extensive use of the palm leaf in domestic life. The basket in Figure 207 is made of a wide plait of palm leaf sewed up with a thread of bark or grass. The basket is fourteen inches in diameter, and the cord is a plaited tube of the same leaf.

The Uaupé Indians of Brazil use chests of plaited palm leaves to keep their feather ornaments in, and also make saucer-shaped baskets of palm leaf, much esteemed lower down on the Amazon.

The baskets of Fiji are plaited from the leaves of the dwarf pandanus (*pandanus odoratissimus*), from rushes, cocoa-nut leaves, sennit made from the coir of the cocoa-nut, from bamboo, and other of the abundant materials at hand. They are sometimes made double, and are occasionally edged with sennit of coir.

The baskets of the Dyaks of Borneo are made of the split leaf of the *nipa* palm, whose leaves are from fifteen to twenty feet in length. It grows in profusion by the water-side, and is the great necessity of the people for making baskets, mats, thatch, and sails. The strips for basket-making are about one twelfth of an inch wide, are stained in different colors, and are plaited in various geometrical patterns. The corners, as well as the top and bottom and the lid, are reinforced by strips of wood which are lashed to the basket with rattan, as with the Siamese basket (Figure 216) and several of the Chinese examples. These baskets have a combined strength and elasticity which wicker-work of osiers cannot command. The willow in any event is inferior in strength, toughness, and suppleness to the rattan, and fails as much in possessing the stiffness and strength of the bamboo strip.

The Shir women of the Upper Nile are skillful basket-makers, using the leaf of the *doum*-palm.

We have referred to several basket-making materials, grouping them together and considering in turn bark, leaves, withes, willows, rushes, grass, straw, leathern strips, roots, and palm-leaf splits, and now come to the best materials of all, which are tropical productions, the rattan (Malay, *rotan*) and bamboo.

We may first dispose of a somewhat exceptional case, a bucket-shaped berry receptacle (Figure 208), which is made of split sections of cane (*aurundinaria maczosperma*) wattled together with strips of bark. It was made by a Yaquima Indian at Sonora, Mexico.

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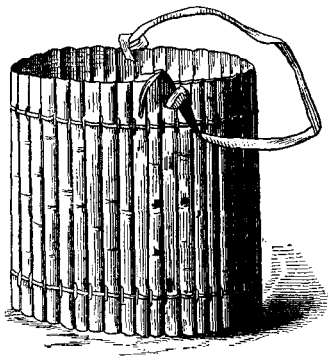
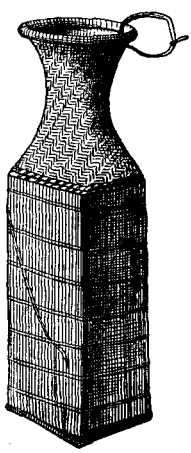
The Roman bee-hive (*alveare*) was of conoidal form, and made of strips of cork



(Fig. 208.) Cane Berry Basket. Sonora, Mexico. National Museum Exhibit.

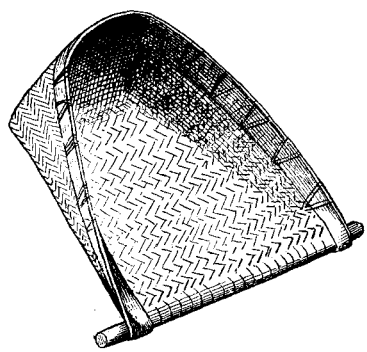
or stalks of fennel sewed together. Figure 211 is a rough affair, and very unlike Figure 209, which is an extremely light, bottle-shaped basket from Angola. The vertical splints of cane run throughout, and are plaited together to form the square bottom. The splints at the side are wattled with double thread, and they are plaited on the neck with circumferential splints. The basket is twenty inches high, and is evidently made by an ingenious African who had seen and admired some bottle imported by the Portuguese traders.



(Fig. 209.) Bottle-Shaped Basket of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

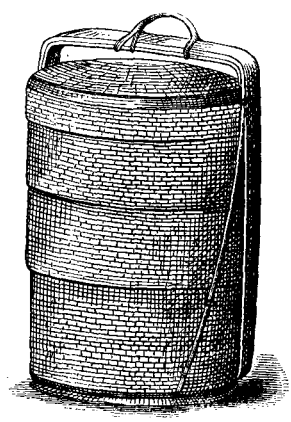
The scoops and trays of Angola are made from plaited bamboo strips. That shown in Figure 210 is ten inches wide, and the form agrees perfectly with the rice scoop of China shown in a previous article. Without absolute connection or acquaintance, there is a tendency among peoples having the same materials to use to run into the same forms, as we have previously had occasion to notice.

The Chinese and Japanese are very ingenious with rattan and bamboo, whole or split. The whole bamboo is used for very many purposes, but does not concern us here; the splits are used for baskets. Rattan, whole or split, is the common material, however. Figure 211 is a basket of rattan coils, fastened with rattan splints, and in a frame of the same. The height is sixteen inches. Three baskets are superimposed in the frame, each being a cover to the one beneath it, and the upper one having a lid. They fit much more accurately than shown in the



(Fig. 210.) Angola Scoop. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

illustration, the trays having been purposely disarranged to show the lines of demarkation between them. They are



(Fig. 211.) Rattan Basket. Chinese Exhibit.

used for carrying provisions or other things requiring separation.

Figure 212 has a bamboo frame bound with rattan and holding two baskets, each

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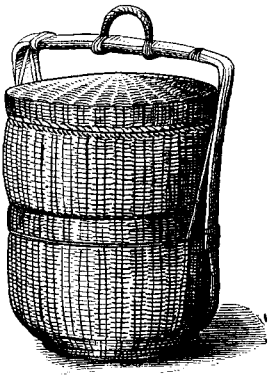
eighteen inches in diameter and eight inches deep. The baskets are made of

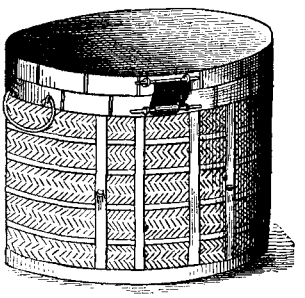


(Fig. 212.) Nest of Baskets. Chinese Exhibit.

wide strips of bamboo interlaced with finely split strips of the same, passing round and round and in and out of the flat pieces, which may be denominated the ribs.

Figure 213 is a Chinese basket made of thin bamboo splints in a frame of thicker and wider bamboo strips. The hinges consist each of a ring and two staples. A hasp in front has a loop which coincides with two loops driven into the basket frame. It holds about two bushels.

Figure 214 is a Siamese basket known to that curious people as *ta kraang dauk pekun*, — whatever that may mean, — and holds about three pecks. It is made with rattan rings and frame, plaited with split bamboo. The sides are



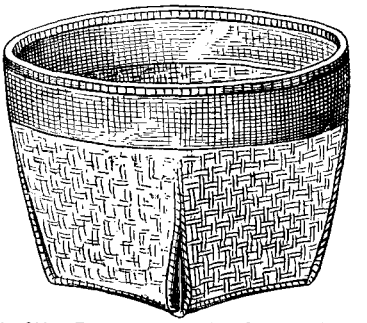
(Fig. 213.) Bamboo Basket. Chinese Exhibit.

made in four sections, and the square bottom forms another; these are very neatly sewn together, at the angles and to the frame, with strings of rattan.

The baskets of the Monbuttoo tribe of Central Africa are of rattan plaited. The Manganjas use split bamboo. The Bongos of the Upper Nile are remarkable for their attention to basket-work, using bamboos and leaves.

The seed *golahs* for storing indigo seed in Bengal are circular buildings of mat and bamboo, covered with a thickly thatched conical roof, the whole resting on a well-raised and arched foundation and floor of brick. The basket is universal in India, but a list of the kinds would not add materially to the previous statement.

We have several times already had occasion to compare the appliances of ancient Europe with those of modern Asia and Africa, and to advert to the fact that while advanced civilization has



(Fig. 214.) Rattan and Bamboo Basket. Siamese Exhibit.

introduced new tools and methods, those of the continents last named have practically remained stationary; the same is also true, in the main, of Europe on the Mediterranean. There are some things, however, made from material ready at hand and with but slight previous preparation, in which we may institute comparisons between ancient and modern Europe without finding much diversity. Take baskets, for instance: in neither variety of size, shape, nor material do the moderns greatly differ from or excel the ancients. The word "basket" is derived from the Welsh *basgawd*, which became the *bascauda* of the Romans and passed from the Latin into modern European languages, reappearing in Britain in its slightly modified form.

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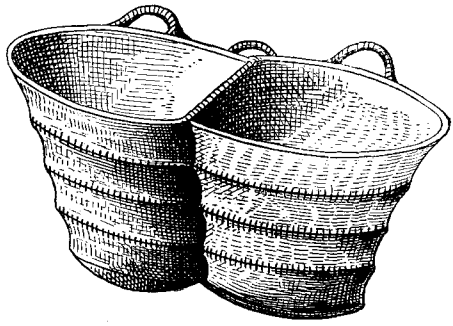
The baskets of the Britons were imported into Rome and carried their name with them, but the language was already rich in technical terms belonging to certain kinds, sizes, and shapes of wicker-work. The *æro* was a sand basket of osiers or rushes, used by the Roman soldiers in making earth-works and excavating ditches. The *scirpea* was a large willow or withe basket which was placed on a cart (*plaustrum*) to carry produce or manure. The *scirpicula* was its diminutive, and was an agricultural basket for ordinary purposes. The *corbis* had quite a range of usefulness, and was acorn-shaped, with a bow handle. The *corbis messoria* was used for measuring grain in the ear, the heads (*spicæ*) being reaped with as little straw as convenient by means of a sickle called *falx denticula*, on account of its teeth. The name corbis had its diminutive *corbula*, which still survives amongst the Neapolitan peasantry in their bread-basket, *la corbella*. From corbis came also *corbita*, a grain vessel, which had a corbis at the main-mast head. From corbita we have *corvette*. The *modius* was the basket measure for threshed grain. Then there was the *fiscus* or *fiscina*, a large basket with a flat bottom and straight, slightly flaring sides, like a tumbler. It was made of brown or unpeeled osiers, and used for common work on a farm or in stores; its diminutive *fiscella* was a more delicate basket of smaller size.

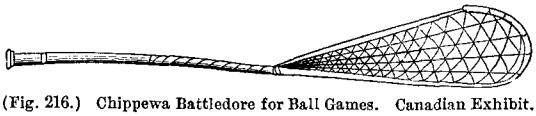
Besides these there were flat, tray-shaped baskets, the *cophinus* and *canistrum;* a handsome, tall, open-work basket for ladies' sewing, the *calathus;* a basket strainer of osiers, rushes, or bast, the *colum;* the *cavea viminea* or osier tray on which the Roman fullers exposed their cloth to the action of sulphur fumes; the *corbis constricta* or basket muzzle for horses when vicious, or to prevent their browsing the vines when plowing among them. We hardly possess as clearly definitive titles for the kinds of baskets in present use. The *bisaccium* was the double sack or pannier for throwing across the pack-saddle (*clitellæ*) of an animal. Now as of old time it is made of such material as comes handy: the Spanish broom (*spartium*) so often referred to by Pliny; the osiers (*salix vimenalis*) which grew so abundantly on



(Fig. 215.) Mule Panniers. Spanish Exhibit.

the river bottoms and in the wet places everywhere; the rushes and grasses of the same spots. Figure 215 shows Spanish panniers of plaited rushes. They are shown with the effect of packing upon them, but when in use the shape is modified by suspension across the back of the animal and the pressure of the contents. The pannier is also used in India upon the backs of oxen.

Allied by structure but divided by purpose is the battledore of the Indians of the plains, used in playing ball games. It has a frame of ash with interlaced deer sinews, more open in the meshes than those of their snow shoes. It is five feet long. This exceptional specimen brings before us similar structures for sleds, nets, hammocks, bags, and various other objects, but these will, some of them, be considered elsewhere if justified by the exhibits at the Centennial.



(Fig. 216.) Chippewa Battledore for Ball Games. Canadian Exhibit.

The Oriental hat is of basket-work. Shade and ventilation are the great needs, not warmth. The Chinese hat, for instance (Figure 217), is of bamboo splints, inside and out, inclosing leaves

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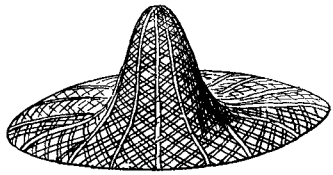
of the bamboo; the diameter of the brim is eighteen inches.

Figure 218 is a Siamese hat, — *gnaup*, in their language. It is eighteen inches



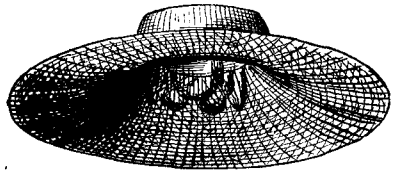
(Fig. 217.) Hat of Bamboo Splints. Chinese Exhibit.

in diameter, and is of plantain or bamboo leaf on a frame of rattan. The skeleton head-piece is lashed by rattan to the inside of the crown, and does not allow the head to touch the surface of the hat, thus securing perfect ventilation all round.

The Bornabi man of the Caroline Archipelago makes a sun-shade of leaves, which he ties around his head.

The Fiji turban consists of a delicate bark cloth (*masi*), perfectly white and six feet in length, fastened with a bow on the forehead or on top of the head. A water-proof cloak is made by them of a young banana leaf heated over a fire, which forms an elastic, thin, transparent garment, impervious to moisture and resembling oiled silk.

The hats of the Dyaks of Borneo are made from the gigantic leaves of the nipa palm, which grows in great abun-



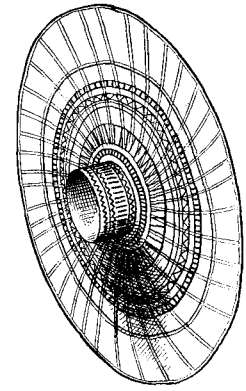
(Fig. 218.) Hat of Rattan and Leaves. Siamese Exhibit.

dance at the water's edge and has been previously referred to. The conical hats of Borneo are plaited of narrow strips of rattan, stained red, yellow, and black. A head-band of plaited palm leaf, fastened inside the hat, slips over the head.

The hat of the Bubes of Fernando Po is a flat, circular piece of wicker-work covered with monkey skin and used as a protection against tree snakes; the only additional dress is a closely fitting coat of palm-oil. The dress of the women is exactly the same, minus the hat.

Figure 219 is an umbrella hat of India, made of palm leaves laid upon a rattan frame. The hat is ornamented beneath with white paper, red cloth, mica, and green beetle-wing covers; also with pendants of mica and beads. The head-band is cylindrical, and is also of palm leaf with cloth binding. The brim is thirty-six inches in diameter, and bears the *palm* for size among Asiatic hats.

An umbrella hat (*chápeng*) worn by the common people of Java is of bamboo,



(Fig. 219.) Umbrella Hat of India. English Colonies Exhibit.

dyed in various colors and varnished, and has the shape of a reversed wash bowl.

The East Indian hats (*sola topee*) are made of the pith of a marsh plant, the *phool sola*, or light sponge wood. They are of various forms: helmet, pudding-crown, wide-awake, etc., and are worn by army officers and gentlemen of the civil service, as well as by the opulent natives.

Passing by one step to Africa we find three hats represented. Figure 220 is one from the Gold Coast; it might easily be mistaken for a shield, viewing either the original or the illustration. It is made of coarse rushes plaited from the centre in the regular manner of the palm-leaf hat. It is forty-two inches in diameter. In this instance the rushes are turned over on the edge and laid flat,

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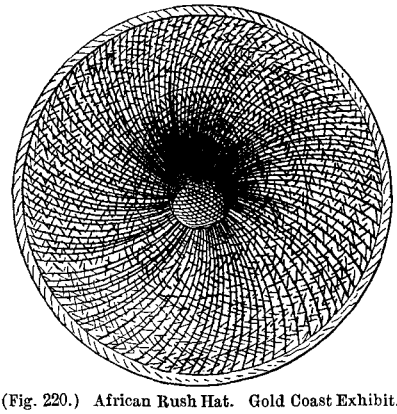
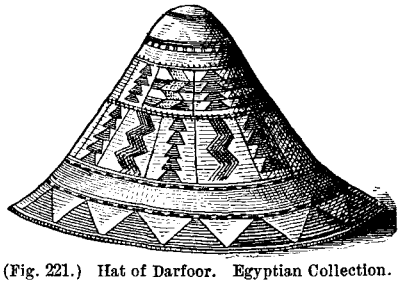
but in another hat in the same collection a fringe of rushes is made by allowing one set to project all round, the other set being laid back and fastened.



(Fig. 220.) African Rush Hat. Gold Coast Exhibit.

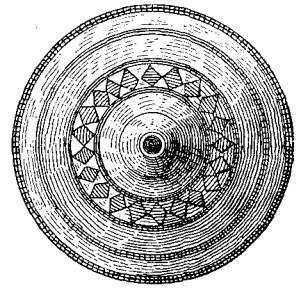
The Egyptian collection in the Main Building fortunately contained a number of trophies brought from Central Africa by Colonel Long, in the service of the Khedive. Figure 221 shows a hat of Darfoor, of conical form, sixteen inches high and twenty-six inches in diameter. It is made of grass coiled in the African mode, the stalks being made up into rolls one quarter of an inch in diameter, and *served*, as the sailors say, with gay-colored dyed grass. The colors being laid on according to a scheme, the effect when laid up into a hat is to make a very showy head-dress.



(Fig. 221.) Hat of Darfoor. Egyptian Collection.

Figure 222 is a hat from Senaar, also in the Egyptian collection. It is smaller and much flatter than the hat last shown, though made in the same way. It is sixteen inches in diameter, and, as was remarked of Figure 220, it might easily be mistaken for a shield, and in fact might be used as one upon occasion against weapons at long range, though it would not stop one of the Bongo spears or Niam-niam *trumbashes*. The hat of the Niam-niams is cylindrical without any brim. The chieftain's hat is made of skin; others, of plaited reeds.

Coming to America, we do not find much to remark; the savage people have abundant heads of hair, and prefer feathers to hats. Among the tribes which make baskets and bowls of grass and reeds, there exists a practice of using the same shallow basket-tray for mixing acorn dough, holding water, gathering berries, or covering the head. There were bowls in plenty in the National Museum exhibit, but they do not differ materially from those already shown, and either of them might be a hat upon occasion. Conical hats are made by the Makah Indians of Cape Flattery, Washington Territory, from spruce roots split into fine fibres and plaited so closely as to resist water. They are colored black or red, with bituminous coal and vermilion respectively, the pigment being ground with chewed salmon eggs, which yield a glutinous substance that dries readily and is very durable. The designs are drawn with brushes made of chewed sticks or bunches of human hair.



(Fig. 222.) Hat of Senaar. Egyptian Exhibit.

The helmet-shaped hat of the Apache is of deer-skin, fitting closely to the head and covered on the top with a bunch of feathers. It is strangely like a Grecian helmet.

One more subject illustrating the art of plaiting, and we close this article. Figure 223 is a Trinidad fan of cane

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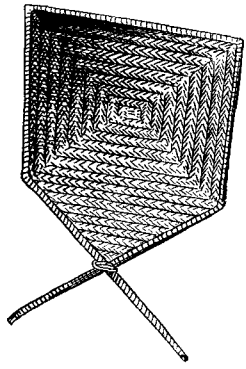
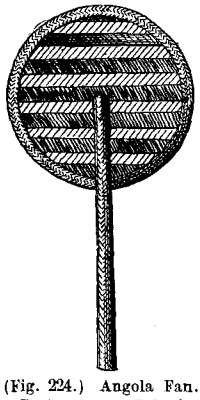
splints, so plaited that the natural yellow outside color of the cane is contrasted by alternation with the light color of



(Fig. 223.) Cane Splint Fan. Trinidad Exhibit.

the split side. The fan is twelve inches across the side. The sticks are bundles of the same splints.

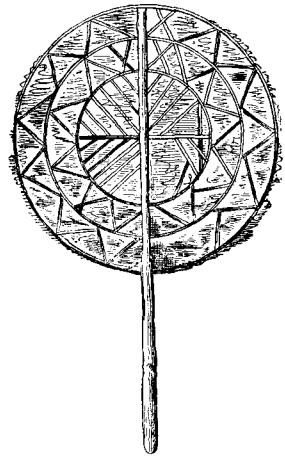
The Uaupé Indians of Rio dos Uaupé in Brazil use plaited fans for blowing the fire and turning the mandioca cakes. The common palm-leaf fan of our country is made in the East and West Indies from a portion of the leaf and stalk, the leaf being bound on the edges with strips and thread. The Japanese fan is of bamboo and paper: a stalk of bamboo forms the handle, and is divided into a number of splints which are displayed in fan shape and fastened in position, while paper is applied on each side. The Chinese fan is a number of slips which are covered with paper, folding up in the familiar manner. Other nations make use of leaves simply. With the finer and ornate we have no special concern here.



(Fig. 224.) Angola Fan. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

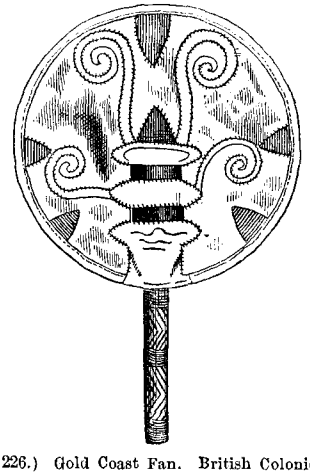
The fan of sticks and cloth, to open and shut, is not strictly modern nor exclusively Chinese. It was used by the Romans; they also had round fans on handles, some made of lotus leaves, and others graceful or barbaric with peacock's feathers and other materials. The Egyptian and Assyrian remains also exhibit gorgeous fans and fly brushes.

The fans of Fiji are made from the leaf of the dwarf pandanus, from coir, or from rushes, and display great taste in shape and texture.



(Fig. 225.) Fan of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

Figures 224 and 225 are fans of Angola. The former is of plaited plantain



(Fig. 226.) Gold Coast Fan. British Colonies Exhibit.

leaf, and has a handle of wood plaited over with the same. Figure 225 has circular and radial strips of bamboo in-

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closing a thin mat of fine roots laid promiscuously.

The Gold Coast showed fans of goat-skin with the hair on, and varying from eight to fifteen inches in diameter. The handles are plaited with black and green leathern strips, and the fans themselves are ornamented with red and blue flannel patches and strips, sewed on with green leathern strings. Figure 226 shows a fan of this description.

The list, so far as the present article is concerned, terminates at this point. There are various other applications of plaiting, spinning, braiding, weaving, and netting, but these generally embrace operations upon a small fibre which is twisted into a yarn and then subjected to the processes which convert it into a cord, braid, or web.

These involve a different series of operations from basket-work, and will form the subject of some succeeding articles.

Edward H. Knight.

THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

THE association of citizens known as the vigilance committee, which was organized in San Francisco on the 15th of May, 1856, has had such an influence on the growth and prosperity of that city that now, at the end of twenty-one years, a true account of the origin and subsequent action of that association will be read with interest.

For some time the corruption in the courts of law, the insecurity of the ballot-box at elections, and the infamous character of many of the public officials had been the subject of complaint, not only in San Francisco, but throughout the State of California.

It was evident to the honest and respectable citizens of San Francisco that if the vote by ballot was no longer to be an indication of the will of the people, and if the trial by jury was not to be a protection to the individual, it would become the duty of the people to protect themselves by reforming the courts of law, and by taking the ballot-box from the hands of greedy and unprincipled politicians. In such cases it is easier to see the necessity than it is to provide the means of reform.

Although the vigilance committee, in the summer of 1851, had done much good, and its beneficial effects had been proved by time, yet the members of that association who were still living in San Francisco did not wish again to have recourse to so dangerous a remedy, if there were any other means of correcting the evils which had become almost insupportable.

There were two newspapers in San Francisco which represented the two parties thus opposed to each other: the people were represented by the Evening Bulletin, and the politicians by the Sunday Times. The Evening Bulletin was edited by James King, better known in San Francisco as James King of William. Mr. King had been a resident of San Francisco since the early days of gold, and had become a journalist in 1855, after going through the vicissitudes of a business life as banker, financial agent, etc. He was a man of good education, and much respected.

The editor of the Sunday Times was James P. Casey. Mr. Casey was well fitted to act as champion of the political gamblers in San Francisco, for he had spent two years in Sing Sing prison before coming to California, and he had the reputation of being the most accomplished stuffer of ballot-boxes in the city of San Francisco.

There was war between the Sunday

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Times and the Evening Bulletin, and Casey, finding himself no match for Mr. King with the pen, had recourse to the pistol.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 14, 1856, Mr. King left his office, about five o'clock, with the intention of going home to dinner. Casey was watching for him, and as King crossed the street at the intersection of Montgomery and Washington streets, Casey confronted him, and presenting a pistol shot him in the left breast. Mr. King exclaimed, "I am shot!" and was assisted into the office of the Pacific Express Company, which was close at hand. As soon as the shot was fired, Casey ran up Washington Street to the station-house, where he delivered himself into the hands of the police. The latter, knowing that Casey could easily be taken from them if a serious attack should be made on the station-house, were anxious to remove him to the county jail on Broadway. A carriage was brought to the entrance of Dunbar's Alley on Washington Street, and Casey came from the rear of the station-house, attended by the city marshal and followed by a party of police. The carriage moved slowly on, and Casey with his escort came after, not wishing to attract attention by entering the carriage while in view of the crowd who were collected on the scene of the affray. Their movements were observed, however, and there was a rush of people from Montgomery Street in pursuit. The officers immediately hurried Casey into the coach, which was driven at full speed through Kearney Street to Broadway. The crowd on foot were quickly outstripped, and in a few minutes Casey was inside the jail.

The numerous incidents of this eventful afternoon, the shooting of Mr. King, the flight of Casey to the station-house, and his subsequent escape, had followed each other with such rapidity that it was yet daylight when the crowd surrounded the jail. The excitement was intense. It had been rumored that a large armed force was collecting for the purpose of taking Casey from the hands of the officers; when, therefore, a party of men with muskets and bayonets made their appearance, the crowd hailed them with enthusiasm, but they proved to be volunteers coming to protect the jail, and the popular tone changed at once.

Mr. Van Ness, the mayor of the city, addressed the crowd, warning them that their conduct was illegal. He told them that no action of theirs could lead to any good, but that it might lead to occurrences which they would all regret. He also assured them that the prisoner was safe, and that justice would be done.

While this was going on in front of the jail, Mr. King was lying in the office of the express company. The wound had been examined, and it was found that the ball had entered the left breast, had passed upward underneath the clavicle, and had gone out at the back of the shoulder. The surgeons could not say whether the wound would prove fatal.

Throughout the city there was great excitement; a number of violent speeches were made in the streets, and a meeting was held in the Plaza between nine and ten o'clock, but no leaders came forward. A large concourse of people remained in the vicinity of the jail. Several volunteer companies, mounted and on foot, came on the ground prepared to stand guard for the night. The crowd gradually dispersed, and by one o'clock in the morning the streets were perfectly quiet.

During the evening some of the members of the vigilance committee of 1851 came together for the purpose of reorganizing and forming another committee. The next day (the 15th) a set of rules and regulations were drawn up, which each member was obliged to sign. The committee took spacious rooms, and all citizens of San Francisco having the welfare of the city at heart were invited to join the association. Several thousands enrolled themselves in a few days.

The governor of California at this time was Mr. J. Neely Johnson; he lived at Sacramento, the seat of government. The major-general of the second division of state militia (which included the city and county of San Francisco) was Mr. William T. Sherman, who had resigned his commission in the United States

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army and had become a partner in the banking house of Lucas, Turner, & Co., in San Francisco. He had accepted the appointment as major-general at the urgent request of Governor Johnson.

Governor Johnson left Sacramento as soon as he heard of the shooting of Mr. King, and arrived in San Francisco on Thursday evening (the 15th); he was received at the wharf by General Sherman and one or two friends. They went first to a hotel, where they discussed the existing state of affairs, and then to the place where the vigilance committee were in session. The governor sent a message to the president of the committee, Mr. William T. Coleman, requesting an interview. After some delay Mr. Coleman appeared. It was not easy for the leader of a vigilance committee and the chief magistrate of the State to agree, but at last they came to an understanding which was satisfactory to Governor Johnson and his friends. The next day the anti-vigilance party were very indignant with the governor for "stooping to make terms with rebels," and the vigilance committee said Mr. Coleman had no right to make important concessions without consulting the executive committee, so that matters remained very much as they were beforehand.

General Sherman had given orders to the police to take all the muskets of the volunteer companies from the armories and to put them in the guard-rooms of the court-house and jail. This was a most ill-advised measure and was resented by the volunteers, who secured such arms and ammunition as they could, and then disbanding they joined the vigilance committee. The sheriff, finding himself left without assistance, issued a call for aid, addressed to all citizens of San Francisco. To this call nearly one hundred persons responded; they went with the sheriff to the jail, and were supplied by him with arms and ammunition taken from the armories.

Saturday (the 17th) was a very quiet day. Mr. King's wound was said to be not necessarily fatal. The vigilance committee had received many new members, but the selected few of the executive committee alone knew what course would be taken.

The members of the vigilance committee were divided into companies of one hundred, each company having a captain. Early on Sunday (the 18th) orders were sent to the different captains to appear with their companies ready for duty at the head-quarters of the committee, in Sacramento Street, at nine o'clock. When all the companies had arrived, they were formed into one body, in all about two thousand men. Sixty picked men were selected as a guard for the executive committee. At half-past eleven the whole force moved in the direction of the jail. A large number of spectators had collected, but there was no confusion, no noise. They marched through the city to Broadway, and there formed in the open space before the jail. After the different companies had been placed in the positions assigned to them, the houses opposite the jail were searched for men and arms secreted there, the committee wishing to prevent any chance of a collision which might lead to bloodshed. A cannon was then brought forward and placed in front of the jail, the muzzle pointed at the door. The executive committee were standing near the jail with their guard. Three of this committee ascended the steps of the jail, and addressing the sheriff through the wicket told him they had come for James Casey. The sheriff went to Casey's cell and told him the vigilance committee had come for him, and that he had not force enough to resist them. At first Casey refused to be taken away, but the president of the committee having promised him that he should be treated with kindness and should have a fair trial, he consented, and was taken to a carriage in front of the jail.

Charles Cora was at this time confined in the jail on a charge of murder. Cora had killed Mr. Richardson, the United States marshal, on the 7th of November, 1855. He had been tried once, but the jury disagreed, and he was now waiting a second trial. The committee requested the sheriff to deliver Cora into their hands. He refused, and they

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gave him an hour to think of it. In the mean time Casey was taken to the rooms of the committee, and after much delay Cora was given up and was removed to Sacramento Street. Casey and Cora were placed in comfortable rooms prepared for them in the committee building, and the important work of the day being finished the members who were under arms were permitted to go, a sufficient guard being retained for the protection of the building.

The condition of Mr. King had been favorable, and there were hopes of his recovery until Monday night, when he began to sink rapidly, and on Tuesday, the 20th of May, he died. The announcement of his death produced a profound sensation in San Francisco, and every one wished to know what the committee would do.

Thursday the 22d was appointed as the day for the funeral of Mr. King. The committee had intended to execute Casey and Cora on Friday, both men having been tried and convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. But information had been received of an intended attack upon the committee rooms during the funeral of Mr. King, when it was supposed that many of the members would be absent and the building would be only partially guarded. Orders were given, therefore, for full attendance on Thursday. The committee came together in the morning, nearly three thousand strong. The streets in the vicinity of the building were cleared, and a strong guard was placed to protect all approaches to the rooms.

Preparations had been made for hanging the prisoners from the front of the building on Sacramento Street. Casey and Cora were Catholics, and were attended by the Reverend Father Gallagher, a most worthy and excellent man. Shortly after one o'clock the prisoners came upon the platform, and were told that if they wished to make any statements time would be given them. Casey was very much agitated, and spoke for some time, exclaiming that he was not a murderer. Cora, on the contrary, was perfectly calm and did not utter a word, merely shaking his head when asked if he wished to say anything. After Casey stopped speaking, Father Gallagher said a few words to the prisoners, the fatal signal was given, and the two men died with scarcely a struggle.

This very decided action on the part of the committee quite disconcerted their opponents. The executive committee finding that the power they held was perfectly under control, and that there was no danger of any popular excesses, determined to continue their work and rid the country of the gang of ruffians which had for so long a time managed elections in San Francisco and its vicinity. These men were all well known, and were ordered to leave San Francisco. Many went away. Those who refused to go were arrested and taken to the rooms of the committee, where they were confined until opportunities offered for shipping them out of the country.

General Sherman has given his recollections of the vigilance committee of 1856 in a letter addressed to Judge Stephen J. Field of the supreme court at Washington, and published in the Overland Monthly of February, 1874. He says: "Everybody supposed that when this funeral was over [that is, the funeral of Mr. King] the matter was at an end; but to our surprise the vigilance committee maintained its organization, erected a silly fort in front of their rooms, kept a sentinel on the top of their buildings, and undertook the great task of reforming things generally. They notified a good many people to leave the country, and used force, when necessary, to give effect to their decrees. The same influence began to work inside their organization which perverts and poisons all our political organizations. While the better elements of society were at work intent on their own personal affairs, the idle and vagabond sought the power in existence for an easy support, and through the vigilance committee they became what our ward politicians are at all times. Even Sydney convicts became judges and constables."[1]

[1] See Overland Monthly for February, 1874, volume xii., page 111

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That a graduate of West Point should sneer at a party of merchants trying to make efficient troops out of a few thousand men who were almost entirely ignorant of military discipline is as natural as that a well-educated merchant should smile at the blunders of a retired captain of artillery who was trying to carry on an extensive banking business. General Sherman was no banker, but simply from the payment of his household bills or the settlement of his mess accounts he should have learned enough of the value of money to know that men of business, who had leagued together for the avowed purpose of driving the idle and the vicious from their midst, would not keep up at a great expense an establishment like the committee rooms as a lounging place for political vagabonds. Nor, when they had bound themselves by oath to risk their lives and fortunes in endeavoring to purify the courts of law and in checking the corruption of the police, would they deliberately appoint Sydney convicts to be their judges and constables.

Toward the end of May, Governor Johnson, who had returned to Sacramento, appealed to General Sherman for advice and assistance in putting a stop to the vigilance committee. At this time General Wool was in command of the United States troops, and Commodore Farragut had charge of the navy yard. Both were stationed at Benicia. General Sherman met the governor by appointment at Benicia, and on the 31st of May they applied to Commodore Farragut for a vessel of war to be anchored off San Francisco. The commodore refused, because the orders of the navy forbade his using a national vessel in any local trouble. They also applied to General Wool for arms and ammunition from the United States arsenal. General Sherman describes his visit to Benicia, and says that General Wool promised to supply arms and ammunition should they be required after Governor Johnson had endeavored to induce the vigilance committee to disband. General Wool denied having made any such promise, and said that he could not lend property of the United States without orders from Washington.

When Governor Johnson returned to Sacramento, a writ was issued, at his request, by Judge Terry of the supreme court, commanding the sheriff of San Francisco to bring before him one William Mulligan, who was then in the hands of the vigilance committee. This writ was presented at the committee rooms, but the deputy-sheriff who tried to serve it was refused admittance. Such a refusal had been expected, and Governor Johnson sent an order to General Sherman to call upon the militia and volunteer companies of his division to assist in enforcing the laws. On the 3d of June, the governor issued a proclamation declaring the city of San Francisco in a state of insurrection. On the 5th of June, General Sherman issued a general order to those subject to military duty, calling on them to enroll themselves according to law, and promising to provide them with arms and ammunition. He shortly afterward went to Benicia to see General Wool about the supply of arms, etc. General Wool handed him a sealed letter. "It was inconclusive. He did not therein, in terms, deny having made the promise; but he referred to some old law and army regulation forbidding the issue of government arms to citizens without the orders of the war department. After this interview I returned to Governor Johnson's room, and gave it as my opinion that it would be useless to attempt to move General Wool from his resolve not to help us with arms. I sat down, wrote my resignation, which he accepted, and he immediately appointed to my place Volney E. Howard, then present." [1]

General Howard went on with the enrollment of militia, already begun by General Sherman, and obtained a number of recruits, who were drilled in the different armories in San Francisco.

It was well known that Governor Johnson and his friends at Sacramento were trying to remedy the refusal of General Wool by obtaining a supply of arms and ammunition elsewhere. About the mid-

[1] Letter to Judge Field, in Overland Monthly

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dle of June, the vigilance committee received notice that a quantity of arms would be sent to San Francisco by orders of the governor and General Howard. It was supposed that these arms were on board the schooner Mariposa, and the committee sent a small vessel in charge of a member named Durkee, with instructions to seize the arms if possible. On the night of June 20th, Mr. Durkee overhauled the Mariposa, and removed all the arms and ammunition to his own vessel. The Mariposa was in charge of a man named Reuben Maloney, who had with him some men to work the vessel. As Durkee had no instructions concerning prisoners, he allowed Maloney and his men to go their way, and in a few hours both vessels were at the wharf in San Francisco.

When the executive committee came together on Saturday morning (June 21st) and heard what had happened during the night, they decided to have Maloney up for examination, as they wished to know who had employed him to bring these weapons to San Francisco. One of the vigilance police, named Sterling A. Hopkins, was sent to look for Maloney. He was at the office of Dr. Richard Ashe, the United States navy agent. Hopkins, with two others of the committee, went to the office at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and there they met not only Dr. Ashe and Maloney, but Judge Terry and several of his friends.

When Hopkins announced his intention to arrest Maloney, Dr. Ashe said he would not permit him to take Maloney from the room, and Judge Terry said he would not allow any arrest to be made in his presence. Hopkins, who was determined to make the arrest, went away to obtain more force. As soon as he left the room, Judge Terry and the others, taking such weapons as they could find, left the house with the intention of conducting Maloney for safe-keeping to an armory at the corner of Dupont and Jackson streets. As they went up Jackson Street, they were followed by Hopkins and his party. Dr. Ashe and Judge Terry, who brought up the rear, leveled their muskets and bade the vigilance men keep back. Hopkins sprang forward to seize Terry's musket. Terry had his finger on the trigger, when another vigilance man caught his hand. Terry immediately dropped the musket, and drawing a large knife he stabbed Hopkins in the neck. They all then ran to the armory, where they were admitted.

Hopkins was carried into the Pennsylvania engine house close by, and a physician was sent for, who pronounced the wound dangerous.

News of the affray was at once carried to the committee rooms. The signal for a general meeting under arms was sounded, and in a short time fifteen hundred men were reported ready for duty. In an hour four thousand men were under arms and prepared to act against the so-called law-and-order party, who were collected in force at the different armories.

These armories were surrounded; sentries were placed around the building where Judge Terry and his friends had taken refuge, with orders to let no one in or out until the will of the executive committee could be ascertained. In a short time two members of the executive committee came to the door and officially demanded the persons of Judge Terry and of Reuben Maloney. Carriages were brought, and Terry, Ashe, and Maloney were taken to the committee rooms, after which all the arms and ammunition were carried to Sacramento Street. The other armories were treated in the same manner.

In this way was settled the question of power between the vigilance committee, who wished to restore order and were working to establish an honest judiciary and a pure ballot, and their opponents, the law-and-order party, who wished to uphold the dignity of the law by means of a butcher's knife in the hands of a judge of the supreme court.

Although the committee were masters in San Francisco, their position was made more precarious by the very fact of their having disarmed their opponents. The attention of the whole Union was attracted to the state of things in California, and it was rumored that instruc-

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tions had been sent from Washington to all the United States vessels in the Pacific to proceed at once to San Francisco; and that orders were on the way, placing the United States military force in California at the disposal of Governor Johnson.

The committee went on steadily with their work, of which it is not necessary to give a detailed account. All the important changes which they had undertaken had been carried out successfully, and they would gladly have given up the responsibility they had assumed had it not been for the case of Judge Terry.

Hopkins, the man who had been stabbed, remained in a very critical condition, and until he was out of danger they could not release Terry.

It was a most perplexing position. Should Hopkins die, it would be impossible for the committee to avoid hanging Judge Terry. If Hopkins recovered and Terry were released, no one could say what he would do in revenge; and to retain him in custody would be a sufficient excuse for his friend Governor Johnson to bombard the city.

At last the physicians announced that Hopkins was out of danger, and on the 7th of August Judge Terry was released. He returned immediately to Sacramento, but did not resume his seat on the supreme bench until after the vigilance committee had disbanded.

Having got rid of Judge Terry, the committee prepared to bring their labors to a close, and on the 18th of August the whole association, numbering over five thousand men, after marching through the principal streets of San Francisco, returned to their head-quarters in Sacramento Street, where after delivering up their arms they were relieved from further duty. This parade was spoken of by the opponents of the committee as "insolent display," "foolish braggadocio," "defiance of the existing authorities," etc., but in reality it was merely an act of precaution on the part of the committee for their future protection. The men who took the arms from the schooner Mariposa were under heavy bail, waiting their trial for piracy; and who could tell what other arrests would be made, or what suits might be brought?

The committee as a body had undoubtedly acted contrary to law, and could be legally proved guilty of grave offenses. Of course, five thousand men could not be arrested and tried for these offenses; but the executive committee were men of mark and well known in San Francisco, and any one of them was liable to arrest and trial for false imprisonment, and even murder, unless it could be shown that the responsibility for his acts would be assumed by five thousand men ready and able to protect him.

This was considered to be a formal disbanding of the association. On the 18th of May, Casey and Cora were taken from the county jail, and for three months the members of the committee of vigilance had held themselves in readiness to come together at a moment's warning, at any hour of the day or night, and obey the orders of the little band of resolute men whom they had selected as their leaders.

In the following November there was an election of city and county officers. Everything went off very quietly. A "people's ticket," bearing the names of thoroughly trustworthy citizens, irrespective of party, was elected by a large majority, and for the last twenty years San Francisco has had the reputation of being one of the best-governed cities in the United States.

Among other benefits derived from the action of the vigilance committee was the settlement of the title to real estate in the city and county of San Francisco. Suits had been brought before the United States land commissioners to prove the validity of two Mexican grants, one of which was in favor of José Limantour, and the other in favor of a person named Santillan. These two grants covered the whole city of San Francisco, except such portion as was built on made land along the water front; so that Limantour, for instance, could claim one half of a large warehouse, while the other half would belong to the owner who had filled in and built upon a water lot. The Limantour claim was confirmed by the

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land commissioners in February, 1856, and the Santillan claim was still under examination, when, early in May, the owners of real estate in San Francisco were startled by a statement made by Mr. Alfred A. Green, to the effect that he was in possession of original Mexican title-deeds which would prove the distinct secularization and establishment of the present site of San Francisco as a pueblo or incorporated town. If these papers were genuine, then the claims of Limantour and Santillan were fraudulent. A public meeting was held, and a committee was appointed to examine the papers and report as to their genuineness and actual value. The committee reported that the papers were undoubtedly genuine and were of great importance, because, in connection with other documents already known, the boundaries of San Francisco could be established beyond a doubt. When Mr. Green was asked to name a price for these papers, he demanded fifty thousand dollars, which was considered exorbitant. While the subject was still under discussion, there came the murder of Mr. King and the action of the vigilance committee. In the course of their investigations the committee had reason to think that these papers had not come into Green's hands in a legitimate manner, but had been obtained either by force or fraud from one Tiburcio Vasquez, who had been an official of the pueblo in former times. Mr. Green and his two brothers were therefore requested to appear at the committee rooms, where it was represented to them that some irregularities of theirs might get them into trouble, and that they had much better take a reasonable sum for the "pueblo papers" or they might be wanted for something more disagreeable than receiving money. On the 27th of September the vigilance committee paid twelve thousand dollars for these papers, and presented them to the city, thus settling a dispute which would have led to endless litigation, and have made all titles to real estate insecure. Limantour was afterward tried for forgery and found guilty, but he forfeited his bail and left the country.

Thomas G. Cary.

ASTERS.

HUED like the wild grapes in their yellowing bowers,
Like these you are children of no fervid skies,
Yet wear the deep rich color of hot Julys,
Of days when the cattle pant, the blue storm lowers.
But now, in the mellow lull of dreamy hours,
Or when to its random bourne the red leaf flies,
Your stars, in delicate clusters, gently rise
On the autumn's lovely firmament of flowers!

You are bathed in dying summer's purple haze,
Yet rigorous breezes to your blooms are dear,
And silvery glimmers of cold sunset lights;
And where you group in sweet fortuitous ways,
To watch your feathery beauty is to hear
The plaintive katydid plead through sharp moist nights!

Edgar Fawcett.

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THREE BOSTON PAINTERS.

BOSTON has no annual exhibition like those of London, Paris, and New York, in which, theoretically at least, the best work of the year in art is brought together. The Boston Art Club does indeed give two or three exhibitions each year, but, like those of the old Athenæum and of the short-lived Allston Club, these are largely composed of pictures loaned by their proprietors and the work of non-residents and foreigners. There has never been in the New England metropolis a regular recurrence of artistic tournaments, like those of the English Royal Academy and the French Salon, to which living artists are invited to send their own works in open competition with their contemporaries.

In default of the comprehensive view afforded by these great art fairs, he who would inform himself of the condition of contemporary art in Boston must take advantage of the lesser opportunities of which there is an almost constant succession. The Art Club, as already mentioned, occasionally opens its doors to the public the receptions of the Palette Club afford to the favored few specially invited an interesting study of the work of students and amateurs, interspersed with frequent contributions of painters of established reputation; but the chief resource must be the galleries of the principal art dealers, where beside the constantly changing stock of works on sale there are frequently to be seen special collections of pictures by resident artists.

Of the many such collections exhibited during the past year, some of which have been noticed in the Art department of this magazine, none were more important or more interesting than those of Messrs. W. M. Hunt, George Fuller, and J. Appleton Brown.

Whatever differences exist between these three painters, — and they are many and great, — they have at least this in common: that there is in all their works an element of poetry, whether of incident, or of suggestion, or, more fundamentally important than either, that strictly pictorial kind of poetry which is the expression of the artist's intense appreciation of the beauty of form, of color, of the effects of light and shade, which he finds in his subject and which become the *motive* of his picture, the *reason why* he paints it, its inspiration.

A striking instance of this last kind of poetry is to be found in a small sketch, or study, though most certainly a picture, which was on the whole the most attractive feature of Mr. Hunt's exhibition. The subject is a very simple one. Two youths have come to bathe at evening in a secluded pool, shut in by a dense screen of foliage. One of them has waded out into the water until it has reached his armpits, bearing his companion upon his shoulders. The latter has raised himself to an erect position and stands with outstretched arms, preparing himself for the plunge which is evidently to follow. Both turn their backs to the spectator and their faces are invisible. The clear pearly white of the bathers' naked flesh, relieved against the dark green background, together with the beauty of the unclothed youthful figures, hesitating between action and repose, motionless yet full of movement, constitutes the whole picture, one which has all its attractiveness, all its charm, all its poetry, within itself, and owes nothing to suggestions from without.

It is to be regretted that a wider publicity could not be given to this charming sketch than that resulting from its too brief exhibition; that it could not, for instance, be reproduced in etching, that most fascinating form of art now so popular in France and England, and to which it seems to be admirably adapted.

In another of Mr. Hunt's works there is also a group of bathers, but instead of being the principal feature they are accessory to the landscape, which, in this

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case, constitutes the picture. The hour is shortly after sunset. Near the horizon the cloudy sky is faintly streaked with red, while a ruddy glow, feebly contending with the prevailing gray, flushes the heavens and is repeated in the glassy surface of the stream. Less effective or less striking pictorially, less a picture in itself than the other, at least at the first glance, it has a charm of suggestiveness not felt and not needed in that, and may be taken as a good instance of another way in which a picture may be said to be poetical: namely, when it inspires in the sympathetic beholder poetic thoughts not arising directly from the artistic or poetical treatment of form, light and shade, and color. The theme, the motive, is evening; the moment when —

> "fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
> And all the air a solemn stillness holds," —

a solemn stillness that seems, indeed, to be the prevailing sentiment of the picture; a stillness made only more marked by the fancied sound of shouts and laughter and of plashing water coming faintly from the distant group of bathers.

In yet another of Mr. Hunt's pictures may be found an instance of a third kind of poetical interest which may attach to a work of art, the poetry of incident.

The scene here represented is again sunset or early twilight, the after-glow of a November day. A russet rather than a rosy light still lingers in the sky, and a few faint crimson streaks mark the spot where the sun has just gone down behind the steep hill-side, which occupies the greater part of the canvas and at whose foot the spectator is supposed to be placed. Just beyond the crest of the hill we see, as we look up, an ox-cart, and two men at work gathering in corn-stalks from the pyramidal heaps in which they had been left to dry after the corn itself was harvested. A few *stooks*, only, are still standing, rising dark above the line of the hill-top against the evening sky, which, though warm in color, is suggestive of cold, — the harbinger of a frosty night. One of the men on the top of the load, already piled high, stoops to arrange in due order the bundles of stalks which the other lifts to him on the point of his fork. On the right, in a depression between the hills, a line of apple-trees closes the vista. The foreground, dimly seen in the gathering dusk, is a rough, plowed field, in which the lines of stubble, the half-effaced "hills" where once the corn stood in rows, with here and there a few scattered leaves and withered stalks, are felt rather than discerned.

Though this picture is by no means wanting in strictly pictorial poetry, — the purely artistic attractiveness which makes it a picture, — nor in the poetry of suggestiveness, these are both made subordinate to the poetry of incident, the story proper which the artist had chiefly in his mind to tell: that sad, pathetic story of the hard, laborious, joyless life of the small farmer in New England, — a life of which, for the most part, we have had, in painting at least, only caricatures, but which contains, when rightly seen, as many elements of poetry as that of the French peasants whom Millet has made immortal.

In this picture, as in the study of the two bathers, the purely pictorial effect is dependent upon the opposition of dark and light. But the terms are reversed. Here it is the background which is light, while the principal figures are dark. This change imparts at once a different character to the scene, and invests the group around which the interest centres with a sombreness in accord with the pathos of the story. Nor is the contrast so vivid. There is nothing to recall the brilliant contrast of the bathers' white flesh and the dark mystery of the green trees. The twilight sky glows, indeed, but does not sparkle; while the group of the cart, the oxen, and the men, though counting as dark against the sky, is steeped, as it were, in the subdued light with which the ambient air is filled, — an effect no less true to nature than conducive to the poetical charm. Equally with the other picture it has its purely pictorial melody, but a melody played lower in the gamut and in a minor key. Nor is it any longer a simple melody. It is pressed into

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the service of the poetry of incident and becomes the accompaniment of the song, not the song itself.

As for the poetry of suggestiveness in this picture, it is difficult to separate it from the poetry of the story, which is not told solely by the action of the men around the cart. Each portion of the picture takes up the tale in turn, or rather in concert; every inch of the canvas has its part to play in the drama. And how well do these subordinate characters, as we may call them, play their parts! They speak the lines set down for them, and nothing more; not interpolating irrelevant matter to attract attention to themselves and to mar the unity of the play, as bad actors often do on the stage. The plowed field, with its half-effaced corn-hills, records the past labors of the husbandman and the successive stages of the growing crop; the sky says plainly that autumn has come and the long imprisonment of winter is near. It is no mere imitation of nature that we have before us. No photograph, no pre-Raphaelite rendering of sticks and stones, could give this impression, could have this suggestiveness. It is not a portrait of the field as it actually was, but as it appeared to the quick sense of the poet-painter.

But admirably, on the whole, as the story is told, effectively as every part of the picture is made to help in the telling, Mr. Hunt has not quite succeeded in giving it, in the genuine Yankee dialect, with a strong flavor of the soil about it, as Burns or Millet would have done had they been born in New England. Neither the men, nor the oxen, nor even the apple-trees, are of the pure Yankee type; and the whole picture has something of a foreign air. There is a want of that perfection of local coloring which we can never hope to see fully realized in the portraiture of the rural life of New England until some youth, "native here, and to the manner born," shall, as Millet did, quit the plow handle and the scythe for the palette and brush, and — profiting by the means of art education now beginning to be so abundantly offered — qualify himself to render a tardy justice to the race from which he sprang.

One ought not, however, to insist too strongly upon this defect in Mr. Hunt's picture. Burns and Millet have drawn the farm laborer as seen from within Tennyson, and Mr. Hunt must, of necessity, paint it as seen from without; but this does not in the least prevent their being true poets.

Whatever want of localization there may be in this episode of New England farm life, no fault of the sort can be found in the two large landscapes which plainly represent no other than New England woodland scenes. Not the damp, sunless depths of the primeval forest, where the wayfarer, if he quit for a moment the beaten trail, sinks knee-deep in moss and rotting wood, and where the chill air, redolent of decay, makes it dangerous to linger; but the neglected woodlands to be found in the neighborhood of almost every New England village where, since the introduction of coal as fuel, the wood is not cut so regularly as it once was, and where, here and there, singly or in groups, a few stately oaks or beeches have been allowed to attain a length of years and fullness of growth usually denied them. Here, amid ruin caused by neglect or wanton destruction, forcing our way through the high and tangled underbrush that too often hides from view the "dim vaults" and "winding aisles" of "God's first temples," we occasionally come upon a remote and secluded spot, spared alike by the woodman's axe and the forest fires, where the nibbling sheep have kept down the rank luxuriance of the wild grape and of the beautiful but destructive smilax, and where we are vaguely reminded of the stately majesty of the *Bas-Bréau*, that crowning sylvan glory of Fontainebleau.

In some such favored corner of a New England "wood lot" Mr. Hunt seems to have found the subjects of his two pictures. Grand old trees spread abroad their gnarled and knotted branches darkly against the translucent, sun-illumined green of the foliage, their "immovable stems" fast anchored in the

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soil by the muscular grasp of their strong roots; while, impudently intruding on their venerable privacy, a group of upstarts of lesser growth here and there assert the New England character of the place, which is again marked by the low wall, long disused and half fallen, loosely built of large, unhewn, and lichen-covered stones. Subjects of this class ought to be especially dear to American landscape painters, as they have ever been to him who, of all American poets, has best described and most fully entered into the spirit of American scenery. Few who have tried to reproduce on canvas the sort of scenery which inspires Bryant have seemed to recognize the sort of poetry which he found in it, and which is indeed there; but in Mr. Hunt's pictures we have a strong impression of the —

> "Stilly twilight of the place;"[1]
>
> . . "the solemn shade,
> Verdure, and gloom, where many branches meet,
> So grateful when the noon of summer made
> The valleys sick with heat;"[2]

In spite of the bold and sketchy execution, the great masses of color, though laid on as with a trowel, are yet so carefully selected and skillfully placed that they have a harmony, a tenderness and delicacy so characteristic of sylvan scenery, and giving to the woods so much of their tranquillizing and consoling influence.

If it be among the objects of the new Art Museum in Boston, as it undoubtedly should be, to form by degrees a gallery of American art, these two pictures, so thoroughly American in subject and in feeling, and the work of one long recognized as at the head of his profession in Boston, should at once take their permanent place on its walls.

In all the landscapes and landscape studies which formed so large a part of Mr. Hunt's two exhibitions will be recognized the power to see rightly and the ability to express briefly and strikingly. The union of these two qualities constitutes what is called strength in art. United with this there will also be found in all Mr. Hunt's work, however rough and unfinished, a refinement which is always the concomitant of true strength, and without which strength becomes mere brute force, repulsive and vulgar. As an example of the pervading presence of this characteristic even in what, materially considered, may be called his coarsest painting, one may take the yellow backgrounds of his unfinished portraits. Made up as they are of great splashes and blotches of different shades and colors, see how exquisitely they blend into one harmonious whole, — passing through infinite imperceptible gradations from their highest light to their deepest shadow, — and how the quality of the color thus produced is throughout as far as possible removed from coarseness and vulgarity!

Mr. Hunt rarely, if ever, makes color alone the motive of a picture. Even in the Boy with a Mandolin, perhaps the most brilliant example of color lately exhibited by him, you are less attracted by the rich Giorgione-like tones of the flesh, the iridescent sheen of the drapery of shot silk, the brilliant contrast of the white turban and whiter teeth with the dark skin, than by the roguish archness of the boy's face, the *naïve* delight with which he listens to the twanging string. The color is subordinate to the thought of the picture.

So it is with all. If there were time to go through the list, we should find that something beside the color, or the form, or the chiaro-oscuro, something more than the mere material, was the real motive which, with perhaps one or two exceptions, led to the painting of each picture. In the landscapes it is the solemn twilight, the almost sacred calm of the woods, the boisterous exhilaration of a breezy day, the awful majesty of towering clouds, the tender freshness of spring, the sultry glow of summer; in the portraits it is the pensiveness of one, the eager animation in another, the proud indifference of a third, and, in the head of Sumner, the man weary and worn in the public service, that one sees first of all.

One of the great difficulties of the technical part of art is that its business

[1] Forest Hymn. [2] Autumn Woods.

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is not to reproduce with literal fidelity the forms and colors of visible nature, but to convey to the beholder the artistic or poetical impression produced by these on the artist-painter. To distinguish what features of the scene before him produce the impression he feels is by no means easy; and having once found them it is equally difficult to keep them resolutely in view, shutting the eye to everything else. The temptation is strong to put into the picture what a public more wedded than it suspects to certain conventionalities of treatment expects to find there: on the one hand to represent what is not seen, though it is known to exist; and on the other to dwell upon parts which, though plainly enough seen if one looks for them, have no influence in producing the general impression, but, on the contrary, if made too conspicuous, diminish its force.

This difficulty — which each of our three artists combats in his own way — Mr. Hunt seems to attack more boldly than the others, and by a method implying greater vigor and impetuosity of conception, or of impression, as well as of execution. Judging by his more recent productions, his present mode of working would seem to be to dash at once upon the canvas an abstract, as it were, of the actual appearance of things as they present themselves to his eye in the impassioned moment when his subject first captivates his imagination. The whole picture is there from the first, but so broadly and expeditiously indicated as to be hardly intelligible except to the artist himself. It is a poem in shorthand; the mass of clay that is one day to be a statue, but has, as yet, only a rude resemblance to the human form. The life, the movement, is there, but obscured, impeded, and hampered by the grossness of the material. All the subsequent work is a process of refining; it only remains, as the French say, to *dégrossir* the statue. We may regret that in some of Mr. Hunt's work the refining process has not been carried further; we may long to scrape away the great masses of what is too visibly paint and which almost prevent our seeing the picture, — as the shapeless lumps of clay hide the statue that is to be, — but it is impossible to avoid the conviction that, after all, the picture is there.

The question of the truthfulness of the character given to a portrait is one with which the critic has no concern, — at least, where the subject is a private person. It is sufficient for him if the portrait has a character of some sort, whether it be the right one or not. It is this impress of character that raises the painter's work above the mechanical fidelity of the photograph, and makes it art; and it is this even more than their pictorial and technical excellence which peculiarly distinguishes Mr. Hunt's latest exhibited portraits.

The one which perhaps attracted most attention was that of a lady seated, her figure turned toward the left of the canvas, but the face looking directly toward the spectator. The subject is young, of fair complexion, and has a placid expression, thoughtful, if not sad. Across her lap lies a guitar of antique pattern, the neck of the instrument retreating into the canvas, — a marvel of foreshortening and perspective. The lady's left hand rests lightly across the sounding-board, with a soft, caressing touch, — a movement of ineffable grace and tenderness, — while the right grasps loosely the neck of the instrument, the fingers absently pressing the strings. She is not playing (were she doing so the position of the hands would be reversed); she has finished her song, and sits gazing dreamily with the sentiment of the melody still lingering in her face. The picture was marked "unfinished;" but indeed there seemed nothing to be added, unless it were the strings of the mandolin, and even the absence of these was scarcely noticed.

Another portrait, a young girl in a riding habit, also marked "unfinished," more nearly than the first justified the designation. But if those who may have imagined that the two or three daubs of paint which for the time did duty as a hand were laid on at hap-hazard had looked at them from a little distance, they might have seen how com-

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pletely these daubs expressed the movement, the very look, of a hand lifting a curtain. Rough and unfinished as it was, the hand was there.

The pictures of Mr. George Fuller, exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Doll and Richards during the past summer, have a certain quaint, old-fashioned air which is far from displeasing. There is nothing modern about them; none of the new French fashions so much decried by some and so eagerly and unintelligently run after by others. They awaken reminiscences of the works of the old masters, especially those of the Dutch school; and the relationship which they seem to claim with these must be traced, one would say, if at all, through English rather than French channels.

Very differently from Mr. Hunt, Mr. Fuller appears to approach the technical difficulties of his art with extreme caution, and to begin by enveloping his subject in a sort of misty obscurity, from which he gradually evolves (this seems to be his method of working) such parts of it as interest him and in which he seeks to interest us. One can imagine a picture growing gradually under his hands out of a mere flat mass of shadow: a head slowly assuming rotundity; the modeling, step by step, carried further; the illuminated portions receiving, touch by touch, a higher pitch of light and color; all done slowly, deliberately, tentatively, with many a backward step and fresh beginning, with constant reference to the ideal model, — the picture existing from the first in the painter's mind, — till, at last, the limit of art is reached, or the painter's hand tires and he is forced to confess that he can carry the process no further. But how successful it often is as far as it goes, and how little seems wanting!

The poetry of incident, in the few canvases in his exhibition which profess to tell a story, is of the most simple and tender kind. Its heroes and heroines are almost always children, for whom he seems to have as great a love as Edouard Frère, whom he at times resembles in treatment as well as in subject. One picture, especially, reminds one of Frère. It is a winter scene, in which a group of children are drawing a sled, loaded with their younger playmates, down a slight descent over the dry, crisp snow which covers the ground and which the wind whirls in a fine dust about their feet. This effect, so often noticeable in our coldest weather, is admirably rendered. No less successful is the winter sunset, seen through the slender trunks of young oak-trees that border the road and to whose branches cling the withered and ice-incrusted leaves. There is no tinge of the morbid melancholy so apt to be associated with winter by artists who attempt to *put* poetry into winter scenery instead of finding it there. The children are enjoying themselves heartily, and the beholder instinctively shares with them the healthy exhilaration of the keen and frosty air.

The greater part of the canvases in Mr. Fuller's collection were, however, studies of heads and portraits. Some of the studies had only partially emerged from their first nebulous state. Two heads of young women in this misty, vague, and shadowy condition are remarkable for the delicate and refined treatment of the hair, which in one is combed back from the forehead and falls in long loose tresses behind, resting on the shoulder, and in the other is gathered in a knot on the top of the head.

Stronger and deeper in tone and more positive in color are two nearly half-length studies of young girls, each with a wooded background. One of the girls has twined a wreath of leaves and wild flowers around her straw hat; the other has adorned in the same way her own dark hair. This last study is a marvel of rich, ruddy, and golden color, of which it is no exaggeration to say that it is Rembrandtesque.

But the most satisfactory, upon the whole, of these studies of heads is that of a boy, whose light hair, rebellious to the brush, bristles over his forehead and short round face, and whose serious gray eyes, looking straight out from the canvas, have that dreamy, vacant gaze, susceptible of various interpretations, according to the mood of the beholder,

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which so often in portraits by the old masters — in those of Rembrandt especially — lends the charm of a certain mystery and unfathomableness to the expression.

In all these studies Mr. Fuller has evidently been trying experiments, particularly in the rendering of hair. In some the means employed are more obvious than the result is satisfactory; but it is by trying these experiments that the artist has learned to succeed so well as he has done in the last-mentioned head of a boy, in the young woman with long loose tresses, and perhaps best of all in the portrait of a gentleman, in which the white hair and beard have a silvery sheen and an apparent softness to the touch which are truly admirable.

These studies are also essays in modes of rendering flesh, though in truth Mr. Fuller's method is in all more or less the same. All his work is in *impasto*, and reminds one as to color as well as texture of the rich cream which some English painter recommended to his pupils as the standard of consistence for the pigments to be employed in flesh painting. This use of impasto gives to Mr. Fuller's heads an air of solidity very striking when they are compared with Mr. Longfellow's head of a monk, which was hung near them, painted in the thin manner of Couture, — in which only the lights are in body color, while the darks are rendered by transparent glazings. This head, though an admirable study when seen by itself, had, in juxtaposition with Mr. Fuller's solidly painted canvases, almost the air of a transparency. Fortunately, art is, or should be, broad as well as long, and all roads are good that lead to Rome.

The poetry in the pictures of Mr. J. Appleton Brown is in some respects quite different from that which characterizes the works of Messrs. Hunt and Fuller. In the poetry of incident, that is, of human incident, they are wholly wanting. No one of the thirty canvases in his recent exhibition professes in the least to tell a story in which any human being plays a part. The few figures introduced occupy very subordinate positions; trees, clouds, hill-sides, the wild waves, the running brooks, — these are his only subjects; it is of these only that he has a story to tell. Man and his works are almost wholly ignored: not a house, not even a distant spire, is allowed to intrude into the unaccompanied presence of nature; we have barely a glimpse, now and then, of a boat, a traveled road, or an artist's sketching umbrella left to itself on the edge of a wood.

Nor have Mr. Brown's paintings precisely that kind of purely pictorial poetry which lends so great a charm to the works of the old Dutch masters. Like some recent poets who have rebelled against the melodious jingle that charmed the ears of our grandfathers, he professes to care more for the substance of poetry than for the poetic form; and though that is not in truth wanting, it is a new form cast in a modern mold, and not at first recognized by those whose tastes have been shaped by study of the ancient models.

Mr. Brown's landscapes are indeed thoroughly modern. There is little in them that recalls the old masters, and scarcely more to remind one of the so-called romantic school of landscape, developed in France simultaneously with the romantic school of literature, and whose leaders, Rousseau, Troyon, Dupré, Diaz, have until lately been regarded as the standards of excellence by those of our artists who have studied abroad. Mr. Brown's sympathies are with a later school of French landscape painters, whose best known names are, or were, Corot and Daubigny, — a school which, neglecting the strong effects in which their predecessors delighted, make the interest, the poetry of their pictures to consist in the reproduction of the physiognomy, the inherent character of each particular scene, and in harmonies of color rather than in oppositions of light and shade. They exult in the fresh greenness of meadows, the tender verdure of woods in spring, the thin foliage and tall, silvery stems of birches, the glassy surface of still water, the delicate grays and diffused light of a cloudy sky, the mists of early morning. They are in

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full sympathy with that very tender love of Nature which enters so largely into much of the poetry of to-day, and which tends more and more to centre about her simpler and less obtrusive aspects.

That Mr. Brown has indeed studied Corot might be suspected from the fondness which he shares with him for quiet river-side scenes, and especially for those where the stream is bordered by long lines of nearly leafless trees. Such resemblances as this, were there nothing more, would be evidence of mere plagiarism; but Mr. Brown should have credit for having sought deeper into the mysteries of Corot's art. It has been truly said that what most distinguished Corot above all his contemporaries was his thorough appreciation of *values*. It is here, rather than in his tall and slender trees, that Mr. Brown is really like him. It is this thorough mastery of values which gives its charm to the picture he calls November. The scene, evidently in New England, is an open pasture, sere and yellow: in the middle distance, toward the left, is a large oak-tree with russet-brown foliage; toward the right and farther off, a solitary figure, dark amid the faded grass; and farther still, a thin fringe of leafless trees. Quaker-like in the modesty and simplicity of its color, with no obvious striving for effect of any sort, the picture is yet thoroughly effective from its apparent and approximative truthfulness. Every object, having its proper proportional value, keeps its place perfectly, and one can see exactly where it is, whether near or distant. As people stand in presence of the picture, it seems as though one might walk into it for miles.

It is a picture, too, full of the natural and healthy poetry of autumn, the season of long walks through pastures and along the hill-sides; a season the sadness of whose suggestions of decay is tempered by the inspiration of its clear air and its invigorating breezes. The values in the picture are not, indeed, absolutely true; they could not be. The tree, doubtless, came darker against the sky in nature; the difference in depth of tone between that and the withered grass was also greater in the real scene; and more than all there were greater variances between the several parts of each object. It is in the adjustment of these degrees of value to the limited means of art, as compared with those of nature, that the skill of the painter is shown. One of the chief means by which this adjustment is effected is by considering each object in the mass, and determining first of all its relation — as to depth of tone — to surrounding objects; only afterwards distinguishing its several parts from one another, and giving to each its proper relief and modeling, so far as this can be done without disturbing the relations of value already established.

Another point of resemblance which Mr. Brown has with Corot is that he is not in the least afraid, as occasion requires, of making his trees green. Curson's Woods and The Road to the Mill at Curson's, Newburyport, were the most striking instances of this. In both are dense masses of deep green foliage, with little or no sky visible; and how truly the impression of nature may confidently be left to any one to say who, during the late luxuriant summer, has walked or driven through the shaded lanes anywhere in Eastern Massachusetts.

The most remarkable picture in the collection was on the whole that called On the Artichoke, West Newbury. The season represented is autumn. In the foreground is a calm, sluggishly flowing stream and a line of bare trees with slender trunks. Behind these, in the middle distance, stretches a broad green meadow, through which, with many a serpentine curve, a brook flows toward the spectator, to join the larger stream; its waters now reflecting the blue sky, now flashing like molten silver in the noonday sun. One is always sure, in Mr. Brown's pictures, of the time of day and of the sun's place in the heavens. Beyond the meadow rises a line of upland, brown and gray with withered grass, along whose sides the shadows of the flying clouds chase one another, — one can almost see them move, — defining, as they glide along, the else unsus-

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pected inequalities of the surface. On the top of the hill a few trees, touched with a master hand, show their delicate, impalpable outlines against the sky, while at the base a line of trees, nestling between the meadow and the hill, glow with the bright, but here unexaggerated tints of our New England autumns. The bright blue sky overhead is almost wholly covered with torn and ragged fragments of white cloud, streaming across the canvas from left to right, strongly suggestive of a brisk breeze. All in this picture seems admirable; but what is most remarkable is the rendering of the water in the immediate foreground. It would be difficult to find a more successful attempt to give at the same time the surface of water and the reflections seen in it. The sky as reflected in the stream seems to be immeasurably deep, — as far below us as the real sky is high above; while at the same time we can distinctly see that the water has a surface, a mere filmy nothing, too impalpable, seemingly, to have been really painted, and which one cannot but fancy was transferred to the canvas by a pure act of the will.

There may be those who will miss in Mr. Brown's pictures as well as in Mr. Hunt's later work the evidences of long, laborious, and patient application, and will thence infer the absence of that love which gives an indefinable charm to the works of those who put their heart into what they do. It is perhaps difficult to associate the humility of a true love of nature with rapid execution and profuse production. We are apt to think that only by lingering long over one's work, — caressing it, as the French say, adding fearfully and tremblingly one loving touch after another, — the true lover of nature and of art is shown. But true love is manly as well as humble, can be bold on occasion, is content to do the best it can rather than to be forever "sighing like a furnace" for the unattainable, and so degenerating into sentimentality. Rapidity of execution is by no means incompatible with tenderness of feeling. Witness the cloud shadows in Mr. Brown's picture mentioned above. Though done with one sweep of the brush, it would be hard to conceive how any subsequent caressing or tinkering could add an iota to their tender and evanescent loveliness. Their charm was surely none the less felt by the artist because felt at once and expressed as soon as felt.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.

III.

So the Reverend and I had at last arrived at Hamilton, the principal town in the Bermuda Islands. A wonderfully white town; white as snow itself. White as marble; white as flour. Yet looking like none of these, exactly. Never mind, we said; we shall hit upon a figure by and by that will describe this peculiar white.

It was a town that was compacted together upon the sides and tops of a cluster of small hills. Its outlying borders fringed off and thinned away among the cedar forests, and there was no woody distance of curving coast, or leafy islet sleeping upon the dimpled, painted sea, but was flecked with shining white points, — half-concealed houses peeping out of the foliage. The architecture of the town was mainly Spanish, inherited from the colonists of two hundred and fifty years ago. Some ragged-topped cocoa-palms, glimpsed here and there, gave the land a tropical aspect.

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There was an ample pier of heavy masonry; upon this, under shelter, were some thousands of barrels containing that product which has carried the fame of Bermuda to many lands, the potato. With here and there an onion. That last sentence is facetious; for they grow at least two onions in Bermuda to one potato. The onion is the pride and joy of Bermuda. It is her jewel, her gem of gems. In her conversation, her pulpit, her literature, it is her most frequent and eloquent figure. In Bermudian metaphor it stands for perfection, — perfection absolute.

The Bermudian weeping over the departed exhausts praise when he says, "He was an onion!" The Bermudian extolling the living hero bankrupts applause when he says, "He is an onion!" The Bermudian setting his son upon the stage of life to dare and do for himself climaxes all counsel, supplication, admonition, comprehends all ambition, when he says, "Be an onion!"

When parallel with the pier, and ten or fifteen steps outside it, we anchored. It was Sunday, bright and sunny. The groups upon the pier, — men, youths, and boys, — were whites and blacks in about equal proportion. All were well and neatly dressed, many of them nattily, a few of them very stylishly. One would have to travel far before he would find another town of twelve thousand inhabitants that could represent itself so respectably, in the matter of clothes, on a freight-pier, without premeditation or effort. The women and young girls, black and white, who occasionally passed by, were nicely clad, and many were elegantly and fashionably so. The men did not affect summer clothing much, but the girls and women did, and their white garments were good to look at, after so many months of familiarity with sombre colors.

Around one isolated potato barrel stood four young gentlemen, two black, two white, becomingly dressed, each with the head of a slender cane pressed against his teeth, and each with a foot propped up on the barrel. Another young gentleman came up, looked longingly at the barrel, but saw no rest for his foot there, and turned pensively away to seek another barrel. He wandered here and there, but without result. Nobody sat upon a barrel, as is the custom of the idle in other lands, yet all the isolated barrels were humanly occupied. Whosoever had a foot to spare put it on a barrel, if all the places on it were not already taken. The habits of all peoples are determined by their circumstances. The Bermudians lean upon barrels because of the scarcity of lamp-posts.

Many citizens came on board and spoke eagerly to the officers, — inquiring about the Turco-Russian war news, I supposed. However, by listening judiciously I found that this was not so. They said, "What is the price of onions?" or, "How 's onions?" Naturally enough this was their first interest; but they dropped into the war the moment it was satisfied.

We went ashore and found a novelty of a pleasant nature: there were no hackmen, hacks, or omnibuses on the pier or about it anywhere, and nobody offered his services to us, or molested us in any way. I said it was like being in heaven. The Reverend rebukingly and rather pointedly advised me to make the most of it, then. We knew of a boarding-house, and what we needed now was somebody to pilot us to it. Presently a little barefooted colored boy came along, whose raggedness was conspicuously un-Bermudian. His rear was so marvelously bepatched with colored squares and triangles that one was half persuaded he had got it out of an atlas. When the sun struck him right, he was as good to follow as a lightning-bug. We hired him and dropped into his wake. He piloted us through one picturesque street after another, and in due course deposited us where we belonged. He charged nothing for his map, and but a trifle for his services; so the Reverend doubled it. The little chap received the money with a beaming applause in his eye which plainly said, "This man 's an onion!"

We had brought no letters of intro-

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duction; our names had been misspelt in the passenger list; nobody knew whether we were honest folk or otherwise. So we were expecting to have a good private time in case there was nothing in our general aspect to close boarding-house doors against us. We had no trouble. Bermuda has had but little experience of rascals, and is not suspicious. We got large, cool, well-lighted rooms on a second floor, overlooking a bloomy display of flowers and flowering shrubs, — calla and annunciation lilies, lantanas, heliotrope, jessamine, roses, pinks, double geraniums, oleanders, pomegranates, blue morning-glories of a great size, and many plants that were unknown to me.

We took a long afternoon walk, and soon found out that that exceedingly white town was built of blocks of white coral. Bermuda is a coral island, with a six-inch crust of soil on top of it, and every man has a quarry on his own premises. Everywhere you go you see square recesses cut into the hill-sides, with perpendicular walls unmarred by crack or crevice, and perhaps you fancy that a house grew out of the ground there, and has been removed in a single piece from the mold. If you do, you err. But the material for a house has been quarried there. They cut right down through the coral, to any depth that is convenient, — ten to twenty feet, — and take it out in great square blocks. This cutting is done with a chisel that has a handle twelve or fifteen feet long, and is used as one uses a crowbar when he is drilling a hole, or a dasher when he is churning. Thus soft is this stone. Then with a common handsaw they saw the great blocks into handsome, huge bricks that are two feet long, a foot wide, and about six inches thick. These stand loosely piled during a month to harden; then the work of building begins. The house is built of these blocks; it is roofed with broad coral slabs an inch thick, whose edges lap upon each other, so that the roof looks like a succession of shallow steps or terraces; the chimneys are built of the coral blocks and sawed into graceful and picturesque patterns; the ground-floor verandah is paved with coral blocks; also the walk to the gate; the fence is built of coral blocks, — built in massive panels, with broad cap-stones and heavy gate-posts, and the whole trimmed into easy lines and comely shape with the saw. Then they put a hard coat of whitewash, as thick as your thumb nail, on the fence and all over the house, roof, chimneys, and all; the sun comes out and shines on this spectacle, and it is time for you to shut your unaccustomed eyes, lest they be put out. It is the whitest white you can conceive of, and the blindingest. A Bermuda house does not look like marble; it is a much intenser white than that; and besides, there is a dainty, indefinable something else about its look that is not marble-like. We put in a great deal of solid talk and reflection over this matter of trying to find a figure that would describe the unique white of a Bermuda house, and we contrived to hit upon it at last. It is exactly the white of the icing of a cake, and has the same unemphasized and scarcely perceptible polish. The white of marble is modest and retiring compared with it.

After the house is cased in its hard scale of whitewash, not a crack, or sign of a seam, or joining of the blocks, is detectable, from base-stone to chimney-top; the building looks as if it had been carved from a single block of stone, and the doors and windows sawed out afterwards. A white marble house has a cold, tomb-like, unsociable look, and takes the conversation out of a body and depresses him. Not so with a Bermuda house. There is something exhilarating, even hilarious, about its vivid whiteness when the sun plays upon it. If it be of picturesque shape and graceful contour, — and many of the Bermudian dwellings are, — it will so fascinate you that you will keep your eyes on it until they ache. One of those clean-cut, fanciful chimneys, — too pure and white for this world, — with one side glowing in the sun and the other touched with a soft shadow, is an object that will charm one's gaze by the hour. I know of no other country that has chimneys worthy

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to be gazed at and gloated over. One of those snowy houses half-concealed and half-glimpsed through green foliage is a pretty thing to see; and if it takes one by surprise and suddenly, as he turns a sharp corner of a country road, it will wring an exclamation from him, sure.

Wherever you go, in town or country, you find those snowy houses, and always with masses of bright-colored flowers about them, but with no vines climbing their walls; vines cannot take hold of the smooth, hard whitewash. Wherever you go, in the town or along the country roads, among little potato farms and patches or expensive country-seats, these stainless white dwellings, gleaming out from flowers and foliage, meet you at every turn. The least little bit of a cottage is as white and blemishless as the stateliest mansion. Nowhere is there dirt or stench, puddle or hog-wallow, neglect, disorder, or lack of trimness and neatness. The roads, the streets, the dwellings, the people, the clothes, — this neatness extends to everything that falls under the eye. It is the tidiest country in the world. And very much the tidiest, too.

Considering these things, the question came up, Where do the poor live? No answer was arrived at. Therefore, we agreed to leave this conundrum for future statesmen to wrangle over.

What a bright and startling spectacle one of those blazing white country palaces, with its brown-tinted window caps and ledges, and green shutters, and its wealth of caressing flowers and foliage, would be in black London! And what a gleaming surprise it would be in nearly any American city one could mention, too!

Bermuda roads are made by cutting down a few inches into the solid white coral — or a good many feet, where a hill intrudes itself — and smoothing off the surface of the road-bed. It is a simple and easy process. The grain of the coral is coarse and porous; the road-bed has the look of being made of coarse white sugar. Its excessive cleanness and whiteness are a trouble in one way: the sun is reflected into your eyes with such energy as you walk along that you want to sneeze all the time. Old Captain Tom Bowling found another difficulty. He joined us in our walk, but kept wandering unrestfully to the roadside. Finally he explained. Said he, "Well, I chew, you know, and the road 's so plaguy clean."

We walked several miles that afternoon in the bewildering glare of the sun, the white roads, and the white buildings. Our eyes got to paining us a good deal. By and by a soothing, blessed twilight spread its cool balm around. We looked up in pleased surprise and saw that it proceeded from an intensely black negro who was going by. We answered his military salute in the grateful gloom of his near presence, and then passed on into the pitiless white glare again.

The colored women whom we met usually bowed and spoke; so did the children. The colored men commonly gave the military salute. They borrow this fashion from the soldiers, no doubt; England has kept a garrison here for generations. The younger men's custom of carrying small canes is also borrowed from the soldiers, I suppose, who always carry a cane, in Bermuda as everywhere else in Britain's broad dominions.

The country roads curve and wind hither and thither in the delightfulest way, unfolding pretty surprises at every turn: billowy masses of oleander that seem to float out from behind distant projections like the pink cloud-banks of sunset; sudden plunges among cottages and gardens, life and activity, followed by as sudden plunges into the sombre twilight and stillness of the woods; flitting visions of white fortresses and beacon towers pictured against the sky on remote hill-tops; glimpses of shining green sea caught for a moment through opening headlands, then lost again; more woods and solitude; and by and by another turn lays bare, without warning, the full sweep of the inland ocean, enriched with its bars of soft color, and graced with its wandering sails.

Take any road you please, you may depend upon it you will not stay in it half a mile. Your road is everything

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that a road ought to be: it is bordered with trees, and with strange plants and flowers; it is shady and pleasant, or sunny and still pleasant; it carries you by the prettiest and peacefulest and most home-like of homes, and through stretches of forest that lie in a deep hush sometimes, and sometimes are alive with the music of birds; it curves always, which is a continual promise, whereas straight roads reveal everything at a glance and kill interest. Your road is all this, and yet you will not stay in it half a mile, for the reason that little, seductive, mysterious roads are always branching out from it on either hand, and as these curve sharply also and hide what is beyond, you cannot resist the temptation to desert your own chosen road and explore them. You are usually paid for your trouble; consequently, your walk inland always turns out to be one of the most crooked, involved, purposeless, and interesting experiences a body can imagine. There is enough of variety. Sometimes you are in the level open, with marshes thick grown with flag-lances that are ten feet high on the one hand, and potato and onion orchards on the other; next, you are on a hill-top, with the ocean and the Islands spread around you; presently the road winds through a deep cut, shut in by perpendicular walls thirty or forty feet high, marked with the oddest and abruptest stratum lines, suggestive of sudden and eccentric old upheavals, and garnished with here and there a clinging adventurous flower, and here and there a dangling vine; and by and by your way is along the sea edge, and you may look down a fathom or two through the transparent water and watch the diamond-like flash and play of the light upon the rocks and sands on the bottom until you are tired of it, — if you are so constituted as to be able to get tired of it.

You may march the country roads in maiden meditation, fancy free, by field and farm, for no dog will plunge out at you from unsuspected gate, with breath-taking surprise of ferocious bark, notwithstanding it is a Christian land and a civilized. We saw upwards of a million cats in Bermuda, but the people are very abstemious in the matter of dogs. Two or three nights we prowled the country far and wide, and never once were accosted by a dog. It is a great privilege to visit such a land. The cats were no offense when properly distributed, but when piled they obstructed travel.

As we entered the edge of the town that Sunday afternoon, we stopped at a cottage to get a drink of water. The proprietor, a middle-aged man with a good face, asked us to sit down and rest. His dame brought chairs, and we grouped ourselves in the shade of the trees by the door. Mr. Smith — that was not his name, but it will answer — questioned us about ourselves and our country, and we answered him truthfully, as a general thing, and questioned him in return. It was all very simple and pleasant and sociable. Rural, too; for there was a pig and a small donkey and a hen anchored out, close at hand, by cords to their legs, on a spot that purported to be grassy. Presently, a woman passed along, and although she coldly said nothing she changed the drift of our talk. Said Smith: —

"She did n't look this way, you noticed? Well, she is our next neighbor on one side, and there 's another family that 's our next neighbors on the other side; but there 's a general coolness all around now, and we don't speak. Yet these three families, one generation and another, have lived here side by side and been as friendly as weavers for a hundred and fifty years, till about a year ago."

"Why, what calamity could have been powerful enough to break up so old a friendship?"

"Well, it was too bad, but it could n't be helped. It happened like this: About a year or more ago, the rats got to pestering my place a good deal, and I set up a steel-trap in the back yard. Both of these neighbors run considerable to cats, and so I warned them about the trap, because their cats were pretty sociable around here nights, and they might get into trouble without my in-

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tending it. Well, they shut up their cats for a while, but you know how it is with people; they got careless, and sure enough one night the trap took Mrs. Jones's principal tomcat into camp, and finished him up. In the morning Mrs. Jones comes here with the corpse in her arms, and cries and takes on the same as if it was a child. It was a cat by the name of Yelverton, — Hector G. Yelverton, — a troublesome old rip, with no more principle than an Injun, though you could n't make *her* believe it. I said all a man could to comfort her, but no, nothing would do but I must pay for him. Finally, I said I warn't investing in cats now as much as I was, and with that she walked off in a huff, carrying the remains with her. That closed our intercourse with the Joneses. Mrs. Jones joined another church and took her tribe with her. She said she would not hold fellowship with assassins. Well, by and by comes Mrs. Brown's turn, — she that went by here a minute ago. She had a disgraceful old yellow cat that she thought as much of as if he was twins, and one night he tried that trap on his neck, and it fitted him so, and was so sort of satisfactory, that he laid down and curled up and stayed with it. Such was the end of Sir John Baldwin."

"Was that the name of the cat?"

"The same. There 's cats around here with names that would surprise you. Maria" (to his wife), "what was that cat's name that eat a keg of ratsbane by mistake over at Hooper's, and started home and got struck by lightning and took the blind staggers and fell in the well and was most drowned before they could fish him out?"

"That was that colored Deacon Jackson's cat. I only remember the last end of its name, which was To-Be-Or-Not-To-Be-That-Is-The-Question Jackson."

"Sho! that ain't the one. That 's the one that eat up an entire box of Seidlitz powders, and then had n't any more judgment than to go and take a drink. He was considered to be a great loss, but I never could see it. Well, no matter about the names. Mrs. Brown wanted to be reasonable, but Mrs. Jones would n't let her. She put her up to going to law for damages. So to law she went, and had the face to claim seven shillings and sixpence. It made a great stir. All the neighbors went to court. Everybody took sides. It got hotter and hotter, and broke up all the friendships for three hundred yards around — friendships that had lasted for generations and generations.

"Well, I proved by eleven witnesses that the cat was of a low character and very ornery, and warn't worth a canceled postage-stamp, any way, taking the average of cats here; but I lost the case. What could I expect? The system is all wrong here, and is bound to make revolution and bloodshed some day. You see, they give the magistrate a poor little starvation salary, and then turn him loose on the public to gouge for fees and costs to live on. What is the natural result? Why he never looks into the justice of a case, — never once. All he looks at is which client has got the money. So this one piled the fees and costs and everything on to me. I could pay specie, don't you see? and he knew mighty well that if he put the verdict on to Mrs. Brown, where it belonged, he 'd have to take his swag in currency."

"Currency? Why, has Bermuda a currency?"

"Yes, — onions. And they were forty per cent. discount, too, then, because the season had been over as much as three months. So I lost my case. I had to pay for that cat. But the general trouble the case made was the worst thing about it. Broke up so much good feeling. The neighbors don't speak to each other now. Mrs. Brown had named a child after me. But she changed its name right away. She is a Baptist. Well, in the course of baptizing it over again, it got drowned. I was hoping we might get to be friendly again some time or other, but of course this drowning the child knocked that all out of the question. It would have saved a world of heart-break and ill blood if she had named it dry."

I knew by the sigh that this was hon-

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est. All this trouble and all this destruction of confidence in the purity of the bench on account of a seven-shilling lawsuit about a cat! Somehow, it seemed to "size" the country.

At this point we observed that an English flag had just been placed at half-mast on a building a hundred yards away. I and my friends were busy in an instant trying to imagine whose death, among the island dignitaries, could command such a mark of respect as this. Then a shudder shook them and me at the same moment, and I knew that we had jumped to one and the same conclusion: "The governor has gone to England; it is for the British admiral!"

At this moment Mr. Smith noticed the flag. He said with emotion:—

"That 's on a boarding-house. I judge there 's a boarder dead."

A dozen other flags within view went to half-mast.

"It 's a boarder, sure," said Smith.

"But would they half-mast the flags here for a boarder, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, certainly they would, if he was *dead*."

That seemed to size the country again.

Mark Twain.

HOW TO CHANGE THE NORTH AMERICAN CLIMATE.

EVERY one knows how widely the climate of North America differs from that enjoyed by our neighbors in the more favored lands of Europe. While our autumns and springs have for a little time a decent gentleness of behavior which makes the tender allegories of those seasons seem not altogether ironical, the times between are quite generally mere brutal exhibitions of unreasoning temperatures. Just after the gentle month of June there comes a rush of tropical savage powers, as relentless as an old Saracen invasion; and while the autumn is painting all sorts of affectionate remembrances on our hills and valleys, there comes a horde of invaders from about the pole, as ruthless as Huns, slaying and scalping all the creatures of summer like barbarians as they are. Our land is a perfect war-path of the contending north and south, without defenses of seas or mountains, entirely open to both forces.

It may not seem to add much to our present satisfaction to know that the conditions were not always thus; that there was a period when we were more favored than Europe now is. This period was not long ago, for our tulip-trees and sassafrases and other forest plants have but yesterday in the geological chronology held their own in the long night of the poles, and flourished greatly in the long day of their summer. On the shores of Greenland, within twelve degrees of the pole, we have buried forests which are much like those now flourishing on the banks of the Mississippi below the junction of the Ohio; the plants are so like those that now make up the vegetation of the southern half of the United States that these forests about the pole must have looked even more like those now found in Kentucky and Missouri than those of New England of to-day. This is but one thread in a strong line of evidence leading us to the conviction that the temperature of the north pole is far more rigorous now than in the immediate past; that at a time possibly not more remote than the age of the earliest human remains which have been found, the ice-wrapped lands of the north were bathed in a temperate and little-varied air, and so flowed over by perpetual streams of heat that even the long night of its winter could not bring as bitter cold as

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comes each year to the shores of the Hudson and the Upper Ohio. In place of contending with the fleets of the icebergs, the overtopping glaciers that tear the mountains down and chain up the seas, a voyager of that age could have sailed through sombre forests and verdant mountains, and in the long summer's day found his unbroken way from the southern lands to the pole.

It is difficult to conceive how great must have been the difference in the climate of North America when its north winds came over endless forests in place of the vast fields of polar snow and ice; when even in the depth of winter the wind at its start could have been but little below the freezing-point in its bitterest season. Fancy the shores of Hudson's Bay and Great Slave Lake with a climate like the north of England; the whole of that great land north of the Laurentian Hills and the Saskatchewan — now dead for nine months of the year, and only faintly stirred by the breath of a brief summer which is but a spasm of life — with seasons which could have hardly been more rigorous than those of Ireland of to-day! The north of Europe and of Asia must have been equally favored in that happily balanced time. Siberia could not have had its ever-frozen soil, on which vegetation clings as lichen on a rock, for the condition that brought forests to Northern Greenland could not have left any part of the northern continents under the strong bondage of cold.

Looking, amid the sulphuric air of a New England house furnace, out over a New England frozen earth and sky swept by a ruthless north wind as merciless as flame, we feel it impossible to be quite content with the order that sent us to this frozen heritage, where the fossil sunshine of the old coal banks makes poor amends for the vanished warmth of an earlier day. Some solace may, perhaps, be had from a study of the condition that made the differences between that day and this what they are. We may thereby see that the changes have been a part of great physical laws; that they are, moreover, results of the great forces that bring about the successions in the animate and inanimate world, and not the accidents of an unruled chance. It is perhaps easier to bear the inconveniences that come from a plan than to endure the results of mere vagrant forces. The causes which are at work in shaping the climatal conditions of North America are in a way remote, so that the reader will have to exercise some patience in following even in outline the workings of the great agents that determine the distribution of heat and cold over the surface of the earth. But there are no great mysteries about the matter, for the earth, however complex in details of structure, has in its general order the same simplicity which we find in the heavens.

When naturalists first became convinced that the earth had once borne vegetation of a luxuriant kind, semi-tropical in its character, within the arctic circle, and especially when it was found that at other times the glaciers had marched far to the south, there was a very common desire to look to mighty convulsions, to wandering comets that turned the earth away in her course, bringing poles where the equator was before, or to general outbreaks of internal fire that warmed the earth's surface from thousands of volcanic craters, to explain the perplexing changes. Slowly but with no backward course there has come the conviction that the even-minded earth has always in the past gone on much as at present, the changes of each day falling in with those of yesterday and to-morrow, and so building up revolutions from alterations which are each slight in themselves. This way of looking at the world has become the most important of the properties of our modern science, and is the slow-grown faith of a thousand years. Following its teachings the student of nature endeavors to find in the things at work about him to-day the key to the changes of the past, only accepting the intervention of forces which he does not see constantly at work when these permanent causes fail to explain the mystery he is exploring.

A little observation, even with eye and mind untrained, will show any one that the great machinery of the earth's move-

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ments is all worked by the forces that come from the sun. Every stir in the air and sea, the sap in the trees and the blood in the animals, the falling rain and the rising mist, are made to move by the heat of the sun. These streams of power pour from the sun with nearly equal force in all directions; if they fell upon a plane surface the whole of it would receive equal shares, but on the earth, as is well known, its spherical form makes the distribution unequal: a square mile in the tropics receives far more than one in temperate latitudes; and within the arctic circles, where the surfaces look away from the sun and only see it askant, even for a part of the year, the amount of heat received is relatively small. If these volumes of power were like meteors, incapable of motion, they would heap up, and their effect would be practically ended where they fell; but owing to the simple law that bodies generally expand in becoming heated, there is a great system of movements created which result in carrying away about one third of all the heat that falls within the tropics to be used in regions beyond their boundaries.[1]

The principal elements of the machinery used in the carriage of heat can be easily illustrated: in any common room in the winter time, where there is a heated stove in the centre and cold walls on the borders, a little smoke will show that there is a constant motion of the air. It rises to the ceiling with rapidity, then courses more slowly towards the sides of the room; cooled by its contacts there it falls down, courses along the floor, and returns again to the stove, and so pursues an endless circle. Or if we take a line of greenhouses with a flue along the centre of the floor, we can see what is for our purposes an even better analogy: the air runs from either wall to the central flue, thence to the roof, and back to the point of starting. This heated strip in the centre of the house fairly represents the equatorial warm belt, and the colder roof and sides the cold of the upper air and the polar regions. As every one knows, the winds can carry a considerable amount of heat or cold, and at first it would seem as if the air currents were the great carriers of heat on the earth's surface; but though the winds are the most conspicuous agents of temperature distribution, it is not to them but to their products, the ocean currents, that we must look for the real work of carrying the solar force in the shape of heat from the over-favored tropics to the starving polar circles. We now know that the Gulf Stream is more potent in this work of warming than all the winds that sweep the earth. Left for their warmth to the winds alone, Europe would be uninhabitable by man, and a large part of North America would be the prey of lifeless cold. The tropics would have their temperature raised by several degrees, and the world would not be half as fit for life as it is at present. The way these rivers of the sea come to do their work may be easily understood by looking at any globe. The winds that come down to the equator from the poles, in the circuit caused by the tropical heat, start from their polar bounds straight away to the equator. If the earth did not revolve, they would take the shortest road thereto and meet its line at right angles; but as each particle of air borne by the trade-wind goes away from the pole, it continually passes into a region having a greater movement than that it left, and in all its path to the equatorial line is always in this condition. The reader who has ever jumped upon a car in motion has felt his body try to lag behind, just as the particle of air lags behind at every step on its journey from the pole to the equator. He can represent this motion to his own mind by walking in his imagination from the centre of a great revolving disk to its periphery; it would, as is easily seen, be impossible to make this course a straight line, but it would come down on to the outer line, meeting it obliquely. It is this action that causes the trade-winds to come to the equator from the northeast and from the southeast rather than

[1] This is the result of a general estimate based on temperatures of ocean streams, and cannot pretend to strict accuracy; for such calculations data are yet wanting.

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just along the meridian. This peculiarity may seem unimportant, but in fact it is one of the most important links in the great chain of connection which has made our earth a fit place for the development of life. Every one who has lived by the sea or any large lake knows how a strong wind can urge the surface water before it, and so can picture to himself how the trade-winds drive along the waters they blow over. If these streams came down in vertical lines from the poles they would meet each other so as to make dead water; but meeting obliquely, the result is to cause a current setting from east to west, and filling a broad space, some hundreds of miles across, beneath the equator. In the far-off day when the lands were small, this current may well have gone on in a steady way encircling the earth in its unbroken course; but from the time that the continents came up to bar its way it was no longer a girdle around the earth in which each particle swam continually in the same latitude, but it became a set of great whirlpools. If the reader has grasped the cause of the oblique movement of the air from the poles to the equator, he will find little difficulty in picturing to himself how the waters of this great equatorial current, moving towards the poles at the rate of three thousand miles a month, would behave when turned to the right and left by an equatorial barrier such as South America now interposes against their course. Their constant passage to regions having greater movement by virtue of the earth's rotation led to the deflection of the trade-winds to the west as they came down to the equator; the reverse conditions affect the waters which are turned from the equator towards the poles. They are in this part of their course moving faster than the regions they are continually entering, and as a consequence they move more rapidly than the earth at each successive point at which they find themselves in their journey towards the poles, and so take paths leading to the northeast and to the southeast. The result is that practically no large part of the Atlantic equatorial stream escapes out of its basin, and each of the several oceans has its circulation kept to itself to a very great extent. When these vast whirlpool currents sweep away from the equator on their stately northward march, they take with them the temperature acquired in several months' exposure to the heat of a tropical sun. Waters which perhaps a year before were at the temperature of melting ice start again for the pole at the temperature of from eighty to eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit, moving in the case of the Gulf Stream with the speed of nearly five miles an hour. The momentum of its impact against the shore which turned it from its course deepens the tide of warm water in the Gulf Stream to a thousand feet or more; but generally these streams of warm water become shallower at each stage of their progress to the north, until they are but a few hundred feet deep. Although the streams lose a good deal of their heat on their road towards the pole, they still retain enough at their crossing of the arctic circle to make them inconceivably powerful in their effect on the temperature of the high northern regions. Mr. James Croll, in his admirable studies on this subject, has clearly shown that the Gulf Stream, or the Atlantic whirlpool, carries nearly as much heat into the arctic circle as is cast into that region by the rays of the sun. As shown by that distinguished physicist, the difference of the mean temperature of the equator and poles, now only eighty degrees Fahrenheit, would be as much as two hundred degrees Fahrenheit were there no ocean streams; the equator would then have a temperature of one hundred and thirty-five degrees above, and the poles eighty degrees below zero, the equator being fifty-five degrees warmer than at present, the poles eighty-three degrees colder. To annihilate the ocean currents would be to extinguish the organic life over a considerable district beneath the equator, and in all the territory beyond about forty-five degrees of latitude. The atmospheric contention which would arise from this wide difference between the poles and the equator would make the small part of the earth where organic

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life could find a foot-hold a perfect battle-ground of the elements; so that even in the strip of twenty or thirty degrees of width where the temperature conditions would seem to permit life, it is questionable whether any considerable development of this life would be possible.

When we have once come to see that not only are the ocean currents powerful instruments of climatic correction, but that the very existence of organic life depends on their work, we are willing to look to the accidents of their course for the causes of great climatic changes. It is easily seen that if by geographical changes these ocean currents were excluded from their ancient tracts, or admitted to new fields, the world's climate could be greatly bettered. If, for example, the relatively shallow water between Iceland and Scandinavia were to be changed to dry land, so as to shut out the Gulf Stream from the Arctic Ocean, there is not the smallest doubt that the climate of Europe would suffer somewhat the same change as has come of late to North America. In place of a rather mild northern sea, the waters which lave the arctic shores of that continent and Northern Asia would be visited by an even deeper cold than now makes desolate the shores of the northernmost lands of our own continent, while Southern and Western Europe would receive more heat and moisture than now fall to their lot. If the reader will take a globe or a good world-map in hand, he will see that our greater and more easily conceived climatal variations can occur through very simple geographical modifications. He will see that while the arctic circle is wide open to the Atlantic, the Pacific shores draw close their lines in the north, giving but a narrow and a shallow strait to unite the Arctic and the Pacific waters. He will see that the Pacific gulf stream, the Kuru Sivo of the Japanese, possessing a current probably much greater in power than our Atlantic Gulf Stream, sweeps off the coast of Asia, and pours its waters into the great bay formed by the converging shores of Asia and America. Into this bay and along its shores the heat is discharged in great volume, but much of it finds its way back into tropical waters, unexpended. Perhaps not a hundredth part of it drifts through the difficult passage of Behring Strait into the polar sea. Yet even this slender thread of tropical water keeps a somewhat open sea in this section in the depth of the sunless winter. If the vast low-lying districts of Eastern Siberia and Western Alaska were sunk beneath the sea, even to the depth of a few hundred feet, a trifling change in the great mechanism of the continents, it would open wide the road of this vast ocean stream straightway to the pole. The immediate result of this change is in good part told us by the effects of the Atlantic Gulf Stream. The temperature of the interarctic region is now lifted at least as much as thirty degrees by the action of the Gulf Stream. An equal effect would be exercised by the Japanese current when the great gates were thrown wide open by the recurring geological changes. Thirty degrees is the least rise in the annual temperature of the region about the pole that would come from the action of this great Japanese current if it could make its way to the north as freely as does the Gulf Stream. Whenever the Alaskan gates to the pole are unbarred, the whole of the ice-cap of the circumpolar regions must at once melt away; all the plants of the northern continents, now kept in narrow bounds by the arctic cold, would begin their march towards the pole. The plants of the Ohio Valley would soon come again on to the Greenland shores. The Gulf Stream and the Pacific stream would bring not only their life-sustaining heat, but at the same time a great store of the seeds of the plants which would be candidates for the new places in the awakened lands. The Gulf Stream is every day taking a great quantity of seeds to the northern shores of Europe and America; trees stuck full of acorns and nuts by the busy woodpeckers and other seed-garnering animals are carried by the winter storms into the great rivers, and by them carried on into the Gulf of Mexico; in time they are borne, along with other seeds of plants, in great plenty, even as far as

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Iceland and Scandinavia, and to the shores of Greenland. Thus this current is through the ages continually making an offering of life to the frozen fields of the north. Wherever the changes are such as to make these germs welcome, they plant the life of the Mississippi borders in these far northern regions. Generally they fall on sterile soil, but the times come now and then when they meet climates suited to them, and take their place as makers of the forests. It may be to this that we owe the curious relations between the old forests of Europe and those of the Mississippi Valley. With the coming of the Pacific stream to the arctic sea, we should have a climate in North America and Northern Asia exceedingly different from the present conditions in those countries. The climate of Southern Ireland would probably be the nearest approach to that which these countries would then enjoy: there would be no winter of killing frosts, or summer of burning heats; the lifting of the arctic temperature by thirty degrees would lower the equatorial heat by about five degrees in the mean annual, so that the tropics would profit by the change as well as the northern regions. The rainfall of the arctic regions and of all the high latitudes of the north would be considerably increased, for it depends largely on the mean temperature of any district. The rain-fall of northern North America and Northern Siberia is at the present time not over twenty inches, while that of the intertropical belt is probably over ninety inches in a year. It is not too much to say that the life-sustaining power of the lands north of forty degrees of latitude would be doubled by the breaking down of the barrier which cuts off the Japanese current from the pole. When we compare the fitness of the world for the uses of man, we are convinced that this trifling change would give us in effect a new earth, making the evils of equatorial heat far less than they are at present, and nearly doubling the area of the earth which is thoroughly habitable. To the student of nature the conditions of the moment are always made more bearable by the visions of the past and the hopes of the future. Beyond the most dismal accidents of to-day he can see the sunshine of the days that are gone or are to come, and feel that this clouding of the sun is but the fate of his individual moment of all time. If he is ground under the wheels of the vast machinery, it is much comfort to know that it is no car of Juggernaut dragged aimlessly by a mob of blind contending forces, but an engine that lifts life from darkness to light. This comfort we can get if we study the history of the little bar of land which shuts the world out from its best conditions, plunging half of its surface into a hopeless war with the evils of heat and cold.

Geology has not yet gone so far as to find the perfect clew to the movements of the continents; but it has fixed some points with an approximation to certainty. Among these are some which will serve to show us how the successive admission and exclusion of the Pacific stream are connected with the general machinery of our earth. It is a well-established fact that during the last glacial period the whole northern region was more or less depressed beneath the sea. Near New York the depression did not exceed twenty or thirty feet, but it increased to seventy or more at Boston, and so steadily became more and more important, until in Greenland the depression of the land certainly exceeded two thousand feet. It must not be supposed that during the time when the ice-cap lay about the pole this great depression which attended it was accompanied by an equal invasion of the sea over the surface of the lands; on the contrary, the ice made a new continental line, doubtless much further out to sea than the present shores of those regions. This could be proved by many things, but it is not necessary to discuss the evidence here. When the time came for the disappearance of this vast ice-sheet of the glacial time, the lands did not quickly recover from their sunken position, and so the sea ranged far over their surfaces, entering deeply into basins like Lake Champlain, for instance, and probably covering a large part of Labrador by its waves. As it

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is certain that the depression extended along the Pacific shores, the melting ice would have left the gates to the pole wide open to the warm streams of the tropical waters, which now are barred out by the land of the peninsulas of Asia and of America. There would have been a considerable interval of time, even in a geological sense, while the rapidly rising lands were as yet submerged, when the current of warm water would have moved steadily on to the polar regions, so that the best climate the arctic circle ever saw must have followed immediately on the course of the retreating glacial streams. The time was probably short during which the Japanese current had a complete access to the pole, but something of its effects probably held down to the period of human history. Whoever will read the evidences of an extensive occupation of Greenland seven centuries ago, or will compare the climatal conditions of Iceland now and a thousand years back, will be convinced that there has been some refrigerating agent at work throughout that region. There is none more likely than this gradual lifting of the Pacific barrier between the tropics and the pole, diminishing that current which now is but a slender thread. It is with no small satisfaction that we see this work ended, and that there is little chance that the polar forces are to be any more favored in their battles than they are at present. The entire closing of Behring Strait would be quite without further effect. The damage is done, at that point, and the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic flows over deep seas that are not likely to be limited by barriers to its steady way. Any other changes that these hidden forces of the deeper earth have in store for us must be beneficent in their results rather than hurtful.

Whoever looks upon man as a creature led up from the slavery of physical forces to something like a mastery over his conditions, and actual possession of his inheritance, will be inclined to ask whether there is hope for the bettering of the climate of the earth through man's own exertions; whether it may not be possible to mend this matter of climate by the resources now or likely to be at the command of man. Is the amount of force that it would require to open an effective passage through the Alaskan peninsula so great that such a work is likely to be ever beyond the energies of our race? This is a difficult question to answer at the outset, but the enormous possibilities which it seems to open make it worth while to give it more than a passing consideration. Without troubling the reader with the reckoning, it may be said in general terms that the conditions are substantially these: an opening less than four hundred feet in depth, of which three hundred feet would be below the water-line, and one hundred miles wide cannot be expected to have a great effect on the arctic temperature. If through this opening there could be a current made, moving at the rate of one half a mile per hour, the effect would be considerable, for it would discharge each day three hundred and twenty-six cubic miles of Pacific Ocean water into the arctic sea. If this water be assumed to have a heating power equal to that of the Gulf Stream, — it is doubtless somewhat greater, — then the effect would be somewhere about one twentieth of what is computed by Mr. Croll to be the influence of the Gulf Stream on the temperature of the interarctic region. A rough reckoning of the magnitude of this work makes it plain that to complete it would probably require more than all the power which has hitherto been given to the great works of the world from the beginning of civilization. But it might be said that this is a bad measurement of the possibilities of human endeavor for the time to come. The resources of force available to man would not be seriously tasked in the extension of this channel over the area specified. Not counting the human force involved in the application of the power, there is little doubt that a part of the buried solar force stored in our coal seams would do all of the work necessary to open this gate to a good climate. If the world should ever make up its mind to use all of the life now wasted on things of even less immediate profit, on its armies and

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prisons, and give the means lavished thereon to the support of its millions of men in this work, there would doubtless be something more than it now finds to its credit at the end of each century. The reader will himself remark that perhaps not the least of the gains would be found in the chance of getting a place where all the refuse of mankind could be ground up to some good purpose. Who will dare to say that the prophetic soul that led our government to an otherwise inexplicable purchase in Alaska of a dominion of ice and darkness may not have foreseen for his restless countrymen the need of some such penal if not profitable undertaking? It would be a praiseworthy example and a source of much national relief if we could use our political and other tramps in this distant enterprise. The worthless life of the world could in no other way be so well built into its future hope. Even if we acknowledge that this is but an air-drawn scheme which can never be brought to ground, as, indeed, it seems to be, — if it should be shown that the work of making a way for the tropical waters is definitely beyond complete attainment, or that if done the forces of nature would block the channel up again, — it would not be complete proof that it was not worth while to undertake it. The time is perhaps near at hand when great deeds — deeds that may arouse the strength of generations — will have to be sought for the occupation of men. As the old Faust, his exuberance of youth spent with all youth's spendthrift greed, comes at last to occupy his age in the great struggle to redeem the land from the sea, so man, whose history the poet meant, perhaps, to write in his poem, may well give his later years to a protest against the great wastes of our world, however imperfect the gain that his labor wins.

N. S. Shaler.

WAPENTAKE.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

POET! I come to touch thy lance with mine;
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
My admiration for thy verse divine.
Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

Henry W. Longfellow.

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DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART I.

I.

A PLAY WITH REAL SCENERY.

THE late train from the westward arrives at Verona towards eleven o'clock. It is drawn by locomotives named the Titian, the Sansovino, or the Paul Veronese, yet if it be a sultry night the traveler hardly finds himself the more comfortable for these attractive designations. It was on a sultry night in the early part of June that a young gentleman alighted from this train and placed himself, almost the only passenger, in a long omnibus, which bore him away into the heart of the city.

His countenance wore a petulant expression, as though he felt that he had a right to complain at the discomforts to which he was being subjected. There was a white muslin scarf with barred ends twisted about his hat, a field glass was slung over his shoulder, and he had a general aspect of having lately come out of Switzerland, — as indeed he had, by way of the Simplon Pass.

The long omnibus crossed a bridge, rolled in and out of numerous dark streets and up the Corso to its narrowest part, and paused before the Torre d'Oro al Gran Parigi. The traveler made his arrangements hurriedly at the bureau of the hotel. He did not wait to be shown to his room, but grumbled at the heat and asked to be directed where he could get some cooling refreshment immediately. In the street he pushed his hat upon the back of his head with a breath of partial relief, and at the end of the block turned into a small passage which leads under a statue-crowned archway to the Café Dante, in the Piazza de' Signori.

Business for the night was nearly over at the Café Dante. Most of the little tables that usually stand upon the pavement had been taken in. There were still a few patrons sipping ices, or smoking and conversing in quiet tones. The new-comer threw himself into a chair, and a polite waiter snatched a napkin and ran out from the interior to know what the *signore* desired to command. The signore commanded a certain ice, which was exhausted for the evening. The substitute brought to him, whatever it was, did not appear to be to his liking. In an endeavor to obtain something else, which his slight acquaintance with the language did not enable him to make sufficiently clear, he was obliged to go to explain his demand to a more accomplished attendant within. While he did so he stood for some moments in a strong light. As he came out a gentleman who had been observing his movements with interest stepped forward to meet him.

"Pardon me if I am wrong," said he, "but I think you must be Morris Hyson."

"I certainly am," replied the other; "and dark as it is I have not the slightest difficulty in making out that you are Louis Detmold. I am extremely glad to see you. How in the world do you happen to be here? I had no idea that you were within six thousand miles of this out-of-the-way place. When did you leave Lakeport?"

"Only in March," answered Detmold. "I am taking a sort of course of study in my line, — drawing buildings, and so on. These Lombard cities are full of material. I find this one especially interesting. But let us sit down. Have you ordered? You seemed to have some difficulty."

"Yes, I did; but I think I have now made myself understood. I want some seltzer water, wine, and a little syrup and ice. I mix them together into a kind of imitation of our American soda-water.

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I can recommend it as a tolerable beverage, at least when you are half parched to death with thirst, as I am at this very moment. I have just come, and am sticky and covered with dust. I did not stop an instant at my hotel. What a suffocating thing it is to drop down into this Italian country, after the Alps!"

"It is not so bad here after you are a little used to it, though I believe the weather is warmer than usual for the time of year," said Detmold.

The desired refreshment was brought; the two friends chose one of the tables remote from the door, and fell into easy conversation.

The Piazza de' Signori is a small paved court, oblong in shape, and surrounded by ancient buildings. One seems lowered into another century as if into a well. There are prisons and palaces on either hand, sombre walls dashed with color, arcades, balconies, and statues. Little bridges, with flowers hanging from their parapets, span the openings into it at the height of the third and fourth stories. At one side is a Renaissance palace, carved, gilded, and as fanciful amid the grave solidity of its surroundings as a piece of jewelry. A great battlemented tower of brick, with bands of marble interspaced, rises from the municipal buildings. In every adjacent nook is a curious arcaded staircase, or tomb, or shrine, or red marble well-curb with wrought-iron tackle. In front of the café is a fresh white marble statue of Dante, erected on the five hundredth anniversary of his birth. It has not yet the mellow tones of the place, but the grand severity of that hooded form and face make it congruous with any antiquity.

"The last time I saw you, Detmold," said Hyson, "you were working like a beaver for architectural customers, and, if my recollection is right, not getting very many. You gave me some account of the eccentricities of your Lakeport Crœsuses and your efforts to capture them. I judge that you have had better success in the mean time."

"Well, no, not much," said Detmold. "Still I have made a beginning. Lakeport does not exactly hunger and thirst after the fine arts. It likes a good deal of solid bricks and mortar and cast-iron, and considers one device in the way of ornament about as good as another. The Crœsuses are pretty hard to capture. I don't know whether I was too young, too high-priced, or too finical. They have come nearer capturing me. I have done things there that would drive my New York masters into convulsions."

"Such as what?"

"Oh, sham classic, — wooden pillars, and so on, sanded over to look like stone. I had to."

"That is pretty bad, I suppose."

"Execrable!"

"It is rough, is n't it?" said Hyson, sympathetically. "Now, you have got an immense taste for such things, you know. Why, you ought to be — you ought to be" — selecting the largest buildings he could think of as a measure of his appreciation of his friend's capability — "the architect of the capitol at Albany or the New York post-office."

"Thank you," said Detmold, laughing; "you are a most discriminating judge. Of course I have not given up entirely. I have got to go back and work for a living. But I had a little money that came to me unexpectedly, and I determined to come and make this trip — to which I have always been attracted — while I had some enthusiasm left. I can get considerable good out of it in the way of my profession, sketching and reading, but after all I suppose it is only a species of opium-eating."

"Opium-eating? Not at all; nothing of the sort," objected Hyson. "You are adding something continually to your business capital. All this picturesque trumpery will be money in your pocket some day."

"It makes a man bold, for one thing," said Detmold. "There is nothing in the way of design he ought to feel afraid to attempt after going back. Almost everything conceivable in shape and contrivance is to be found here, already in actual use. What do you think of

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coupled columns tied up at the centre into a braided knot, as though they were flexible, the whole cut out of one piece of marble?"

"I should say they would be pretty stunning," said Hyson, apparently thinking that the feat was presented for his admiration.

"I do not fancy them myself," said Detmold, coolly, "but you can see such in the crypt at San Zeno."

"Then, another thing," said Hyson, continuing, "your Lakeport barbarians cannot remain so apathetic always; the tide of Eastern transit and fashion is continually sweeping through, and must have its effect sooner or later. But even if they should, you can pull up stakes and dig out, can't you? There is certainly room enough and taste enough and money enough in America for such a fellow as you to be furnished with opportunities to put his ideas in practice, no matter how high-toned they are."

"Yes," assented Detmold, hesitatingly, "I suppose that might be done; but I have had reasons why I rather wished to remain at Lakeport."

"Oh, you had reasons! It seems to me I recollect something further of them. Was it perhaps a blonde reason, with a sweet expression and a puzzling coolness of manners? I was inclined to think that a very good reason myself, the winter I spent at Lakeport. Miss Starfield — Miss Alice Starfield — her name was. And, now that I think of it and put this and that together, it occurs to me very forcibly that I made the excursion to Chamouny with her and her party not over two weeks ago. Perhaps our motives were a little mixed, — eh, Detmold? Perhaps it was something more than Lombard-Gothic chimney-pots, and nondescript columns that tie themselves up into double bow-knots, that brought us across several thousand leagues of land and sea."

"Perhaps it was," said Detmold, with a sigh.

"Probably it is no news that she and her party, her father, mother, and a rather oldish young lady, — Miss Lonsdale, or some such name, — are coming to this very place. They ought to be somewhere in the vicinity now."

Detmold remained silent.

"Mr. Starfield is concerning himself a good deal about the silk culture and manufacturing. It seems to me that he intends to go into it. I believe he has been made assignee or has bought an interest in some establishment that has not run very successfully hitherto. He thinks of bringing out workmen from here, and so on. I understood him to say that he had business with some Verona parties which might keep him here a month."

"With the Castelbarcos, most likely," said Detmold. "They are correspondents and old acquaintances of his. They have a large factory here, and another somewhere in the country. There are two of them in the business, and both have been in America. I used to go to school with Antonio, the son, at Wardham, where I prepared for college."

"That is well worth mentioning; I hope you cultivate him. An indigenous acquaintance like that is no trivial advantage here, I can tell you. It exasperates me beyond measure when I think of it, how we skim along through these countries, meeting nobody but truckling landlords, waiters, and grisettes, or some denationalized specimens who know more about other countries than their own; and we find out nothing at all of what the people who live here are like."

"Yes, I cultivate him a little. I have dined with him, and he has dined with me at my restaurant in the Piazza Brà. I have been through his factory and at his club and at his home. It is a very odd place, — the last."

"Old palace?"

"Old palace, of course. It has crests and armorial bearings in profusion. The family claim noble descent, and assert a legitimate title to it in some way, although it has only recently come into their hands by purchase, out of the profits of their business. The old lady, especially, is as stately as a marchioness, and thoroughly imbue[1] with her aristocratic traditions."

"You can introduce me, I suppose,"

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said Hyson. "I have no doubt I can get some assistance from them in my own pursuit."

"Have you a pursuit too?" said Detmold, in some surprise; "I had supposed you were simply one of the great army of pleasure-seekers."

"You do me wrong, my dear friend. You see before you one engaged in an enterprise of pith and moment. What is more, there is money in it. It is the Paradise Valley."

"The Paradise Valley?" said Detmold, with a strong rising inflection.

"How do you like the name? Wait till you see how settlers will flock in to a title like that. But do not be alarmed. It is not a 'New Eden.' Nobody is to be imposed upon. You will hear of no Paradise Valley farms in the market until the whole is made fully as good as its appellation. The Paradise Valley is to be irrigated."

"I do not yet understand."

"But you shall. I am opening the channels of my intelligence to the fullest head of information that can be run into them on the subject of irrigation, in order to improve my California property. I had even thought of taking a turn at the hydraulic university at Pavia, but the language is too strongly against me. I have seen already what there is in the south of France, and have spent a month looking over the canals of Piedmont."

He arose, stretched himself a little, and knocked the ashes off his cigar. A shambling *cicerone*, who had been hovering in the vicinity for some time, evidently considered the present as good an opportunity of offering his services as was likely to occur. He shuffled forward, and with a suggestive wave of his arm, intended to embrace the objects of interest in the vicinity, began, "Dante, Signori, molto bello. La Loggia, Signori" —

"No, for heaven's *sake!*" cried Hyson, impatiently. "At home," he resumed, sitting down, "I have never been credited with any great amount of original energy. I have tried various things, you see, since leaving college. For instance, I set up as a lawyer, but so few clients came that my office boy was ashamed of me and struck. But about a year ago I took a notion to run out to California and look at a piece of land my father left me, with other property. He took it for a debt, and none of us had ever seen it. I looked at it, and made up my mind about it immediately. The situation is one of the finest you can imagine, — a valley and tract of the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada. About once in five years the country is beautiful, — luxuriant vegetation — climate — glorious view, everything. The rest of the time it is a perfect little Sahara. You plant your grain; it comes up, may be, six inches high, turns sickly and yellow, and that is the end of it. Sometimes there is not a living blade of grass, and yet the land is excellent. What does it want? Nothing but water. There is plenty of it, too, if it is only rightly managed. The mountains behind constitute a great natural reservoir; they are nine thousand feet high, and an average depth of fourteen feet of snow falls upon them. More than that, the mountains are full of gold and silver, scarcely touched. Why? No water, again. I propose to have a series of storage tanks arranged back in the mountain gorges to sluice my portion of this little Golconda, and then bring down the same water to support gardens, orchards, and vineyards below."

"It is a splendid project," said Detmold. "You will make a national reputation."

"I shall make a pile of money, which is more to the purpose. Do you know what irrigated land sells for? At Valencia, in Spain, it brings from seven hundred to nine hundred dollars an acre; near Murcia some has been sold for twenty-five hundred dollars an acre, dry land close by being worth only one hundred and fifty dollars. Look at the crops you get! The grass meadows at Milan yield seven times a year, and turn out sometimes seventy-five tons an acre. In California, where this thing has been tried a little already, you can get from fifty to eighty bushels of wheat and five

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crops of grass. But you are not helping yourself. How do you like my mixture?"

"I believe I prefer the wine unmixed. They have given us Corvino, the best growth of this section. One can taste the perfume of grape blossoms in it. It is too good to adulterate."

"How do you stand this wine for breakfast, dinner, supper, and lunch, and between times?" asked Hyson. "When I first arrived it used to keep me in an exalted state all the time, like too much waltzing. Now I don't mind it. A convivial acquaintance of mine at home, named Shannon, has a theory that while people who go abroad think they are improved by history, the fine arts, and the contemplation of strange manners and institutions, in reality it is the generous wine they drink that constitutes the whole benefit. However, he is an incorrigible old toper himself, which creates a prejudice against his views. Where do you stop, here? At my hotel, perhaps?"

"No, I am economizing. I have an apartment in the third *piano* of a house near the Grazzini Palace, — indeed, in a wing of it, — and I dine where it suits me, from day to day."

"If they do not treat me well at this Tower of Gold or Tower of Babel, or whatever it is, I shall join you," said Hyson.

"You will remain at Verona for some time, then?"

"Until I have seen as much of Lombardy as of Piedmont. I understand that the canals in this locality are not as extensive or scientific as some others, but the conditions seem to me more like what I have at home, — foot-hills as well as plain, dry and wet cultivation mixed. For my purposes Verona is Hyson City, the Adige the King's River, and the Adriatic will do duty for Tulare Lake."

The deep bell of the Palazzo Vecchio tolled midnight. The white figure of Dante in front rose upon its pedestal like a ghost. The rays of a late-rising moon touched the row of statues upon the Loggia. The trailing flowers upon the little bridges were silhouetted against a sky full of stars. The last guests had strolled into the café to settle their reckoning.

"How like a theatre it is!" said Hyson. "I can hardly believe that it is real."

"Perfectly!" said Detmold. "It might be Booth's, or the Academy of Music."

"Here are all the properties, — flats, drops, wings, exits, and entrances. One half expects this to roll back on squeaking wheels and give place to the drawing-room scene; or to the garden scene, with its cabbage-roses sprawling over the terrace balustrade, and its verdant banks of green baize; or to the forest scene, with the foreground trees cut out and toppling whenever a draught comes through. This is the night scene. There ought to be gloomy rascals slouching about the archways, with poniards under their cloaks, or fellows in red and yellow cotton-velvet, and corked eyebrows, snorting about and fencing with each other. 'Minion, where is the juke? Hold back and let me look on thee again, Lorenzo.'"

In a whimsical mood he started to his feet and thrust about with his walking-stick as if it had been a rapier, or drew his shoulders well-nigh over his head to convey meanings of mysterious villainy. The hovering cicerone retreated in alarm.

"Nay, Barberigo, stay!" declaimed the young man, continuing his posturing. "These stones shall be me resting-place. Here shall me soul br-ood o'er its misery."

"Look out," said Detmold, laughing; "I don't know what kind of police we have here, but they will certainly not recognize the customs of their country as you portray them. They may make us trouble."

"Touch me not, prison miscreants! The illustrious Lady Foscari bids me to an audience."

"Stop, *stop*, Morris!" cried Detmold, who had arisen in some alarm, placing his hand upon his shoulder. "It will really not do to make such a disturbance."

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"Away!" mouthed Hyson. "Me galley floats within a bow-shot of the Riva de' Schiavoni." Then, dropping his antics, he thrust his arm good-naturedly through Detmold's and drew him along. The few persons who remained in the café had begun to gather at the door in astonishment. Among them was a gentleman whom Detmold recognized and stopped to greet, as they passed, as the younger Castelbarco. He introduced Hyson, and the two were introduced in turn to Castelbarco's companion, a young officer in a handsome uniform of blue and silver. After an amount of ceremonious handshaking and touching of hats, the party separated. The Italians were scrupulously polite, but regarded Hyson with puzzled expressions.

"You are just as you used to be," said Detmold. "Advancing years have not got the upper hand of your old spirits."

"Oh, yes, they have, I assure you," answered the other. "I am usually as serious as a funeral. I have not cut so many capers before for an age."

Detmold accompanied his friend to the gate of his hotel. Before they parted it was arranged that he should return and breakfast with him in the morning.

"I suppose I ought to do a little sight-seeing before I settle down to business," said Hyson. "You must not let me interfere with your occupations, but you can tell me what is worth looking at, and I can go about by myself and take it in."

"We will take a little turn together, to-morrow," said Detmold; "I can spare you a day."

"And — by the way," observed Hyson, holding ajar one of the great doors of the *porte cochère*, the bolt of which had been drawn in answer to his ring, "I hope I was not offensive in my flippant mention of Miss Starfield. I flattered myself that I divined what your feelings were in that quarter at the time referred to."

"They are not very different now," said Detmold, in a gloomy tone. "How did she look when you saw her?" he continued, hesitatingly, poking the stones with his stick.

"As pretty as ever and a great deal more animated. Whether it was the general excitement of travel, or the mountain air, or the beneficent influence of the wine for breakfast, she had got rid of a good deal of that stiffness — whether haughtiness or timidity I never could tell — that used to make her so hard to comprehend. She laughed and sang, and made some Eton boys run races by the side of the diligence, while she conversed them out of breath. She even climbed short cuts for flowers with your humble servant. She is very charming, Detmold. If I were not so tough in these matters, and if I did not know what I do about your claims, there is no telling what a spectacle even I might be capable of making of myself there."

"I do not know that I have any particular claims," said Detmold; "she is her own property."

"I thought it was better than that."

"No, — but I will tell you about it some time. Good night." And he walked away, while the heavy doors of the Torre d'Oro clanged behind the new arrival.

II.

ALICE.

In Verona scarcely any streets are straight; none preserve a uniform width throughout; no two are parallel; hardly two blocks are of the same length. Irregular alleys, or *vicolos*, and smaller alleys still (*vicoletti*) bore their way into the thick mass of buildings. Over them project the eaves of low-pitched roofs, showing the scalloped edges of red earthen tiles. In these narrow streets are stuccoed palaces, frescoed outside in neutral tints. The flat wall simulates below perhaps a massive rusticated basement, with projecting quoins, in the Palladian style; above, pilasters, balconies, windows, and awnings, shaded in correct perspective from one point of view, but of course toppling and false from all others. This spurious gray and sepia embellishment, in which there is no illusion, is all that remains of a gorgeous

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fashion that once covered domestic buildings with fanciful pictures and brilliant colors. A trace of the ancient style may still be seen in the Piazza Erbe. There last judgments and mythological scenes and figures, in tolerable preservation, some designed by no less a hand than Mantegna's, still ornament the tall façades. Many a famous artist did not disdain in this way to recompense his entertainers or show his regard for a friendly house.

At eight in the morning, after a couple of hours' work, Detmold put in his pocket the sketch-book which was his unfailing companion, and took his way to the Torre d'Oro. The sun was in an unclouded sky, and the protection of the strongly defined shadows beneath the buildings was already grateful. In the oblong, irregular Piazza Erbe a busy traffic was in progress. The market people and their goods were sheltered under white, tent-like umbrellas. A battered statue, the genius of the city, familiarly known as Madonna Verona, arose in their midst like a tutelary divinity. Below it a fountain, which has a history of a thousand years, splashed into a copious basin, at which they freshened their vegetables. The Maffei Palace, now the fashionable shopping-place of Verona, closes the piazza. In front of it is a tall pillar which once, like those in the Piazzetta at Venice, sustained the lion of St. Mark, as an emblem of Venetian domination.

Hyson had not yet risen when Detmold arrived. He came down complaining of want of sleep on account of the heat. His room opened on an interior court where jets of gas flamed all night. His first proceeding was to make the secretary assign him more endurable quarters. At breakfast an English commercial traveler, who dropped his h's, endeavored to enter into conversation with the young men. He assured them that he always made it a point to stop at the best hotels. He asked them what line they were in, as if they had been fellow tradesmen. Hyson laughed, and said that he was interested in fertilizers, and his friend largely in paint stuffs. The commercial traveler said it was a fine farming country, and that the Cadburys of Birmingham were the best makers of paint stuffs in the trade, and he knew them very well. But Detmold was disgusted, and recurred to this incident as they rode together in a hired cab on their tour of inspection. It was a kind of shock to him that persons should come to Verona on any business which was not largely one of sentiment.

"As for me," said Hyson, "I was disillusioned on my first trip. I came over the year of the Paris Exposition, you know. I had an idea that Europe was a kind of stem-winding panorama, moving to the music of a melodeon. The people I conceived as abstractions of burnt sienna, Chinese white, and cobalt, forever leaning up against vine-clad archways, or washing clothes under striped awnings in azure lakes. But in fact the sentimental element is in a small minority. People here have got to be hard, vulgar, calculating, and tricky, and scramble for their bread and butter like ourselves. They leave little patches of antiquity railed off here and there to be stared at by loungers, but it is not the business of *their* lives, by any means. Nothing is curious any longer. Everything is exported and imported. You find the same sort of knickknacks in a shop at Perugia or Civita Vecchia as in a dollar store at Green Bay. The breath of the locomotive dissolves the peasant costumes and manners and customs like frost on a window pane. English cockneys, like the one we have seen, go over the road every thirty days, and sell goods at Bruges, Venice, Cairo, and probably at Bagdad and in the vale of Cashmere, just as an American "drummer" jumps off and on with his samples at all the stations between Chicago and Little Rock. I should like to know why they should not. Distances are nothing like as great, and customers are a hundred times as plenty."

"To imaginative people," said Detmold, "antiquity and the foreign, being so different from the ordinary circumstances of life, are an approximation to the ideal. When this resource is cut off,

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when we have all traveled around the world three or four times apiece, and a glare of daylight is let into everything, what is going to be left to us?"

"One thing at a time," replied Hyson. "When we get through with what there is, no doubt we shall be furnished with more. Perhaps some method will be devised for effecting a close connection with the planets."

The young men rolled down through the market piazza to the gray Roman amphitheatre in the Piazza Brà on trackways of stone, laid to facilitate the passage of vehicles. They traversed the length of the Corso, with its Roman arch and its palaces by San Micheli, passed out upon the bridges below which waterwheels were turning in the current, and glanced into churches and museums and up at the battlements of an old mediæval castle by a battlemented bridge. They viewed the city from the hill of San Pietro, the ancient stronghold of old Dietrich of Bern, and from amid the neglected cypresses of the Giusti garden.

It is a thick, rich city, full of spires and towers. The Adige, cold and swift from the glaciers, passes through its glowing mass like a marrow of ice. Over the undulations of the surrounding heights sweep modern bastions and lunettes, and battlemented walls surviving from the Middle Ages. The travelers paused here and there at outlying *osteria* to take a light refreshment of cakes and wine. The wide boulevards of the suburbs glared. The foliage peeping above the inhospitable garden walls was parched and dusty. The visitors turned back among the shadows of the tall houses for relief.

Hyson was sufficiently appreciative of the whole, but Detmold enjoyed it with a passion. Architecture that depends for its effect upon form alone has the gravity of sculpture; the Lombard-Gothic, with its Byzantine affiliations, is like painting. This quality of the quaint city permeated the young architect in every fibre. He could have embraced the red marble lions that supported the columns of the porches. Bathed in such a glow of light and color, they seemed almost to have a benign warmth and vitality of their own.

Towards four o'clock they crossed the Ponte di Pietra, and turned again into the Corso near Santa Anastasia and Hyson's hotel. They dismissed the conveyance and stepped in to enjoy for a moment the coolness of the church before going to dine. Its exterior, unfinished since the thirteenth century, is of rough brick, spotted and time-stained. The interior is such a surprise as when one discovers a heart of precious crystals within a clumsy geode. The thick columns separating the numerous aisles, and the series of sculptured and frescoed chapels, are all of the richest materials. There is an elegant simplicity in the details. Bands of flat, painted ornament follow and accent the construction in place of the uneasy moldings of the North. The pavement is a mosaic of soft tones, white, red, and bluish-gray. To our friends, who raised the curtain at the door-way, after the long dazzle of the day, the church had for a moment the obscurity of twilight.

An elderly gentleman, with his hands behind him, stood in the nave at a distance, directing his attention to some feature of the ceiling which a younger man was pointing out. Nearer the entrance, two ladies, guide-book in hand, were inspecting an elaborate altar. Detmold's heart gave a great throb. He was sensible of a gracious presence in the church, more pervading than its impression of artistic splendor or religious awe. It was Alice.

"We are in luck," said Hyson, with animation. "Here are the Starfields, now."

The ladies turned at the same moment, and the recognition was mutual. Miss Alice Starfield, the taller of the two, was above the middle height. Her expression was marked by sweetness and candor. There appeared also in it a trace of haughtiness that might have been merely an indication of reserve, and at times of archness that was a little derisive. It would hardly have been safe, therefore, to trust to its element of sweetness as an indication of perfectly

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tame and unvaried amiability. Her light brown hair was dry and profuse. Some careless strands of it strayed over the forehead. She wore a hat looped up at one side, in which was a gray and white wing. The prevailing tones of her costume were gray, but there were delicate touches of color disposed about it which gave to the whole an intangible bloom.

No one would have gathered from anything in the demeanor of Alice that the relation of Detmold to her was that of a rejected suitor who had recently left her in a mood of bitterness and despair. She greeted him as pleasantly — with just the faintest shade of inquiry in her glance — as his companion. But the remembrance which was so momentous to Detmold produced in him, as the only means of concealing his agitation at this unexpected meeting, an unusual reserve. He thought wildly of attempting to carry it off cavalierly, to impose upon her the idea that he was no more distressed than herself at what had happened; but he had neither the disingenuousness to belittle the sincerity of his passion, nor the flow of spirits at command to play the part successfully. He wondered at her lightness and gayety. The situation which involves the happiness of two lifetimes seemed to him to have the seriousness of a kind of sacrificial rites. He could have expected the participants to walk apart in pensive attitudes, as if amid colonnades of Egyptian sphinxes. He watched the countenance of Alice to see if he could not detect some expression of relenting, or even of constraint, — some trace of feeling corresponding to his own, upon which renewed hope might be based. There was nothing but blooming animation. If anything, there was an increase of self-possession and reconcilement to herself involved in the presence of a lover who thought the ground she walked on fit to worship. Not that it was a conscious reveling in her power; but the incense of such admiration can hardly fail to intoxicate a little involuntarily. A companion so much in her presence as Miss Lonsdale noted a brighter lustre in her eyes and a heightened color in her cheeks.

The heart of Alice beat faster for the meeting. Was it pleasurable or unwelcome? She was deliberating, while she talked, how one ought to treat a rejected suitor whom one perhaps likes well enough as a friend, and whom one has rejected in a surprised and agitated moment, because she has never thought of him before as a lover, because she knows him too little, because she is not in haste to marry, and because at any rate time to think of all these things was to be gained by refusal, but none at all by acceptance.

"You cannot have been here long," said Hyson, "or we should have known it."

"No," replied Alice; "we only arrived from Bergamo a couple of hours ago. Our hotel is close by. As we were not at all tired we ran over to have a glimpse of this delightful church before dinner. Mr. Castelbarco called just as we were starting, and was kind enough to come with us."

"Is your hotel the Torre d'Oro?"

"I think so, — some such name as that."

"So much the better," said Hyson. "I am there, too. We are going to be neighbors. And how is Mrs. Starfield, with whom I became such good friends on our trip to Chamouny? I hope you have not left her behind."

"Oh, no; mamma is here, but she is so indifferent. She prefers comfort to improvement whenever we let her have her own way in the least."

"We must cure her of that. Leave her to me. I have a method. I shall introduce to you a number of persons whom your mother would not let you marry on any account. They will give you invitations, and Mrs. Starfield will go out as chaperone, every time."

"Please don't," said Alice.

Mr. Starfield now came forward with his companion. It was Antonio, the younger Castelbarco. He was a tall, well-shaped, handsome fellow, with fine eyes and the characteristic silk-like mustache of his countrymen. The father of Alice had a close-trimmed beard beginning to be touched with gray, a

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keen but kindly eye, and the chary speech and self-poised brusqueness of a successful business man. He gave the impression of taking the antiquities and show articles of travel, in which it was now his duty to manifest an interest, with a good-natured tolerance which was yet not lacking in respect. His habit of thoroughness did not abandon him even here, or suffer him to leave uncomprehended anything to which he gave his attention. He discerned the purpose and the admirable ingenuity of many of the mediæval devices in which the rest saw only chaotic picturesqueness. He would purposely mispronounce at times some of the difficult proper names, to enjoy the remonstrances of the young women, who pretended to be very much ashamed of him. In the presence of this keen and disciplined merchant, Detmold felt himself hardly more than an aimless trifler. Hyson, whose present pursuit quite disembarrassed him of any such sensibility, if he had ever been hampered by it, took Mr. Starfield apart to confer, as between fellow business men, upon the prospects of irrigation.

The glance of Castelbarco followed the soft and engaging figure of Alice as she moved, with undisguised admiration. As often as he could, he advanced to her side, with ingratiating politeness, to explain to her some of the surrounding objects. She responded to his attentions with a graciousness that was the gall of bitterness to Detmold.

Miss Lonsdale and Detmold being thrown together, strolled slowly after the others, the latter, well versed in the details of the place, acting as cicerone.

Miss Lonsdale, a niece of Mrs. Starfield, was a young lady of a year or two beyond thirty. She had some property in her own right; she was well informed, of fine manners, and of an apparently amiable disposition. There was a cold, somewhat nun-like sweetness in her smile, from which it could be rightly inferred that she had once been pretty, and that she was now devout. She was one of those ladies, proportionably more numerous in the upper than in the lower strata of American society, who, not averse to marriage, and possessed of social advantages and personal attractions which charm those about them, yet wither and grow old without finding partners to complete the harmony of their lives. It may be that young women of wealth and station outnumber young men in parallel circumstances, or that the latter oftener step down to choose than their places are supplied from below in the circle they have left. This is one of the ill adjustments of life, probably some time to be remedied, that countless small cliques and societies are seen revolving monotonously without touching, while in their contact and crossing, if such a thing might be, there would seem to be limitless possibilities. Perhaps even in the whole, if reciprocals could be brought together, there is a supplement for every deficiency and a realization for every ideal.

Miss Lonsdale did not appear to repine that her lot had not been differently fashioned. At her home she devoted herself to enterprises of benevolence. She had given much attention to theological questions, and had passed through numerous creeds from Presbyterianism to Ritualism, and recently, by a final step, to Catholicism. Like most new converts her devotion was extreme. It was mainly to gratify her sentiment of reverence for the holy places of the new-found church that she had come abroad. She had been at Lourdes, Einsiedeln, Loretto, and other pilgrimage spots, and spoke of them with grave enthusiasm.

Detmold found her conversation interesting, but chiefly, it must be confessed, on account of the incidental mentions it contained of Alice. He kept the conversation at these points as well as he could. He heard of her artistic achievements in the way of taking the likenesses of old ladies, or good-natured waiting-maids, or little beggars hired by the hour. How had she stood the fatigues of the mountains? He was distressed to learn that, although assuming a bravado of athleticism, she had not escaped here and there during her journeys some serious attacks of illness from fatigue and climatic influences. How was she pleased

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when they met the poet Freiligrath at Wiesbaden? What did he say to her, and what did she say to him? He was devoid of tact in this, and presently perceived Miss Lonsdale flashing at him glances of suspicion, upon which he dropped the subject so precipitately that her suspicions were confirmed.

But he had learned among the rest that the business of Mr. Starfield would probably keep the party at Verona a month, if the weather was endurable; and that while there Alice would endeavor to get permission to pursue some studies in painting at the Museo Civico.

The visitors strolled irregularly in the great church, now massing at the summons of one to note some special feature of interest, then dividing differently and scattering again. Detmold and Castelbarco found themselves together.

"It is a singular man, your friend," said the Italian, indicating Hyson, who stood at a little distance with Alice.

"On account of his antics at the café last night? Oh, you must not mind that; it was only a freak. He is a very sensible fellow, I assure you."

"Perchance so. For a moment myself and my comrade of the evening did esteem him to be *in*sane. But how charming is your countrywoman, the Signorina Starfield! I did know her as a child, when I was your comrade of school at Wardham. She was even then beautiful. She remembers me of my bad English, and laughs me now of it."

In another shifting of positions, it was Detmold who was left with Alice, before one of the chapels, where she stood engaged in inspecting an altar piece. She had deliberated and deliberated, and arrived at no conclusion. Unable to think of any better course, she addressed him simply as if nothing had happened.

"What do you think of Carotto?" she said, turning to him with a frank smile.

What did he think of Carotto? Heavens! He had abandoned the labors on which his success in the world depended and crossed the better portion of two continents in search of her. He had tossed and wrestled and agonized with himself. He had pleaded to her and been repulsed with scorn. It was as if a great chasm had opened, or the deluge had come and creation been constructed anew; and now, after all this, they were to come together and talk jauntily about Carotto!

Well, he did not know that he had thought much about Carotto. He had hardly had time to go into the peculiarities of the minor painters. He thought, perhaps, that all of Carotto's strong points, and many others, could be found in his master, Mantegna. If one took an interest in Carotto, however, and wanted to see his best productions, they were at San Tomaso and Santa Eufemia.

"Oh, I do not," she hastened to explain. "I only wish to do my duty by things a little when I fall in with them. I am trying to be conscientious, to make up for lost time."

"You must have seen almost everything. It is a long time that you have been abroad."

"But I have not made use of my opportunities; there were always so many people about, and so many distractions. We fell in with one party of friends after another, and stayed with them and traveled with them: You saw how it was at Paris. It was pleasant, of course, but one could not get about rapidly. Now that papa has come I shall make better progress. As soon as he has finished his business here he will do as I please. Do you think I shall like Verona?"

Her manner was conciliatory, and she seemed talking a little against time that nothing unpleasant might have a chance to occur.

"It will be very quiet after the great capitals, and it has not many startling curiosities."

"Why do *you* like it?"

"It has a kind of picturesqueness for which I used to have an especial fondness. But it is a matter of business with me more than of liking. I am making drawings of the buildings."

"In order to erect similar ones at home?"

"Possibly fragments from them here and there. It is our work to patch to-

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gether odds and ends from the past to make something endurable for the present."

"But you can pick out all the merits and leave the defects. That is what modern architects do, is it not?"

"I wish we did," muttered Detmold.

"The works of architects are more prominent before the community than those of any other profession. I should think you would all be very conceited. It must be a splendid thing to look up at some great block, or church, or public building that attracts everybody's attention and say, That is mine; I made it. I should feel a head taller, for my part."

"Speaking from a very limited experience, I think it is rather agreeable."

Alice had reflected so much, at least, that she was far from satisfied with her conduct in the interview at Paris. She would have had the words and circumstances of it much different. Detmold's avowal had been sudden and unforeseen, and had greatly disconcerted her. In reviewing their acquaintance from the first, she could not now deny that there had been aspects of his previous course which might have afforded a sufficient intimation of what was likely to occur, if one had only thought to place the right construction upon them. If his long series of kindnesses and attentions had not been merely friendship and esteem but affection, why, that was quite a different matter.

She did not repent her answer, but it was a source of discomfort that a more severe opinion than was just should be entertained of her. Now that all was over, so far as her conduct had been harsh and even rude, perhaps it might be atoned for by extra consideration. Perhaps even something of their former intimacy might be reëstablished, if she was sure that he would never — that is — yes — that he would never broach the unfortunate subject again. If such a condition could be guaranteed, and provided that they themselves were passably reconciled to the situation, it would seem that the presence of her rejected suitors need not be oppressive to any woman. In the atmosphere of tender reverence so created, it would not be strange if she should feel herself something very precious, and be raised by it to a nobility beyond her normal self.

Alice rattled on about her father's plans at Verona, and her own desire to spend some of her time while there in copying, either in the churches or at the Museo Civico.

"The churches are damp, and the light in them is bad; you will do better at the Museum," said Detmold. "The light is from the side and not very good there either, but you will find subjects."

At the approach of Hyson and the others her manner was less free, and presently the party separated. As the young men took their leave, the Starfields hoped that they should see them soon at their hotel.

Detmold and Hyson dined together in the Piazza Brà to the sound of military music. Detmold confided to his friend, guardedly, the story of his passion and its unhappy fate.

"There is mismanagement somewhere," said that quick-witted adviser, briskly. "I should judge that she liked you. One cannot tell without knowing all the circumstances, but as a general rule it does not pay to collapse too quickly. The course of true love does not run smooth, and no woman wants it to. A woman cannot afford to be won too easily. You must keep asking. I make it a rule to ask about three times," said he gravely, plunging his fork into another morsel of roast fowl."

"Then you have been engaged?"

"Oh, a few times; not lately, you know."

"And how do the engagements come to be broken off?"

"Incompatibility of temper, usually."

W. H. Bishop.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A LIBRARY, and perhaps a fairly amusing one, might be fabricated out of the tales which travelers tell each other, especially during the prolix times of ocean voyaging, when the monotony of the days and the vastness of the sea seem to justify man in being interminable. I will venture to collect a few pages of such material, reported as nearly as possible from the utterances of the steamer smoking-room: —

THE PROFESSOR'S HORSE STORY. — "Look a here! What d' you give your hoss for the bots? "

"I give him a pint 'f turpentine."

Next day: "Look a here! I give my hoss a pint 'f turpentine, 'n' it killed him 's dead 's a hammer."

"So it did mine."

THE CAPTAIN'S DOG STORY. — There was a dog in Dublin who believed in the Cunard line. That dog knew the whistle of the jackass-steamer which towed the Cunarders into dock. Whenever that particular whistle blew he would hear it and recognize it, no matter if he was a mile away. He would quit whatever he was about, whether it was a nap or a fight, and make for the harbor. Well, everybody on the line got to know him, and every cook felt bound to give him a bone. That was what he expected and what kept up his interest. He was just a stockholder, you see, looking sharp after his dividends. But at last he met a most extraordinary fate, such as no other dog ever did meet, to the best of my knowledge and belief. He had just got his regular ration when another dog, a much bigger beast, pitched into him, gave him a most fearful mauling, and took away his dividend. Now what do you suppose that dog did? You can't imagine. He hobbled straight down to the dock, and jumped in and drowned himself. It 's a solemn fact, upon honor. He was a dog of great intelligence and high Irish feeling. When he got licked on the Cunard dock, and lost his Cunard bone besides, he could n't want to live any longer, and he just committed suicide.

THE SURGEON'S DOG STORY. — There is a very knowing dog, and also a very grateful one, in Newhaven [England]. I am acquainted with his case, because I am on duty there and see the creature frequently. This dog, you must understand, is a Dalmatian, or spotted coach dog, which makes his history the more remarkable, for the breed is not noted for brains. Generally speaking, its accomplishments are limited to sleeping by your horse in the stable, and jumping at his nose when he is on the road. Well, this Dalmatian fell blind; he had a cataract on both eyes. He went groping about the streets and tumbling into gutters, until he stirred up the compassion of my brother in surgery, Beach. Beach, by the way, cares nothing about dogs; he has no fondness for them whatever. But he said it was a pity to see this wretch struggling and suffering in that style, if the thing could be helped. So he got hold of his subject, had him tied and chloroformed, operated on him, and removed the cataracts. The sight, in short, was restored completely.

Ever since then this Dalmatian has been a monster of gratitude, and absolutely worships and haunts and bores his benefactor. It is n't because Beach feeds him. Not at all. Beach is n't of that sort. He is not a dog-fancier nor a dog-provider. He might think a dog wanted an operation, but he would never think he wanted a bone. Well, all the same, the Dalmatian adores him. He is a savage brute; he will bite anybody else, including his master, but from Beach he will take any sort of maltreatment. Perhaps the most curious thing about the case is that he keeps some account of time, and knows the days of the week and the hours of the day. This is very extraordinary, of course, but it is absolutely certain.

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Beach, you must understand, lives out of town, and only comes in twice a week to attend to his duties there, once on Wednesday, at ten in the morning, and once on Saturday, at three in the afternoon. Well, his old patient never fails to meet him on the right day and at the correct hour, just as accurately as though all Dalmatians were born with chronometers in their mouths. He never mistakes one day for another, and never goes on either day at the wrong hour. As Beach drives in, the dog meets him a little way out, follows him through his round, sits or stands by him, watches him devotedly, attends him homeward a certain distance, and then leaves him. Nobody can call him off, not even his master. By the way, if Beach comes to town by some unusual road, and so misses the dog, the latter immediately sets up a persistent search for him, going in succession to every one of his haunts, and among them to my quarters. How he has learned that Beach and I have some relation to each other, I don't know; but he has learned it perfectly, and is just as mindful of it as either of us.

Once I undertook, just for the curiosity of the thing, to detain him in my office. I put my arms around him and held on with all my strength. The result was that after a violent tussle I found myself on the floor, and the big brute off like lightning after his dear Beach. Anybody else would have been badly bitten. He only spared me out of consideration for my obvious relations and my supposed intimacy with his benefactor.

Now, the beast's gratitude is perhaps nothing remarkable; a great many dogs show affection and remembrance of kindness. But how upon earth does this Dalmatian know the day of the week and the time of day?

The Merchant's Story. — Yes, it was rather a curious start that I had in business. The first thing I did, after having saved a little pile of money, was to set up a shanty in Sioux City. I had all sorts of traps to allure Indians, and I wanted to buy any kind of peltries, scalps excepted. But I was a new arrival, and the noble red man could n't believe in me without help, and I found trade rather dull. Late one night, however, as I was sleeping among my stock, there came a tremendous banging at my door; and when I unbarred it, there was a tall fellow who seemed to me a little drunk; and said he, "I want a butcher knife."

"All right. Come in," said I.

"I want a reliable one," says he. "I want it to kill a man with. Give me a good strong handle. I want a knife that I can put in and turn it around."

Says I, "I think I can suit you. Walk in and take a look."

I knew him by that time. He was a Virginian, a splendid-looking fellow, and belonged to a good family, as I understood. But he had gone wild on the frontier, and done a great many illegal things, and been forced to herd with the Indians. The consequence was that he spoke their language and was a person of influence among them. Well, I felt a little doubtful about his intentions, not knowing but what I was the man he was after; but all the same I got out my stock of tools and showed them. There was one, nearly two feet long, which I had bought for a cheese knife. Says I, "I think that would answer your purpose."

"Yes, I should think it might," says he. "How much is it?"

I told him the price, — about four shillings, I think.

"I 'll take it," says he. "But I have n't any money."

Under the circumstances, seeing he had the knife in his fist and was ready to turn it around, I thought I had better offer to trust him.

"You 'd better not," says he. "You don't know me from any other gentleman."

"But I 've got to trust you," says I. "You 've got the butcher knife by the handle, and I 'm at the sharp end of it. Besides, I believe I can trust you."

Off he went, and I heard no more of him for a time, not even whether he had killed a man. But some weeks later he

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put in an appearance and paid for the knife.

"And now, youngster," says he, "I like the way you treated me when I roused you out for that trade. You did n't show the white feather. Some men, hustled up at that time of night, would have been scared. But you behaved every way like a gentleman, and now I want to behave to you as one. There are some Indians coming in to-day, and I 'll bring them to your shanty to trade. Have you got any rum?"

I had n't any rum; I did n't keep it.

"Well," says he, "we must have some rum. No rum, no Injun. Give me a couple of dollars."

I gave him the money, and he went off. When he came back he had a demijohn full of drink, and some tumblers. An hour or so later the Indians appeared, some two hundred of them. First came the warriors with their rifles, bows, and tomahawks; then followed the squaws, stooping almost to the ground under their loads. My man halted them, but they did n't want to trade with me; they did n't know me. There was a long palaver, and at last he threatened to kill some of them if they did n't follow his friendly advice; and the end of it was that they gave in, to save a quarrel. They crowded into my little shop, and drank my demijohn empty, and bought my stock clean out, and filled me full of peltries. I made twenty-five hundred dollars that season, and went off in high spirits to lose it somewhere else, and then to pick it up again. As for the Virginian, I lost sight of him, and never learned how he ended. I did n't even inquire whether he put his butcher knife in and turned it around. It seemed to me too delicate a subject.

The Captain's Ghost Story. — We had lost a man overboard, and of course everybody was thinking of him. About two hours later, just at dusk, there was a Portugee sailor at the helm, and I was standing near him watching the ship's course. Of a sudden this Portugee let out the most fearful yell that I ever heard in my life, broke away from the helm, flew along the deck, and plunged into the fo'c'sle. I caught the wheel myself and bawled to the mate to bring that man back. He rushed forward, and was gone a devil of a while. When he returned he said that the man would n't come.

"Won't come!" says I. "That 's a pretty story to tell on board ship. Why don't you make him come?"

"But I can't," says the mate. "He held on to the stanchions like a vise. He says he 'll die before he 'll come."

So, thinking the Portugee had gone mad, I ordered up another man. But this second steersman had scarcely got to his post before he too let off a screech and broke for the fo'c'sle. By Jove, I did n't know what to make of it; I began to think there was some disease aboard, some sort of a catching frenzy. I took the helm again. But just as I was wondering whether I would have to steer the ship across the ocean myself, I chanced to turn my eye windward, and I saw *something*. You must remember that it was dusk, and in fact pretty darkish. Well, through that darkness I saw a white object rise over the taffrail, wave at me in a threatening way, and drop again as if into the sea. Now, I never did believe in ghosts, never, even in my childhood. But for one moment I was thoroughly startled; I thought the drowned sailor was there. The next moment the object rose again, and I discovered what it was. It was not a ghost, it was the cabin table-cloth. The steward had hung it over the side to dry, and the wind now and then lifted a corner of it.

The Other Captain's Brigand Story. — It 's a lovely country, the Mediterranean shore, every spot of it, every mile of it. Ever been there? Is n't it a beautiful country! If ever I get off duty I mean to take a trip to those regions every winter on the vessels of our line. Beautiful views every place you land at, and plenty of fine fishing and shooting. When I sailed there I used to go ashore at every port, and stroll off into the country with either my gun or my fishing tackle. In the course of one of those tramps, a few miles out

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of Messina, I had a curious adventure. On coming back from a fishing boat I found myself tired, and stopped at a little wayside tavern to take a bottle of wine. There I fell into conversation with an Italian, a nice-looking fellow enough and very pleasant in his manners. That man spoke English as well as I did; he had been in America, he said; learned his English there. I liked him so well that I gave him a cigar, and then another, and shared my wine with him. We were sitting under the porch in front of the tavern, and everything around us was pretty, and I had an agreeable half hour. At last I looked at my watch, found it was getting late, and said I must go.

"Let me see that watch," says the Italian.

I handed it to him; it was a nice watch; there is the very one now. He looked at it, gave it back to me, smiled, and said, "If you had n't been so polite to me, I would have taken that watch away from you."

Well, you see what my build is; I can stand a pretty good tussle. I smiled at him, and said I, "I don't believe that *you* could take that watch."

"Ah," says he, "*I* would n't have taken it; but I 'll show you who would."

With that he gave a whistle; and upon my soul and honor, if five or six armed men did n't start up all around us! two of them, if you 'll believe it, from behind a wall just across the road. After he had let me look at them he gave another whistle, and they all went to cover.

"Good evening, sir," said he. "I wish you a pleasant journey."

"Good evening, sir," said I, and started for Messina.

THE NEGRO SAILOR'S STORY. — Wah, wah, wah! See that young un tryin' to liff that anchor? That reminds *me*. My little gal see a rock in the field 'bout 's big 's a long-boat. "Oh, pa," says she, "may n't I have that rock to kerry home 'n' build a house with it?"

"Jess 's lieve," says I. Wah, wah, wah!

— It is frequently said that there is no longer anything dramatic in this century, but one would have to go back a long time to find so impressive a sight as, according to all accounts, was Thiers's funeral. The government would have hailed commotion as an excuse for denouncing radicalism, but the republican leaders and the great mass of the people of the Parisian mob — as it is called by its enemies, not without cause — understood too well what they had to do; so that although the procession passed through some of the most ungovernable parts of the city, amid thousands of men who, by tradition, experience, and feeling, were ready to seize the first omnibus that passed by, unharness the horses, let the passengers proceed on foot, and build a barricade around the omnibus; who could have been roused to fury by a single imprudent shout, yet, in spite of all this, the cortége wound its way through long lines of silent men, who stood like statues, suppressing almost every movement. At times some rash person would raise his voice to cry, "Vive la République!" but the republican leaders who were following the body to the grave would raise a hand in admonition, and silence would return. And when one considers of what this multitude was composed, it is impossible not to feel deeply the significance of its self-control. Restraint has never been thought the ruling characteristic of the Parisian populace; but here was an instance of remarkable comprehension of what was at stake and of the proper method of action on the part of a fierce army of citizens, many of whom had fought against what Thiers represented and directed only about half a dozen years ago, but who now recognized that he had been, and that those who felt with him were still, their best friends. The whole story may be found at length in the Continental journals, but I have from a private hand this curious fact: As the procession was passing through the crowd my correspondent heard an odd rustling sound, and after looking about for its origin he at length discovered that it came from a crowd composed, apparently, of workmen, who stood motionless, but who could not keep themselves from *whispering* the cry,

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"Vive la République!" It seems to me that there is something very touching in this slight outbreak of intense feeling, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration. It was certainly French, and none the less interesting on that account.

— One who writes on Certain Americanisms in the August number of The Atlantic seems to be unaware that his contention in regard to the Greek origin of "skedaddle" has better foundation than *skedannumi*. There is a Byzantine form of the same verb, *skedadzo*, which comes far nearer the word in question. His statement that "skedaddle" is in use in Lancashire I have had confirmed by a Lancashire man, but long ago I have been aware that the word was in use in the neighborhood of Aberdeen, in Scotland. Aberdeen is a university town, which favors his idea that the word may have originated with the student class.

— A friend has suggested to me an idea which I should like in turn to have suggested to some romancer. It is, I think, a quite new explanation of that not infrequent experience, a recollection of a former life. The lines of Wordsworth on the subject, though the most beautiful that he ever wrote, have become as trite as "The boy stood on the burning deck," or "On Linden when the sun was low." One is almost afraid to quote any of them. Still, let me offend a very little: —

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
> The soul that riseth with us, our life's star,
> Has had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar
> Not in entire forgetfulness."

That may all be true in a different sense from what was in the poet's mind. What if the continuity should be from parent to child instead of from state to state? Has not all science been teaching us that a man is mainly what he inherits? And how much of our very souls are certainly derived from our ancestors? We have — how often! — their passions, affections, powers, and habits; why not their memories too? A savage has the dread of wrathful frowns drilled into him by bitter experience, and therefore his progeny, to the thousandth generation, shrink and wail in infancy at sight of the knotted brow. The child remembers unconsciously what his far-away great-grandfather learned painfully. Is it much more wonderful that a man should remember consciously though dimly something that happened when the powers and qualities of his soul were in other flesh?

I do not insist on the hypothesis. But it certainly has probability enough for the romancer's use, and would have lent itself finely to the weirdly suggestive treatment of our noblest master in the field of fiction — Hawthorne.

— Mr. Henry James, Jr., said in a recent essay, "Alfred de Musset is an example of the wasteful way in which nature and history sometimes work; of their cruel indifference to our personal standards of economy; of the vast amount of material they take to produce a little result. De Musset's exquisite organization, his exaltations and his weaknesses, his pangs and tears, his passions and debaucheries, his intemperance and idleness, his years of unproductiveness, his innumerable mistresses, his quarrel with a woman of genius, and the scandals, exposures, and recriminations that are so ungracefully bound up with it, — all this was necessary in order that we should have the two or three little volumes into which his *best* could be compressed. It takes certainly a great deal of life to make a little art! In this case, however, we must remember that little is exquisite."

Now, is it really possible that any one thinks Alfred de Musset's "exquisite" art was in the least promoted or developed by the slough of sensuality into which he seems to have laid himself down in very early manhood and never to have risen from again? If so, why should not the millions of men before him who have done the same thing have found therein his inspiration, and become great poets also? For my part, I cannot think that it was by any means "nature" which "wasted" Alfred de Musset, but Alfred de Musset who wast-

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ed nature. In any country, under any circumstances, he would have been the great poet, the marvelous artist; for his was the true Midas touch of genius that turns everything it chooses into gold. Unfortunately, with few exceptions, he chose to glorify with it nothing but various phases of the social corruption and decay of which he himself was so willing a factor. His flies were all preserved in the most precious amber; but he did not find the amber in the sewers. Heaven sent it to him. The sewers furnished the flies.

I have noted with interest the discussion in this Club of Mr. James as a novelist, and it seems to me that the "unsatisfactoriness" of which almost everybody complains in his presentations comes precisely from the mental attitude which permitted him to write as above of De Musset. He is not content with depicting the surface and being a "painter of manners" merely. He insists upon going deeper than that, but he does not go deep enough. So we feel defrauded, as if we had assisted at a vivisection from which no valuable physiological principle had been demonstrated. Mr. James only pretends to apply the æsthetic test to things, apparently, and I wonder whether, according to his own standards, this is quite correct "art." I can hardly think it; otherwise he would not sometimes so entirely fail of his effect, as, for instance, with the London Athenæum reviewer, who thought the *intentionally* strongest side of that very tragic book, The American, was the humorous! But this very vagueness and inconsequentiality is an expression of a phase, and a very noticeable one, of contemporary Americanism; and this is one reason why Mr. James is so valuable. He embodies in himself a national vein that no one else does so absolutely. He is "original," and that, even without his brilliancy, mastery, and finish, would make him interesting. *With* them he is much more interesting; he is fascinating. This blowing, waving flower that glides past on the air, or floats upon the tide, without any remembrance of what it was cut off *from*, or any plan about where it is going *to*, is, to speak as Mr. James himself would, "deliciously" characteristic. American literature would be perceptibly dimmer without it, and it is impossible to help following with the utmost pleasure its *insouciant* career.

— Just at present there seems to be a lull in the Walt Whitman controversy, which lately raged so fiercely in both hemispheres; so perhaps it is as good a time as any to take a dispassionate view of his work, from the stand-point of one who is neither willing to bow down before him as the John the Baptist of a new dispensation, nor yet to discard him as a worthless and meretricious pretender.

I wonder how many of your readers have read his Drum Taps, or indeed how many ever think of him as the author of anything except Leaves of Grass, which have acquired a very unsavory odor. But this is not at all fair. The world is altogether too prone to assume that men must remain as it first finds them; and thus it often makes amendment pretty nearly impossible. In his case, it has not prevented the amendment, but it has effectually shut out all hopes of that present popular approbation which would be its most natural reward.

The indictment preferred against Whitman has three counts: first, he is nasty; second, he is tedious and prosaic; third, his singing is a "barbaric yawp." The first is true only of those unfortunate Leaves, which yet contain some fine lines; for in his subsequent writings it would not be easy to find a single gross passage. The second is true only when the demon of cataloguing gets hold of him, or he feels the imperative necessity of pressing everything into the service of the Muse. But this is only sometimes. When he crams prose into his lines, he obviously does so in obedience to a cast-iron theory, and in flagrant outrage of his naturally delicate taste.

Now as to the barbaric yawp: I maintain that there are passages of his poetry which show him to be one of our very first masters of verbal melody and har-

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mony, and do not find it at all surprising that he should have attracted toward him two such diverse but veritable singers as Swinburne and Tennyson. Widely as they differ in all else, they agree in an almost preternatural sensibility to that finer inner music of words which no language can fully define, and no training can alone make perceptible.

It is only fair to give an instance or two not yet hackneyed. Whitman is alluding to the dead (I should premise) as he sees them in visions: —

"Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living,
Sweet are the musical voices sounding,
But sweet — ah, sweet! —
Are the eyes of the silent dead."

Note the succession of vowel sounds varying with every line, yet each group so perfect in itself and so completely in unison with its burden of sentiment. And that delightful break in the third line; and the weird utter close! A bit like that may be carried in one's head for a life-time and lose nothing of its pleasure-giving power.

Sometimes you strike a line that reminds you a little of "the multitudinous seas incarnadine." For example: —

"With the Continental blood interveined."

The stately march of the big Latin words at their best is not often made so obvious. They are apt in other handling to become pompous; and then they are not poetry.

Whitman also employs a sudden break in the sense with such power as to send a thrill through you: —

"Saw from the deep what arose and mounted, —
Oh, wild as my heart and resistless!"

And sometimes he strikes upon a refrain that is as grand and spirit-stirring as the noblest martial music: —

"Have the elder races halted,
Wearied,
Over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal,
And the labor and the lesson,
Pioneers, O Pioneers!"

The dragging dullness of the first three lines is admirably contrived to give full effect to the startling vigor of the closing invocation. Though by nature and association something of a conservative, I am half tempted to become a radical (at some more convenient season) on the strength of that same.

In other passages there is a quiet impressiveness, both of matter and manner, that cannot soon be forgotten: —

"Silent, upon her dead gazing,
I viewed the mother of all."

But I think I have given citations enough to make good my assertion that the barbaric yawp keeps very good time to music. Whether the lines will bear the test of school-boy scanning is not the question at issue. But the most careless observer must see that the poet does not always ignore even mere conventionalities.

On the other hand, one cannot find warrant in his books for supposing that he has anything of vital importance to say to the world which it has not often heard already. He seems to have dipped into the fringes of the sunrise cloudland of science and the new philosophy, and his reports of the poetry of that realm partake more of the mist than of the light. I should rather call him a dazzled smatterer than a sage or prophet. Yet here and there one finds a suggestive passage: —

"I believe there is nothing in the universe
That has not an immortal soul."

"A doubt crawled before me,
Undulating like a snake."

And who has ever more succinctly presented the gap between mere information and soul-satisfying knowledge than he who left the learned man to weigh and name the hosts of heaven, while his late auditor

"Walked forth in the mystical moist night air
And looked up in perfect silence at the stars"?

But perhaps he is at his very best in dealing with merely human topics, and modern ones at that. Of all the literature brought into being by the battle of the Little Big Horn, I know nothing comparable to those simple lines, straightforward as a sword thrust, which tell the story of

"The cavalry companies fighting with sternest coolest heroism,
The fall of Custer and of all his officers and men."

And when he rises to the peroration beginning with

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> "The grand tradition of our race,
> The loftiest of life upheld by death,"

he is very nearly on a par with the best parts of the Commemoration Ode. But a few lines cited from so condensed a poem can give no adequate idea of it.

Finally, he is the author of the most successful poetization of modern machinery. A Locomotive in Winter contains lines of first-rate descriptive power, and shows an eye for nature that is not limited in its range to nature untouched by man. What can be more apt than

> "The tremulous twinkle of thy wheels"?

What prettier than

> "Thy long-trailing vapor pennants,
> Ending in delicate purple"?

Where can you find such a union of mechanical accuracy with poetic power as

> "Thee in thy panoply,
> Thy measured dual throbbing
> And thy beat convulsive"?

It is treading on delicate ground; but how well he treads! And his final address to his subject as the

> "Type of the modern
> Pulse of the continent"

certainly does not lack strength.

All things considered, it may well be claimed that this translation of machinery into poetry is the department of art for which Whitman is best fitted by nature, and which now offers to him the widest opportunities. Some magician's touch is needed to evoke the melody and beauty now surely latent alike in the water-driven saw-mill and the big Corliss engine. Will he be the man?

— I was reading, the other day, Phillips Brooks's Lectures on Preaching, and came upon this passage: "I always remember one special afternoon, years ago, when the light faded from the room where I was preaching, and the faces melted together into a unit as of one impressive, pleading man, and I felt them listening when I could hardly see them; I remember this accidental day as one of the times when the sense of the privilege of having to do with people as their preacher came out almost overpoweringly." This is what the preacher remembered. I wondered whether mine might not have been one of "the faces melted together," for I had a very vivid recollection of just such an afternoon. I turned to my diary in which I sometimes record impressions, and found this entry: "Sunday, September 17, 1871. I went this afternoon to Trinity to hear Phillips Brooks. I went at three, and found myself an hour too early, so I went first to Bromfield Street, thinking to hear Prentiss. He did not preach, but Gilbert Haven, who was forcible and arrogant. I had heard a windy sermon in the morning. Perhaps this was the reason why, although the service at Trinity was grateful, I was a little indifferent to the preacher when he began. Partly, too, the stream of his eloquence must needs gather force as his thought cumulated. I was led on by it, drawn into the rich tide of his thought, and now occurred a singular phenomenon. Hardly perceptible at first, a storm was coming on, and though I saw no rain there was a gathering darkness in the building. It increased steadily with the movement of his sermon, and as it deepened the solitary pulpit light became the sole illumination of the church. Its whole flame was cast upon the red cushion and the side of Mr. Brooks's half figure and face. There was a glow of color upon the speaker's enkindled visage; all the church was dark; I could see a head here and there indistinctly in the murkiness, but that living light glowed more and more intensely. The darkness deepened the stillness, and the voice of the preacher, growing more fervid and passionate, came full and strong from that central glory in the gloom. It was the apotheosis of the pulpit." This is what the hearer remembers. The two impressions complement each other, and may almost be taken as summing up the matter of these lectures: Be a person and regard your congregation as a person.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

If those persons who take up The House Beautiful[1] spend a good deal of their time in looking at the pictures, it will be Mr. Cook's fault. Certainly the charm of drawing and engraving which comes from careful work and felicitous touches appeals here both to the uneducated and to the connoisseur, and it is plain that the author has expended unstinted labor and zeal in securing for his book a delightful harmony. It is a pleasure to handle and to read a book so conscientiously made, and the good taste which presided over the book becomes at once an intimation that the author will not lead his followers far astray when they enter upon the subject of the book itself.

Even when the book has been read, the pictures will remain as the chief consideration; and in saying this we intend only to express strongly our sense of the excellent manner in which Mr. Cook has performed his task. If he had had but a single person whom he wished to instruct in the art of indoor life, it is very certain that he would have found his best way in taking his friend to this or that house or shop and pointing out the very object which he has taken pains to represent in these wood-cuts; and his personal talk about them could hardly have been more informal and good-natured than is the writing with which he accompanies the pictures. He says very well in reply to the objection that his models are not of practical use because not procurable by the general public: "My main object in writing these pages is not to dogmatize nor to give definite rules for doing this or that, nor to give people precise patterns to follow. On the contrary, it has been urged from the beginning that people should follow their own taste, and do the best they can to make their homes pretty and attractive in their own way. . . . These cuts are meant to indicate my general taste in furnishing a house, and what seems to me likely to be pleasing to many people besides myself." We are glad that he confined his objurgations of unnatural and unscemly furniture to words, and called in the aid of pencil and graver only to show that which he could praise; for it is to be feared that ugly things might have lost some of their deformity if so skillfully drawn and engraved, and it is rare indeed that it can be right to expend good artisanship in reprehending bad art.

Mr. Cook proceeds then upon the principle that taste in household decoration as in any other matter of art is chiefly formed through a familiarity with beautiful and becoming forms, and accordingly he moves through the different rooms of the House Beautiful, — the entrance, the living-room, the dining-room and the bed-room, — pointing out the advantages of this and that mode of treatment, and calling attention to what is good in chair, table, grate, rug or carpet, table furniture, chamber furniture, curtains, and whatever goes to make up the appointments of any simply ordered establishment.

We miss mention of wall papers, though he had his chance when speaking of hanging pictures and Japanese scrolls, and we wish that in his zeal for the living-room he had not ignored one feature of the House Beautiful which is coming to be more regarded by architects and by those who wish to make the most of their home life, — the hall, a term which seems to savor only of the House Grand, but really plays a most important part in rendering a simple house the House Beautiful. The peremptoriness with which in many houses the visitor is received by the entrance and ordered up-stairs or down cellar, or through some suspiciously dark passage, is little less than insolent, and the hospitality of a house is borne on its face when a generous hall welcomes one to the interior and not merely to the threshold. It was not Mr. Cook's aim to plan or arrange houses, but if he could have assumed a hall parenthetically, he would have had an admirable opportunity to display certain forms of fire-place, chair, ceiling, and wainscoting, beautiful in themselves and adapted only to this place.

The details which Mr Cook presents are all interesting, and there will be few persons of educated taste to quarrel with him as to most of the conclusions which he reaches. The book is not a formal treatise, therefore he has suggested the principles of furnishing and decoration rather than formulated them. It will be looked at and read with

[1] *The House Beautiful.* By Clarence Cook. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1878

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most pleasure by those who do not much need it, but it cannot fail to stimulate a love of beauty in household ware, even among those who would be lost in a fog if they took it for a guide. It is what it purports to be, a record of many excellent fancies and a suggestion of more; as such it will be to many almost as satisfactory as a visit to a house where pure taste presides; it will make them dissatisfied with the false things in their own houses and quicker to discover what is genuine and worthy.

— The publishers have rather paid honor to the best and highest literature than consulted the ordinary holiday mood in choosing for illustration Hawthorne's supreme romance, — the great wonder-book in which the deep life of our Puritanic date suffers forever, — The Scarlet Letter,[1] insurpassably tragic, as Evangeline is insurpassably pathetic, among works of imagination, and destined by the perfection of its form to endure with our language. They have given it due state in printing and paper; they have invited to illustrate the story the artist who perhaps unites more fine qualities than any other, and they have called to her aid the brilliant, sympathetic, and characteristic touch of our best engraver. If the result is not perfectly satisfactory, it must be because it is not within the scope of any one artist to interpret all the phases of the always deepening, always darkening tragedy. We all know in what Miss Hallock has hitherto excelled: the innocent tenderness and grace of young girlhood; the entreating pathos of some unhappy woman's face; the sadness of an aged visage; the brightness, the light of some festival scene; the joyous gayety of love-making; the sweetness and serenity of family groups and all the aspects of domestic peace. Her successes in a different direction rather than her failures will surprise those already acquainted with her work; and we think that the more these illustrations are studied the more they will be found successful.

At first, as in the case of Hester Prynne on the scaffold, one does not accept them as expressions of the predominant feeling, yet a little reflection convinces that the air of joyless absence among other scenes, the look of dull oblivion, with its subconsciousness of present agony, in Hester's face, — half-averted and forgetful of the babe that hangs so heavy in her hold, — is the feeling which art could best and most movingly picture there. It is a triumph which contrasts with the failure of the second scene on the scaffold, when Dimmesdale, Hester, and Pearl stand there together, by night: Hester with rather a St. Cecilia-ish, Madonna-ish, upturned face, and Dimmesdale in a dishabille which does not at all correspond with the scrupulosity of costume attributed to him by the author on that occasion. The scenes of Hester, Dimmesdale, and Pearl in the forest are not so good, either, nor is the final scene on the scaffold after the election sermon; but that in Governor Bellingham's house, in which Hester appeals to Dimmesdale to keep the grim authorities from taking her Pearl away, is most finely and dramatically presented, and has a deep thrill in it. All the figures, in their various poses and expressions, are excellent. The mother and child, passing through the hall, are also admirable; in these two scenes chiefly does Miss Hallock seem to have caught the real Pearl, though we must except the pretty half-page in which the elfish child sits on a rock dabbling her foot in the pool. Hester Prynne's return to prison, after her hour on the pillory, is one of the good things; it is very good indeed; the figure is grand, and the heavy fatigue in the beautiful face most touchingly expressed; and the three studies of faces — the Puritan matron faces among the spectators, the young maiden faces in Mr. Dimmesdale's congregation, and the faces of the magisterial group in the election-day procession — are all well imagined and extraordinarily well realized. Several landscape bits, too, are thoroughly and characteristically fine, especially that sad perspective of forest, with the white birch fallen across the pool in the foreground, and that winding woodland road with Hester and her babe in her arms in the foreground, and the Puritan figures in the background, following her with their eyes as she walks rapt and drearily brooding away. Chillingworth is often too theatrically fancied; Dimmesdale is most successfully portrayed in the scene at Governor Bellingham's, which is, on the whole, the most satisfactory, the most perfect scene in the book, — entirely and nobly beautiful, and as yet quite unapproached in power by anything in American illustrative art.

We have already indicated our sense of Mr. Anthony's value in such a work as this; it remains merely to say that he seems here to be at his best. We must praise also the tasteful head-pieces of the different chapters, by Mr. L. S. Ipsen.

[1] *The Scarlet Letter*. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Illustrated. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

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— Mr. Avery, in Californian Pictures,[1] had the difficult task before him of illustrating scenery which has been more bewritten and bepainted than perhaps that of any other part of our country. Repetition in some measure was inevitable, but grudging justice must allow that the author has done much to make California novel again, and has produced a book which those who have or have not been there may alike recur to with pleasure and advantage. His first endeavor is to possess his reader of a general idea of the Californian topography, climate, and landscape, and then to enter with him upon the exploration of particular scenes. In all he has an agreeable air of unboastfully and sincerely liking what he writes about; he is simple, clear, and graphic, and his enthusiasm never lifts his feet from the solid ground. The chapters of prose description are separated from each other by pieces of descriptive verse, in which we have noted the same pleasant qualities of naturalness and faithfulness. The poems have sometimes indeed a Bryant-like freshness and truth, with something of a naturalist's joy in minute detail; they are often very good without ever being first-rate. They keep in acceptable form the general high level of the prose. Up the Western Slope of the Sierras, On the Summit, Head-Waters of the Sacramento, Ascent of Mount Shasta, The Geysers, City Scenery, Santa Cruz Mountains, The First People, The Trinity Diamond, are the titles of chapters which will convey an impression of the scope and variety of the work. They are not mere recapitulations of the facts of the landscape, but are enlivened with a genuine sense of beauty and a feeling for character that forbids them to be tiresome. Four of the illustrations are by Thomas Moran; three by W. H. Gibson; the rest by Alfred Kappes and C. A. Vandenhoff. They harmonize with the literary quality of the book; they are fresh and good, and seem generally to have caught the picturesque when it was not waiting to be sketched; their charm is solid and lasting rather than surprising, and the whole book, which is of course elegantly printed, deserves to survive many holidays.

— In The Atlantic for January we had the pleasure of calling the reader's notice to the magnificent series of etchings from the old masters, by William Unger,[2] which Mr. J. W. Bouton is republishing from the Leyden impressions, — numbers in stately folio, with admirable letterpress comment accompanying the finely mounted plates. We then noted the general character of the work, of which five numbers containing thirty etchings had been issued, and praised the good sense and good taste with which the text had been confined to a slight historical account of each subject and a description of the coloring of the original. We have now to acknowledge the five numbers which complete the work and add a treasure of forty etchings to those of the first five numbers.

Of the entire set so great a majority are etchings from pictures of the Dutch school that one feels an overlargeness in the title of the work, though perhaps it could not have readily been made more accurate. Of the seven etchings which are not of the Dutch school, one is after Nicolas Poussin, the rest after Venetian masters, — Titian, Tintoretto, Palma il Vecchio, Moro, and Veronese, — who indeed are more at one with the Dutch in that instinctive sympathy of coloring which allied the northern and southern lagoons than any other painters. The great Dutch masters share the glory of this reproduction among them in the proportion of nineteen to Rembrandt, five to Rubens, four to Van Ostade, three to Steen, two to Hals, and so on; a distribution in which Wouverman, Paul Potter, Teniers, Camphuizen, Fabritius, Hondecoeter, Van der Meer, Brouwer, and the rest, have their part too. In fine, whoever has this series may be said to have the Dutch school at hand, always excepting, of course, its coloring, which alone these wonderful etchings cannot give. Tone, chiaroscuro, sentiment, humor, spirit, are all here with extraordinary equality and the subtlest sympathy of execution; and these qualities constitute in vast degree the character of Dutch painting, which concerned itself so largely with unidealized life. Looking at these etchings, one sees the origin of *genre* art, but simple, sincere, and unsentimentalized genre. Pieter van Leer's Mountebanks; Jan Steen's Marriage Contract, and Twelfth Day; Van Ostade's Village Public House, and Joyous Company; Van der Meer's Success and Jealousy, — such subjects suggest by their mere

[1] *Californian Pictures.* Prose and Verse. By Benjamin Parke Avery. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1878.

[2] *Works of William Unger: a Series of Seventy Etchings after the Old Masters.* With Descriptive Text. By C. Vosmaer. Numbers VI., VII., VIII., IX., X. New York: J. W. Bouton. Leyden: A. W. Lijthoff.

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names the modern English school of story-telling pictures, a kind always dear to the popular heart, and, as we believe, capable at its best of affording the highest possible pleasure to all but technicists and amateurs, just as singing delights unaffected people more than instrumentation. In these Dutch pictures is felt the Dutch ancestry of the English mind and heart; and their taste is native with all of English blood. In fact, much of the modern French painting, especially of animals, seems traceable to the same affluent source. Do their best they can but paint cattle as Paul Potter painted them, only not so well, with such clear and positive truth. But it is in the interiors of the dusky taverns and the rich houses, in the wild, free, clumsy dances, the mighty drinking-bouts, the lusty love-making, that our race finds itself at home. Those lumps and rolls of men and women, so uncouth, so jolly, are friendly and kindred with us; they are our peasant elders and ancestors; and in the fine types we find the best of our contemporaries. The two exquisite portraits by Rembrandt, of Haringzoon and Bruyningh, are of such Puritan delicacy that one looking at the young man, with his delicate, winning smile, full of refinement, cried out that he was like the best sort of Bostonian. We must do ourselves the justice to own that we have improved in the matter of women, and that the loveliest of those Dutch beauties are not quite up to the Anglo-American average pretty woman in beauty or refinement. Yet how charming is that head of Rembrandt's young-girl wife, in the transparent shadow of her hat, with the wonderfully painted hand along her cheek! And how exquisitely simple and arch is the smile of the triumphant lady in Van der Meer's Success and Jealousy!

Among the other more notable etchings is a haying or harvest scene, by Wouverman; a cattle-piece of four cows, by Potter, marvelous; a white peacock and other fowls, even more marvelously painted, by Hondecoeter; a man reading, by Rembrandt, extraordinary in characteristic effects; a winter scene, by the same master, very sketchy, but cold, cold in its rude verity; a delicious portrait, by Frans Hals, of a man smiling; many besides, which it is idle to go on naming and ticketing. We can but repeat our heartiest praise of this series, and express the hope that the enlightened spirit which has prompted its republication here may be richly encouraged. It is in its way quite unmatched among holiday books.

— Unmatched, unless by two other republications of Mr. Bouton, former numbers of which we have already noticed with warm commendation. One is the third part of Racinet's Costume Historique;[1] the other is the second volume, for 1877, of *L'Art*,[2] the illustrated weekly review of M. Ballue. This number of the Costume Historique is rich in thirteen plates in color, with certain details done in gold and silver, of which one illustration is double size. The large plate represents the court of Louis XIV., when that king was young and in the glory of his perfectly established autocracy, and when his nobility, dispossessed of all power, remained to decorate his presence and his reign. The scene is a famous one: Louis receives Cardinal Chigi, nephew and legate of Pope Alexander VII., who comes to Fontainebleau to render satisfaction to the king for the insult offered in Rome to the Duc de Créqui's people. It is from a Gobelin tapestry after designs by Lebrun, and is extremely interesting, not only for the dress of the sumptuously, somewhat effeminately costumed court, but for the curious portraiture of the different personages, noble and ecclesiastic. All is executed with that delicate finish characteristic of these illustrations, which is quite as exquisite in the reproduction of a Russian peasant interior. Here there are details of structure and decoration which we recommend to the notice of those architects who are endeavoring to give us, in our houses, something novel, beautiful, and cheap. The colors are those of fact, of course, and the house is the work of the peasant who lives in it. As we see him, he stands at the head of his table asking a blessing on his meal, and the picture is not only æsthetically instructive, but is very pleasing. A Hindoo procession, with nautch-girls dancing in the lower half of the plate; a dozen figures of Persian women in different costumes; a plate containing as many figures illustrative of Polish peasant dress; one of seven deliciously-tinted heads (with details of the coiffure in gold and silver) of Russian peasant girls;

[1] *A. Racinet. Le Costume Historique. Cinq cents Planches: trois cents en Couleurs, Or et Argent; deux cents en Camaïeu.* Avec des Notices Explicatives et une Étude Historique. 3e Livraison. Paris: Firmin Didot et Cie. 1877.

[2] *L'Art.* Revue hebdomadaire illustrée. Paris: A. Ballue.

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and one of twelve Breton peasants, men and women, contribute to the ethnographic study of costume. These are all not only instructive but charming for a hundred qualities of work. In fashion as distinguishable from costume there is but one plate, containing twenty half-lengths, illustrative of the coiffure and the corsage at their most piquante and bizarre period, from 1794 to 1800, — a really fascinating group of heads, which one may pleasurably peruse for the bold and quaint styles, and for the faces, which every epoch seems to characterize by its peculiar expression. Certainly, it is amusing to see how politics affected at that convulsive period ladies' headdresses and waists! There is a plate, equally fascinating in its way, of French cavalry costumes of the fine-gentleman age of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., trumpeters and drummers on horseback; and there is one, very curious, of ladies of the different religious orders, the noble sisters of which did not, in the seventeenth century, forbid themselves some striking effectiveness of dress. The feudal times are represented by one plate showing knights in combat, very stiff, very realistic; by another, very stiff and very realistic in its people in civil dress, including Lucretia, in the costume of the fourteenth century, not so much stabbing as carving herself; and finally by a delicious piece, containing two full-lengths and several half-lengths and heads, showing the patrician Italian coiffures and female costumes of the sixteenth century; these are very remarkable for their fine details in the metallic tints, as well as for the softness and richness with which the colors are used.

The plates in camaïeu are Costumes of Greek Women (classic); Roman Religious Sacrifices; Roman Religious Sacrificial Utensils; Civil Costumes of the Upper Classes in France, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; Ecclesiastical Furniture of the Middle Ages; Household Furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; Mediæval Armor; Carriages of the same period; and the Funeral of the Stadtholder Frederick Henry-Friso, who died at the Hague in 1647. This last is of double size, and contains seventy-three principal figures, representing many historical personages and all the military and civil orders. It is of unsurpassed interest as a picture of the times, and will repay the minutest study. The other camaïeux are of not less value in their way.

One of the most interesting series of papers in L'Art is that on the great Spanish painter Goya, by Charles Yriarte, which is illustrated by some half dozen of Goya's most striking etchings. Striking is indeed a word that has had too much force taken out of it by long use exactly to describe these etchings; let us say they are stunning in their bold, fierce vigor. There is, for example, the Rain of Bulls, as it is called, — five bulls plunging through blackish space; there is the satirical piece, Other Laws for the People, with the vast elephant swelling on towards the shrinking deputation at the left, his small eye wicked and his trunk turgid with wrath; and there is the comic scene, Que Guerrero, with the rude group falling back in explosions of plebeian laughter from the menaces of a scarecrow, — all which we commend for the reader's vivid sensation. M. Yriarte relates many curious facts in regard to the painter, who was quite unknown to the French public until 1830, when he was introduced to its knowledge by Victor Hugo, then in the ferment of his romanticism, and naturally full of Spain.

The Paris Salon of 1877 is amply studied, both in the letterpress and the illustrations, several of which are delightful. Among the etchings is a wonderful portrait of an unnamed lady, by Chaplin: she rests her hand on the head of a shaggy hound, and drowsily regards you with a certain elegant insolence that charms and that is evidently to the life. Guillemet's Falaises de Dieppe, an impressive stretch of sands and sea overlooked by stupendous cliffs, is another of the etchings; and Doré's group in plaster of Fate and Love is represented in wood-engraving, as is Detaille's Salute to the Wounded (now owned in New York), and Beyle's tall Algérienne, who has too much the air of standing to be painted, ravishing as she is. There is also a valuable illustrated paper on the provincial art exhibitions during the year, and the artistic season in London is treated in several articles on the Royal Academy, and one on the Grosvenor Gallery. The latter article gives a good many studies by pupils of the "Slade School University College," to which we call the notice of teachers and students here; those on the Academy reproduce the painter Leighton's statue of the Athlete Strangling a Python, which those who saw his pictures last year at the Centennial will like to see; an etching of Macbeth's Potato Harvest in the Fens, full of reality and pict-

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uresqueness, most pleasingly reproduced; and a picture by Mr. W. J. Hennessey, of New York.

This volume of L'Art has among its innumerable attractive traits an essay, with illustrations from his own pencil, on the author Théophile Gautier as a painter, and an essay on Madame de Saud (Madame Henriette Browne, as she called herself after a Scotch ancestress), who has for many years contributed such remarkable Arabic and Moorish pieces to the Paris Salon. The Iconographie Voltairienne is continued, and the gate of the Loggetta in the Square of St. Mark, at Venice, supplies the principal Italian subject.

In music there is an essay on Gounod. That on Déroulède's play, The Hetman, at the Odéon, should be full of charm for all lovers, and full of instruction for all votaries of the drama. It is entertaining abstractly as being the first literature to turn the tables on Poland, and represent her in her former character of oppressor instead of victim of the Cossacks. The portraits of the principal actors in their telling points and the whole costuming of the play are extremely interesting. As much may be said of the general character of the article on the English actor Irving, and Miss Ellen Terry. When this and all else is said we have but intimated the riches of a single volume of L'Art.

— The northwest of Europe, into which this tour[1] is made, is hardly more than a day's journey from Paris. It includes Holland, the former kingdom of Hanover, now a Prussian province, and Denmark, but not Sweden nor Norway. The title gave promise that some of the interesting researches among the curious ancient timber churches of that section might be renewed. The kind of detail of which it is thought worth while to constitute a considerable part of the contents is an evidence of the truth of the statement in the preface of the unwillingness of the French "to quit *la belle France*" for purposes of travel. To a traveling nation the appearance of things so close at hand would have been familiar enough to render a description of their merely superficial aspects at least unnecessary. M. Narjoux does not journey as an architect simply, or rather he journeys as an architect for the most part off duty, capable of looking about him at miscellaneous matters like an ordinary person. He receives impressions from sunsets and national manners, has a couple of pages to spare for the strolling American show of the "Jenkins Brothers" in Hamburg, and a full chapter, to say nothing of scattering paragraphs, for the exposition of German perfidiousness in politics. A human interest is thus given to his book which will probably improve its chances of popularity with the general reader. The exclusively technical portions are few, and scarcely beyond average comprehension, especially when illustrated with the numerous plates — a little hard in execution — which form one of the attractions of the volume.

Only, M. Narjoux's profession naturally inclines him to a class of observations which escape the ordinary traveler, and it is these which give his work its value. As a general critic he is not more profound than some non-architectural observers, nor does he draw any striking interest out of the public monuments coming in his way, — though this, if he be correct, is mainly the fault of the monuments. But when he penetrates into the heart of private life, as he does in selecting, in the leading localities he visits, blocks or single dwellings upon common streets, and illustrates, with their designs and ground-plans, the personal habits and traits so reliably deducible from this sort of observation, he hits upon a novelty which is usually passed by because it seems so glaringly apparent.

The Dutch, like ourselves and the English, occupy separate houses. M. Narjoux considers this a mark of their unsociable disposition and of an indifference to display, unlike the Frenchman, who prefers his lodging, no matter how contracted, in a great hotel, some share of whose magnificence of façade, staircase, and *porte cochère* he can arrogate to himself. These small houses are monotonously uniform, varied only by some differences in their curved or step gables. They are very neat and close shut, having the lower windows protected by the wire screens, with landscapes, which are quite prevalent in Philadelphia. The women have "spy-mirrors" at their upper windows, which allow them to see everything that passes without being seen. The Dutch colonies and long commercial connections give an Oriental flavor to the homes of these most practical and unimaginative of people. "The furniture is almost always composed of the productions of Java,

[1] *A Journey of an Architect in the Northwest of Europe.* Translated from the French of Felix Narjoux, by John Peto. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

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China, or Japan. Immense jars, hideous Buddhas, jade vases, and unsightly bronzes are seen in abundance." Rare plants and tulips are arranged on the floor of a conservatory in the rear. The only artistic feature apparent is the prevailing taste for flowers. These furnish little points of color which sparkle with extraordinary freshness against the gray background of the constant mists over the dead levels of the country. M. Narjoux's style in speaking of these watery landscapes, with their black and white feeding cattle, resembles Taine's, though his appreciation of them is not at all the same.

His air in making this tour is not the preparation of a monograph from which possibly suggestions may be drawn for use at home. The architecture with which he meets is entirely grotesque and trivial, as in Holland, or imitated from French traditions, as in Germany, "though not a single German has had the good taste to admit it." The section upon Denmark treats interestingly of the buildings of a typical farm in Fünen, then of the mediocre buildings of Copenhagen, and at considerable length the collections of its museum, which is richer in prehistoric antiquities than any other in Europe. The ingenious plan of the summer hotel where the author stopped, on the island of Heligoland, will be found worthy of attention. The problem here proposed was how to arrange thirty bedrooms all with a southern exposure, the winds from the other three points of the compass being variously disagreeable. Instead of spreading them out in a row, it is managed by adopting a sort of flat-iron shape, with the point forward. The grand entrances are in front, the offices in the rear, and the apartments upon the sides, which are built in a series of notches, giving to each a south window. The whole is thus kept in a compact and convenient mass.

Hanover offers an interesting field for a study of the possibilities of modern Gothic for civil purposes. The extensive improvements begun in his capital by the late king are entirely in this style. There should be hints of importance in the copious representations of this work for our own practitioners.

M. Narjoux tries to be judicial with the Germans, but these are something beyond human nature. One almost sees him wring his hands as he recurs, in spite of himself, to those humiliating days of 1870. At first it is not so much, apparently, that he grudges them their victory, but that they do not know how to conduct themselves over it. They are *parvenus* in victory. "They do not understand, as we do, true glory and pride." But their gross manners and appetites, their lack of genius, wit, morals, is by degrees not spared, nor finally their cowardice. "They hide themselves in a hole or behind a tree," and rely upon their rifled cannon instead of coming out like men, complains this traveler, childishly unreasonable in his bitter memories, as though war were a pretty duel for the mere sake of the hard knocks, and not the most scientific use of force for definite purposes of state.

— The publishers are not backward in contributing their share to the prevailing interest in ceramics. It is their part to supply the theory and the full particulars which are naturally demanded concerning this pleasing new art, which practically had its origin for us in the late Centennial Exhibition. There had been amateurs before, who brought home some scraps of knowledge and a plate or two from their travels abroad, and blue dogs with yellow spots, in majolica, in the windows of fashionable crockery stores had not been altogether thrown away upon housekeepers indoctrinated with the traditions of worsted work. But the Centennial brought Europe to us; it created a public, the existence of which is a necessary preliminary to the rise of prominent figures in any of the arts, even collectors. There is the evidence of the shop windows to show that this public is demanding for its own use some of the best of the wares which there first fixed and charmed its attention. It is gratifying to find a firm connection established at last with an art likely to be understandingly cultivated among us long before painting and sculpture, whose advent it may assist in preparing. It appeals to the sentiment of abstract beauty animating both, and it is adapted to our present conditions, in which fortunes adequate to the purchase and accommodation of the more important works are none too common. No lofty or specially lighted apartments are needed to entertain these graceful treasures and to witness the agreeable zest with which collectors compare their small new acquisitions among themselves. There is hope, furthermore, in the fact that it is a taste adopted and hitherto largely cultivated by women, who are here our rather more leisurely class.

We shall need, to begin with, inexpen-

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sive elementary works. Mr. Beckwith's useful little treatise is of this kind. Others are announced as in preparation. Of the more elaborate works, when we have passed the elementary stage the elegant volume of Jacquemart[1] appears the best. It is hardly less a manual than the nearly contemporaneous Marks and Monograms of Chaffers, and at the same time a historical and philosophic treatise. What commendations it calls for are due more spontaneously to the original version, issued from the press of Hachette et Cie, in 1873, than to the translation first sent out by Sampson, Low, & Co. in the following year, and now Americanized at little more than half the cost — for which they certainly deserve our thanks — by Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. Mrs. Bury Palliser, the translator, announces in her preface that the question arose with her of a free or a literal rendering, and was decided in favor of the latter, upon the ground of the danger of modifying the enthusiasm and nationality of the author and taking from the spirit of the work. Frankly, we think the decision a mistake. The foreign idioms are followed to the extent of becoming a decided detraction from the intrinsic charm of the work, and can hardly escape being a source of confusion to readers unfamiliar with them in the original language. The simpler literalisms recall one's early exercises in Fasquelle, — "The baker has he the bread?" and the like, — and the use of the peculiar French conditionals, as "Such will have been the first form of art" and "Such would have been the first form of art," when nothing more is intended than "Such *was* the first form of art," abounds. Nor do ceramists find the literalism always too clear in the exclusively technical parts. There is room for the suspicion that the choice, as it was finally made, may have been connected with some deficiency in the full and accurate vocabulary that should have been in command to do the undertaking adequate justice.

But, to turn from the translator to the original, whose polish, after all, is only slightly shaded and by no means destroyed in the process, we find an author who brings to his work sentiment, judgment, the enthusiasm of a collector, and the results of the research and experience of nearly forty years passed in similar pursuits. Jacquemart's first history of porcelain was published at Lyons in 1841. He is the author of numerous other works, both special and general, in the mean time, and occupies a distinguished position in the artistic world of France.

His plan embraces the art of pottery from the most remote antiquity down to modern times. The various divisions are graphically treated, in masses unencumbered by too much detail.

An indispensable preliminary to the elucidation of all the older periods is an inquiry into the religion, forms of government, and social customs of their people. The arts of antiquity, unlike those of our own eclectic and dilletante times, had something absolute connected with the conditions in which they flourished. It is of no assistance, either now or to posterity, in contemplating Doulton ware or Minton's tiles, to know that England is governed by a constitutional monarch, aided by a landed nobility and gentry and an established church. Nor would they explain anything besides themselves. But in China if we find a vase of such a green or with such a dragon or bird upon it, we know it belonged to such a ruler. The plan of the vase, the colors and divisions of its decoration, have a meaning. Nothing is left to mere chance. Some are for worship, some for presentation to friends; some may be used by military mandarins, others only by scholars. A capricious emperor, tired of all the blues in previous use, calls his master potter and cries: "Henceforth let the porcelain for the palace be of the blue of the heavens after the rain!" and by this rare and melting blue is his dynasty thereafter recognized.

In the ceramic art no chapters are so interesting as those of the Orient. Its genius seems to have been especially there. Vast towers of porcelain have been built there, and it is known that the walls of cities, like ancient Ecbatana, displayed the gorgeous spectacle of painting in seven colors, doubtless upon glazed terra cotta. The inspection of all primitive civilizations shows that the fabrication of utensils of clay is almost as early an instinct as the building of huts for shelter. It is impossible, therefore, to establish the date and locality of its first invention. China has this credit only because it has the oldest preserved records. It has, however, the legitimate title to confer its name upon the most valuable forms

[1] *History of the Ceramic Art.* By Albert Jacquemart. Translated by Mrs. Bury Palliser. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. 1877.

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of the production in having pushed the art to its highest development, — delicacies of material, design, and color which have never been equaled, and which it is impossible to contemplate without the gravest doubts about the popular rating in civilization of a people capable of works of such power and feeling.

About one half of M. Jacquemart's space is devoted to the styles of antiquity and the Middle Ages. Modern times and the greater part of ceramics as we know them begin with the discovery by Della Robbia of a tin enamel in the middle of the fifteenth century, the height of the Italian Renaissance, which was as fruitful in this direction as in every other. The triumphs of the art till the end of the seventeenth century were attained in majolica and faience, stone-wares. The secret of porcelain was not discovered till late, and after laborious researches and happy accidents, which caused the process to be long shrouded in the closest mystery, and its products to be esteemed at more than their weight in gold. This Western development was independent and had nothing but itself to thank for its success. Yet no sooner was it in existence than the Eastern sentiment came and took possession of it, as if claiming the art for its own wherever found. The tendrils of Persian ornament, imitated from textile stuffs and what few patterns could be obtained, twined inextricably around it and have never let go their hold. This influence gives a unity to the whole which is agreeable to follow.

The pictorial embellishments of this volume render it a work of great value, irrespective of the letterpress. An original plate fortunately needs no translator. There are two hundred wood-cuts by Catenassi and Jules Jacquemart, and one thousand marks and monograms, but particularly twelve exquisite etchings in aquafortis by Jules Jacquemart. This artist, the son of Albert Jacquemart, the author, is spoken of by Hamerton as "the most marvelous etcher of still-life who has ever existed in the world." The present plates are in his best manner, and have no little to do with fixing the important rank of the publication.

They are drawings after rare specimens in the most precious private collections, — an Arabian votive lamp, a majolica ewer of Urbino, a sugar castor of Moustiero, a tea-pot and cup in old porcelain of China. The genius of the artist appears to revel deliciously in the sentiment of these dainty subjects. He follows all their delicate involutions of pattern and contrasts of tints with the greatest tenderness. What has the draughtsman of such subjects to do? To render blues, yellows, pinks, and subtle gradations of each in a sober correlative scale of black and white. What device is accessible to show the contrast of colors of the same depth in their own kind? M. Jacquemart's preoccupation with this problem of local color leaves a pleasing gravity in the work. There is no straining after bulging projection. The effect of roundness is left to be expressed, as it safely may, by the quaint foreshortening of the figures and patterns as they retire from the eye around the curving surface.

— To recur again to the Centennial, as one can hardly help doing in any questions of art of the present times, the East saw there with surprise, and perhaps a little confusion, the progress made by some Western localities in certain artistic directions. The school of Cincinnati, the centre of this enlightened interest, furnished specimens of wood-carving and ceramic decoration which were not vigorous in design, but were highly commendable for their very existence in a period which, besides them, had scarcely anything at all to show. The issuing of a little text-book[1] for use in the prevalent mania for "art pottery" will assist in retaining for Cincinnati the prominence already acquired.

Miss McLaughlin is entirely practical. She concerns herself with the most useful palettes of colors, their manipulation, and the most practicable methods of firing the pieces after they are painted. At present the art of painting in vitrifiable colors cannot flourish greatly except where there are potteries accessible. Almost her only disquisition, which it is to be hoped may be heeded, is an insistence upon the indispensable use of drawing. "The eye and hand must be trained and the taste cultivated before any result worthy of the name can be achieved." This lesson will be forced upon a large number of thwarted practitioners during the present fashion, and, with a better comprehension of the real genius of the achievements in ceramic art, will perhaps, instead of the production of astonishing works, constitute its value.

[1] *China Painting.* A Practical Manual for the use of Amateurs in the Decoration of Hard Porcelain. By M. Louise McLaughlin. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1877.

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— The first number of The Wild Flowers of America (noticed in the Atlantic for February) led us, from its general excellence, to look forward eagerly to the second issue. Our pleasant anticipations have not been disappointed. There are four colored plates of native plants: the iris versicolor, or larger blue flag; the arrow-leaved violet, and with this a pretty little early sedge, the carex virginica; the lance-leaved loosestrife; and the rudbeckia columnaris, or columnar cone-flower. The last is a native of the Northwestern States and possibly unfamiliar to our readers, though its relative, the beautiful rudbeckia hirta, well known to lovers of wild flowers, has within a few years become naturalized in the Eastern States. Rudbeckia columnaris, a handsome, showy, composite flower, takes its name from its tall, column-like receptacle. It is an instance of the vicissitudes of life. It was first known as a species of the genus lepachys, but is now referred to the genus rudbeckia, a rise or fall in rank (in this case we do not know which) that is apt to occur in the experience of plants as well as in that of human beings. Lance-leaved loosestrife, too, has just been restored by Dr. Gray to its rightful position as member of a separate genus, after having passed through a period of humiliation as species of a subgenus.

But the more interesting notices are those of the blue flag and the lance-leaved violet; for besides describing their appearance, their haunts, and their relationship to other plants, Dr. Goodale gives us an insight into the meaning of their structure, and shows us how curiously, in each case, this is adapted to an end, that is, that of securing cross fertilization. At first sight it would seem that in no possible way could the pollen from the anthers find access to the stigma; for in the blue flag, the anthers or pollen sacs are carefully, almost perversely, turned away from the stigma, and, more than this, are separated from it by a projecting shelf that forms an intervening wall, while in the violet they line the inside of a funnel which is completely closed by the style. But the path of the insect, the little bearer of pollen from one flower to another, is from the first made absolutely unmistakable by artful devices of sweet, attractive nectar hidden in the depths of the blossom, and colored petals so arranged as to lead to this by the most convenient route. Nothing in the economy of plants is more fascinating than these pretty and skillful contrivances to secure the continuance of life.

The violet has a double arrangement for this purpose. Besides the purple blossoms that we know, there are others, plain and inconspicuous, growing among the leaves near the ground. These seem to be more fertile than the first, and this is strange, since they are cleistogamous or close fertilizing. Perhaps we have caught the violet at a period of transition from a state in which close fertilization is the rule to one where cross fertilization is to prevail. Then the violet has a simple contrivance by which the ripe capsule throws its seed to a distance.

All these facts are presented in the text in a clear and vivid way which adds a new charm to the subject. The plates are chromo-lithographs from drawings by Mr. Sprague. The drawing is as usual excellent, but it seems to us that the color and shading are not true to nature, especially in the leaves. Here the present number falls below the first. In other respects it is a pleasure to the eye as well as to the mind.

— The fascinations in binding, letterpress, and illustrations of the two unique and charming quartos, Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country,[2] and The Bodleys Telling Stories,[3] have been so universally dwelt upon by the press that as the volumes are to be seen in every bookstore, and have already taken captive many a household, we need only allude to them here. Their author is the most serene and non-sensational story-teller for children, and therefore the best antidote for Oliver Optic & Co.'s "fire-water" that we have; he does everything with the complete finish that characterizes the work of those only who see their end from the beginning, and so are never in a hurry. He photographs his scenes on the reader's mind as perfectly as the sun would do it on a prepared plate, and apparently for the same reason, — he cannot help it. There are a thousand touches as exact and characteristic as these:

[1] *The Wild Flowers of America.* Illustrations by ISAAC SPRAGUE. Text by GEORGE L. GOODALE, M. D. Part II. Cambridge: H. O. Houghton & Co. 1877.

[2] *Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country.* By the author of Dream Children, Stories from my Attic, etc., etc. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1877.

[3] *The Bodleys Telling Stories.* By the author of Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country, etc., etc. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1878.

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"The trough was nearly full, and a green border lined the edges, and on the sides and bottom there was a green moss growing, which gently waved its languid arms when the children dabbled in the water with their hands; for the trough had been there many years, and no one had disturbed the moss. . . . The carry-all stood out-of-doors, backed on to the border of a flower-bed, and stretching out its shafts in a comfortable, after-dinner fashion; but the horse was in his stall, and Martin was in the hay-loft." "The ground of the hen-yard was riddled with countless scratches, and the hens and the roosters fluttered about, picking up the corn that the children scattered, all of them running hastily after each handful, as if this time they were going to get something especially good, though a few prudent ones remained busily picking over the last scatter." "D. Scupper's store was a square, thick-set building, near the end of a road, which, after coming all the way over from Hyannis, and taking pains to go round an immense bowlder that refused to get out of the way, found itself stopped dead by a bank that stumbled off into the water, and so, being disinclined to go back to Hyannis, sauntered about the Point a little, and made itself convenient for a few houses and sheds."

The characters and events of the story are as pleasing specimens of every-day humanity and its "common lot" as are the descriptions of the every-day world. The sensible, sympathizing father, the comfortable mother, their young children, — ready, inventive, irrepressible Phippy; important but manly and generous little Nathan; tender, timid little Lucy, — their roguish and good-natured college cousin Ned, the hired man Martin, his mythical friend "Hen," Mr. Bottom the horse, the pig that Nathan bought with his own money, and fed and fattened so assiduously in order to sell him to his father in the fall, — these are the innocent personages of the tale, which meanders along with its innocent episodes, like a deliberate brook that stops every once in a while to collect itself into a quiet pool. The death of a turkey-chick, a play at Indians in a little grove not far from the house, Nathan's attempting to enact Professor Wise and fly down with an umbrella as a parachute from the roof of the pig-sty, and his consequent sprained ankle, a winter coast with their cousin, — such are the eminently non-heroic incidents that find their daily counterparts in thousands of just such American families as the Bodleys. We fear that not many of them, however, so entirely redeem their lives from monotony and materialism as, in a quiet way, Mr. and Mrs. Bodley managed to do. And here comes in the greatly valuable lesson of the book. Its pages are, yet as if unconsciously, steeped in the atmosphere of American history. Their home is in the suburbs of Boston, and Mr. Bodley takes his children on several historical drives in order to show them all the places and buildings in or near the city that were at all connected with the Revolution, — drives which might be repeated by organizers of children's picnics and excursions, and certainly by every father of a family living just out of Boston who owns a carry-all, to great advantage. Most vivid and beautiful sketches are given of General Warren, the brave orator of Boston, and of Patrick Henry, the inspired one of Virginia; the children are so familiar with the early story of their country that their plays are full of it. "Sometimes they were Northmen just landed; sometimes they were a party from Plymouth on the lookout for Indians; sometimes they were judges hiding from English officers; and sometimes they were Revolutionary soldiers and their families, guarding themselves against attack from the enemy." Some of the episodes related — as the history of the ship Constitution and the story of the exploit of the Americans against the Algerine pirates — will be as new to many parents as they are to their children; and amid the shameful American neglect of what should be the dearest study to us in the world, that of our national history, these popular books may do much toward reawakening in the land that love and pride in our country and in its great historic names which have too long been in a heavy slumber among us.

Beside the historical conversations, the Bodleys often entertain each other with stories and recitations in prose and verse, and we entirely agree with the author in the high importance he evidently attaches to the practice of committing to memory poems and parts of memorable speeches, and of reciting them in school and in the family. It is a precious fertilizer of the mind and heart, and quickener of the fancy, that of late years has been too much crowded out by technicalities and definitions, "barren, hard, and dry as stubble wheat." Longfellow's Skeleton in Armor, Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin, Cowper's John Gilpin, several heroic ballads from Percy's Reliques,

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and a variety of humorous poems, — some apparently original and some selected, — The Story of the Little Rid Hin, The Battle of Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee, Harry O' Hum, Picture Bob and his Wonderful Cob, etc., enliven the beguiling pages of these delightful books. But the highest favor the author confers in this way, either upon children or their elders, is in his rescue from neglect and forgetfulness of the fairy poems, with their exquisite illustrations, of the most delicate genius that America, the home of delicate and ethereal genius, has yet produced: Miss Annette Bishop, — alas, too little known, too early dead!

In the preface the author says: "It is hardly likely that her scattered poems and pictures will ever be brought together into a volume, and the writer has introduced them here, hoping thus to please another generation of children than those who first enjoyed them." All thanks and honor for the appreciation and the rescue, but how strange and sad that such work as this should only by favor of a brother author, as it were, be lifted out of oblivion! The very spirit and witchery of the elfinland dwelt in this fairy pencil, and the dainty poems are fitting accompaniments. Taken together, nothing so nearly embodying the grace, perfection, and ideality of a flower was ever conceived and brought forth by human brain.

— Mr. Warner is happy in a singularly fortunate title for his book on boyhood;[1] in a time when brains are cudgeled to invent bizarre and striking names, he has had the luck to find one that is not only very pretty and taking, but that accurately describes his charming little study. There is no continuous narrative; there is scarcely an incidental story or record of adventure in the volume; the boy John is not even surnamed; what is expressed is the essence of a country boy's life in a New England hill town thirty or forty years ago. In the process, many facts must be stated, but they are those which characterize the average boy John rather than any particular boy John. Being a Boy, in fine, is what almost any one remembers about Having Been a Boy. The reminiscences are not sentimentalized, but they are touched with the greatest tenderness, — with the kind of compassion which one feels for one's own childhood, the sort of smiling regret one has for it. Something at once very delicate and very free is in the recognition of the narrowness of past joys and hardships; a humorous surprise that they should ever have sufficed to elate or depress, and a gentle wonder that one should have been the restricted being one remembers. But this is only one trait of the study, which is as far as possible from aiming at the reader's sensibilities. It is full of delight in the summer and winter surroundings of this average boy, and of love of nature revealing itself in bits of sympathetic description, which brighten and not, as description so often does, burden the page. The boy is a good fellow, because most boys are so; and he is a little cruel and a little lazy because most boys are thoughtless and occupied with their own affairs to the exclusion of the work they are set to do. The work John was set to do was what a less rigorous and more enlightened generation would think rather too much for a boy, and his friend and historian justly satirizes the impression once prevailing (perhaps it still prevails in the country), that because his duties were all desultory he never needed a thorough and stated rest. His enjoyments are all sketched or intimated in Mr. Warner's lightest and pleasantest manner, with that constant humorous insinuation which is the principal charm of his manner. Thanksgiving, coasting, a children's party, sugar-making, the artillery company, woodchuck hunting, fishing, — these were the delights, few and simple, which brightened John's year, somewhat overfull otherwise of hay-spreading in the summer, foddering of cattle in the winter, and going for the cows, and turning the grindstone at all times; and we commend the good taste and the good heart with which these things are treated to grown people sick of the vulgarity and foolishness of most books for and about children. A boy, too, may read the whole book without getting any nonsense from it into his head. It is clean, wholesome, and refined, and recognizes without mawkishness the many gentle and noble traits of a manly boy's character. No boy can help being better for reading this fine and humane book; and we fancy an intelligent boy being vastly interested in it, though much of it, the humor especially, will have its best effect with his elders. Among chapters which we would particularly commend is that relating to John's slight love-affair, which is not distorted and disproportioned as it often is by writers who wish to deal comically with such phases of boy life, but is treated with respectful deli-

[1] *Being a Boy.* By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

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cacy, and strictly subordinated, as it should be, to nearly all his other interests; another is the chapter which gives an account of John's earnest endeavors to "get religion" during a revival; this is both touching and wise, and is a suggestive color in the wholesome picture.

We have hinted that Being a Boy is a book rather for elders than for youngers; but this is to be understood only with respect to certain literary flavors which the elders have learned particularly to relish. In fact, actual experiment has taught us that it will have a charm different in kind, but not in degree, for boys, and we would gladly see it in their hands, for they can get only good from it, — politely, yet frankly suggested lessons of gentleness, kindliness, and generosity; and if they are city boys they can learn from it delightful things about the country, and add to the love for it which is born in every true boy. It is a beautiful and amiable book, which must become dear to its readers, young or old, as a friend becomes dear. It has a personality, sweet and charming; and the lover of Mr. Warner's humor will find it here in a thousand furtive turns and twinkles. What can be more *like* him than the postulate that the chief disadvantage of being a boy is that it does not last long enough? In this all his kindly-humorous sense of the preciousness of boyhood is intimated; it is the key-note of the book. Every one will like the tenderness with which a boy's sensibility is remembered in such a little story as that of the boy whom the lady mortified by her present of a cent in return for his gift of sweet-flag, and whom the "smart" young lady insulted by asking first if his mother was well, and then, on his innocent reply, demanding if she knew whether he was out. The precepts of the book, in which boys are advised not to be cruel, or rude, or false, are in that tone of sarcastic appeal to a boy's good sense which touches him more keenly than any moralizing, and awakens in him that abhorrence of meanness which is one of his best safeguards. We cannot quote from the book as we could wish, in proof its abounding humor, humanity, and grace, and must content ourselves with referring our readers to it as something which is as good in quality as it is new in kind.

— German novels have for a long time been popular among American readers, who have swallowed indiscriminately whatever publishers have seen fit to give them; but among the rather motley collection thus made, Werner's novels deserve good mention. Vineta,[1] the last one to appear, is certainly readable. It deals mainly with life near the Polish frontier during the revolution of rather more than a dozen years ago, but it is by no means filled with matters not belonging to a novel. On the contrary, the usual subject of fiction has due prominence, and a new turn is given to the story of the young girl with two lovers, to which the picture of political intrigue and rebellion forms an impressive background. Often in German novels there is to be noticed a tendency to exaggerate the qualities of the different characters: the indolent man, for example, never lifts a finger; the rough man is always rough as truly as the genteel lady of the game is always genteel; but here there is no such working in plain tints without lights and shadows. The mental ripening of Waldemar, the frivolity of Leo, the frankness of Wanda, were clearly seen by the author and are clearly portrayed. The plot is an ingenious one, and the chance it gives the author to draw the various conflicting interests of the ambitious princess, for instance, who is intriguing for Poland, and of her son, who is averse to such doings, of the girl who is enthusiastic in behalf of her down-trodden country, etc., has not been neglected.

There are very few recent German novels with more life in them than this. The reader does not have a sort of sympathetic pain with the subject, which is, as it were, dragged out to cover more space than it should properly do; on the contrary, there is decided repose and certainty in the author's treatment. The legend of Vineta, it may be said, by the way, has wonderfully little to do with the story, which is good, for all that.

[1] *Vineta, the Phantom City.* From the German of E. WERNER, Author of Good Luck, Broken Chains, etc. By FRANCES A SHAW Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1877

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